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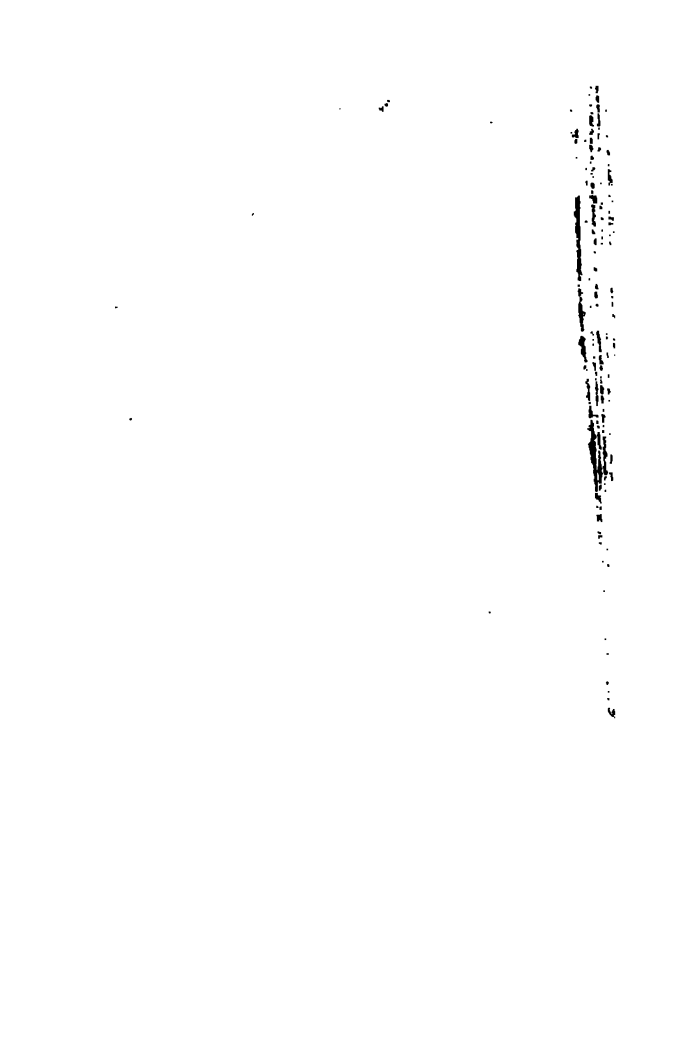


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*From the original Picture by Sir Godfrey Kneller.
In the Possession of Earl Cooper at Colne Green, Hertfordshire.
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John Hall



HUGHES VOL. I.

Calypso and Telemachus.

Cal. *Beysel strike the fatal blow*

Of old time how he wronged me.

no 85.

✓1.2

128

71-72

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN HUGHES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Round HUGHES's humble tho' distinguish'd urn
The Muses, wreath'd with baleful cypress, mourn;
In ev'ry face a deep distress appears,
Each eye o'erflows with tributary tears.
Such was the scene when, by the gods requir'd,
Majestic Homer from the world retir'd:
Such grief the Nine o'er Maro's tomb bestow'd,
And tears like these for Addison late flow'd.

MISS COWPER.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of,
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MDCCXCVI.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN HUGHES.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS
MISCELLANIES, MASKS,
EPISTLES, OPERA,
 &c. &c. &c.

Lost in thy Works, how oft I pass the day,
While the swift hours steal unperceiv'd away!
There, in sweet union, wit and virtue charm,
And noblest sentiments the bosom warm:
The brave, the wise, the virtuous, and the fair,
May view themselves in fadeless colours there.

J. BUNCE.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of,
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M DCC XCVI.



Left
Eds. Family
4-28-32 THE LIFE

OF
JOHN HUGHES.

JOHN HUGHES, son of a worthy citizen of London, by Anne, the daughter of Isaac Burges, Esq. a gentleman of an ancient family and good estate in Wiltshire, was born at Marlborough in that county, Jan. 29, 1677. He was educated in London, and received the rudiments of learning in private schools.

At an early period of life he applied with ardour in the pursuit of the sister-arts of poetry, drawing, and music, in each of which he made considerable progress; but rather followed these as agreeable amusements, being liable to frequent confinement from indisposition, and a continual valetudinary state of health.

Mr. Hughes had for some time an employment in the office of Ordnance, and was Secretary to two or three commissions under the Great Seal, for purchasing lands for the better securing the docks and harbours of Portsmouth, Chatham, and Harwich.

The Triumph of Peace was our Author's first Poem of any length which appeared in public. It was written on occasion of the peace of Ryswick, and printed in 1697. A gentleman of Cambridge, in a letter to a friend of Mr. Hughes, 28th of February 1697-8, gives the following account of the reception that poem met with at Cambridge upon its publication. "I think I

“ never heard a poem read with so much admiration
“ as *The Triumph of Peace* was by our best critics
“ here, nor a greater character given to a young poet
“ at his first appearing; no, not even to Mr. Congreve himself. So nobly elevated are his thoughts,
“ his numbers so harmonious, and his turns so fine and
“ delicate, that we cry out with Tully on a like occasion, *Nostra spes altera Roma!*” Much about this period Mr. Hughes wrote the tragedy of *Amalasont, Queen of the Goths*, which displays a fertile genius and a masterly invention; but as it was never designed by him for the press, nor revised and corrected in his riper age, the diction in general was too much neglected.

The Court of Neptune was writ on King William's return from Holland, and was published in 1699. This poem he addressed to Mr. Montague, the general patron of the followers of the Muses. On this poem an ingenious gentleman, in a letter to Mr. Hughes, January 11, 1699, makes the following pertinent remarks: “ I am pleased to find that you always make choice of worthy subjects for your
“ Muse, and take it as an omen of something greater
“ to follow. Virgil, in his *Bucolics*, preluded his
“ *Æneid*, and first sung the praises of Augustus in
“ eclogues, or copies of verses, before he attempted
“ an heroic poem. I am satisfied, by this specimen,
“ that you will never descend into the rank of those
“ little souls who make it their business only to please,

"and have no other way to do that but by flattering
 "men in their vices and immoralities. I am sure vir-
 "tue is most for the interest of mankind, and those
 "poets have ever obtained the most honour in the
 "world who have made that the end and design of
 "their works. A wanton Sappho or Anacreon, among
 "the Ancients, never had the same praise as a Pindar
 "or Alcæus; nor, in the judgment of Horace, did
 "they deserve it. In the opinion of all posterity a
 "lewd and debauched Ovid did justly submit to the
 "worth of a Virgil; and in future ages a Dryden will
 "never be compared to a Milton. In all times, and
 "in all places of the world, the moral poets have been
 "ever the greatest, and as much superior to others in
 "wit as in virtue: nor does this seem difficult to be
 "accounted for, since the dignity of their subjects
 "naturally raised their ideas, and gave a grandeur to
 "their sentiments."---The same year 1699 our Au-
 "thor produced a song on the Duke of Gloucester's birth-
 day.

The House of Nassau, a Pindaric ode, was occa-
 sioned by the death of King William, and was publish-
 ed in 1702. This poem abounds with noble similies,
 sublime sentiments, and happy allusions to some of
 the most beautiful passages in Horace and Virgil.
 Here our Author's genius shines in its full lustre. In
 Pindaric and lyric poetry he had, perhaps, no supe-
 rior, and few equals. Though he enjoyed all the fire
 of *imagination and divine enthusiasm* for which some

of the ancient poets are so deservedly admired, yet did his fancy never run away with his reason, but was always guided by a superior judgment. The harmony of his verse is exquisite. Cowley's Pindaric odes are, indeed, wrote with great strength and spirit, but they want that harmony of numbers which Horace requires as essential to a good poem. In the last stanza of this ode Mr. Hughes proved a true prophet of the glories that attended the reign of Queen Anne.

The Translation of the third ode of the third book of Horace, and the Paraphrase of the twenty-second ode of the first book, were both wrote when our Author was very young, and the latter of them was his first poetical essay which appeared in print.

The Paraphrase on the sixteenth ode of the second book of Horace was wrote in 1702; in which year Mr. Hughes, in a letter to a friend, assigned the reasons why he thought the odes of Horace fitter to be paraphrased than translated; and as the justness of his sentiments seems since confirmed by many unsuccessful attempts, I believe it will be entertaining to the reader, though intended only for the gentleman to whom it was originally addressed. There is a native simplicity in writings of this kind which always gives pleasure to persons of good taste. This letter is dated December 26, 1702, and is to the following purpose: "I am sorry I could not wait on you yesterday, as I intended; when I see you next you shall know the reason; in the mean-time I send this

“ to beg your pardon, and have inclosed what I spoke
“ to you of. That incomparable ode which Horace
“ has addressed to his friend Grosphus I have chosen
“ to present to one of the best of my friends, in as
“ good an English dress as I am capable of giving it.
“ The original is one of those pieces in which Horace
“ has shewn himself so great a master of human life,
“ and given us at once a view of his good sense and
“ good humour. And this address is usual to him; for
“ in the gravest of his odes he does not seem to make
“ his remarks on life like a pedant, to make you out
“ of love with it, or to fright you from pleasure, but
“ to invite you to the true enjoyment of it; and thus
“ far he was certainly in the right, tho' in the choice
“ of his pleasures he was often irregular. In this, as
“ well as in all other respects, his moral odes infinitely
“ exceed the chorusses in Seneca's tragedies; for in
“ the first you have the free and unaffected morality
“ of a gentleman, but in the latter the splenetic air of
“ a severe Stoic. This ode has been in English before
“ more than once, but whether well or ill translated
“ I leave others to judge. I shall only say, that I have
“ seen very few translations of Horace that I can be
“ pleased with, for most have copied only his thoughts,
“ without any thing of his diction, which is his principal
“ beauty: it is that vivacity in his style, and
“ particularly in his epithets, which Petronius Arbi-
“ ter calls a *curiosa felicitas*, and in which no man, in
“ my opinion, resembled him so much as Petronius

“ himself, whose prose is as inimitable as Horace's
“ poetry. Indeed, in the time of Pope Urban VIII,
“ who was a poet himself, Casimire, a Polander and
“ a Jesuit, wrote several odes in imitation of Horace,
“ in which there appears a good genius; but his La-
“ tin is not pure; and besides the disadvantage of
“ writing in a dead language, he is defective in judg-
“ ment, and his fancy is not always well governed.
“ Those who have succeeded best in their attempts on
“ Horace in English have chosen the way of para-
“ phrase as the most proper, for his sense is so close
“ wrought, that it would appear stiff and obscure in a
“ literal translation, if such a one could be made; and
“ there are many good hints in him worth the pursu-
“ ing. None have attempted to copy his numbers;
“ for the Pindaric, which seems the fittest for us, and
“ gives us a greater liberty and variety, does not an-
“ swer the Latin measures; yet I remember I once
“ saw an attempt to write English Sapphics, but it
“ never was printed; and Sir Philip Sydney has com-
“ posed hexameters and other verses after the Latin
“ measure, but they are unnatural to our language,
“ for this reason chiefly, because we abound so much
“ in monosyllables. The Sapphic measure is indeed
“ very musical, and what Horace seems best to have
“ practised; but methinks it is too soft, and fit only
“ to be employed on love, and pleasant easy subjects:
“ it seems too much confined, like the usual measure
“ of our songs; and the lofty sense of some of his odes

"This answer: Our English Pindar is undoubtedly
 "more majestic, if so be well contrived, and the va-
 "rious length and shortness of the lines, as well as
 "the variety and return of the rhyme, well chosen ;
 "and therefore, as I said before, it is the most proper
 "for such odes to have any thing of the sublime in
 "them. I wonder Horace did not introduce some-
 "thing like it into his language, being so great an
 "admirer of Pindar, and having in other respects imi-
 "tated him so closely, notwithstanding his declaration,
 "Pindarus quique est, &c. that Pindar was inimitable ;
 "in which he commends him in these words,

"Exultat sublimis Apollineus,
 "Quæ per æthereæ nova dithyrambos
 "Verba deolvit, numerisque fertur
 "Legesolus."

Lib. iv. Ode 2.

"thus translated by Mr. Cowley :

"So Pindar does new words and figures roll
 "Down his impetuous dithyrambic tide,
 "Which in no channel deigns t' abide,
 "Which neither banks nor dikes control."

"But this does not answer to the *numerus lege solutus*,
 "by which Horace means only that Pindar's num-
 "bers were unlimited, and not confined to any set
 "measure, in those odes that were called Dithyram-
 "bic, which had the most heat and fury, being first
 "invented in honour of Bacchus : and methinks Ho-
 "race might sometimes have attempted this dithy-
 "rambic measure, especially in that ode, Quo me,
 "Bacche, rapis, &c.

“ But to return to the ode which I have here en-
 “ deavoured to imitate. I have taken a liberty in the
 “ paraphrase; the first stanza is added, and a simile or
 “ two, but nothing more than what is agreeable to
 “ his sense, and what I thought would make him ap-
 “ pear to the best advantage. Such as it is, Sir, I sub-
 “ mit it entirely to your judgment, since it was first
 “ attempted for your pleasure. It is upon an agree-
 “ able subject, *viz.* Tranquillity, and if it fails giving
 “ you any entertainment, I will readily acknowledge
 “ it to be my own fault; for I know you to be master
 “ of so much sense, so good a taste, and such just no-
 “ tions of human life, that I am sure Horace must
 “ please you, if he be not murdered in an ill trans-
 “ lation. You may perceive, Sir, that as I cannot
 “ think the time long which I spend in your company,
 “ so neither can I think a letter long which I am
 “ writing to you; but I may be tempted to trespass
 “ upon you in one as well as the other; therefore I
 “ will do as persons should after a tedious visit, use a
 “ short ceremony, and withdraw, &c.

I am, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.”

In 1703 our Author's Ode on Music was performed
 at Stationers' Hall; and he afterwards wrote Six Can-
tatas, which were set to music by Dr. Pepusch. They
were wrote before introducing the Italian operas on

the English stage, tho' not published till afterwards, and seem intended to oppose or exclude the Italian opera, an entertainment which has been always combated, yet has always prevailed. The success these met with encouraged Mr. Hughes to write several others in the same manner.

Our Author's reputation was now so far advanced, that the public began to pay reverence to his name, and he was solicited to prefix a Preface to the translation of Boccacini, a writer whose satirical vein cost him his life in Italy, but who never found many readers in this country, even though introduced by such powerful recommendation. In 1706 this translation was published, which was revised and corrected by Mr. Hughes, who also wrote the Preface.

The Tenth Book of Lucan was translated by Mr. Hughes long before Mr. Rowe undertook that author. I mention this only to show that Mr. Hughes could have no intention to vie with Mr. Rowe, for whom he had a sincere esteem and affection. Mr. Rowe was afterwards prevailed upon to undertake the whole, which he performed with great success: his supplement to the tenth book, in particular, is writ with all the fire of Lucan.

He translated Fontenelle's Dialogues of the Dead, and his version was perhaps read at that time, but is now neglected. To the Dialogues of Fontenelle he added two composed by himself; and, though not only an honest but a pious man, dedicated his work to the

Earl of Wharton. He judged skilfully enough of his own interest; for Wharton, when he went Lord Lieutenant to Ireland, offered to take Hughes with him and establish him; but Hughes, having hopes or promises from another man in power, of some provision more suited to his inclination, declined Wharton's offer.

In 1709 Mr. Hughes translated *The Misanthrope* of Molière, but never offered it to the stage. It has since been printed, with the other plays of that admirable author, translated by Ozell, but no notice is taken of what hand it was translated; and Mr. Hughes's judicious Preface is there omitted. He afterwards translated Fontenelle's *Discourse concerning the Antient and Moderns*, which is printed with his *Conversation with a Lady on the Plurality of Worlds*, translated by Mr. Glanville.

In 1711 Sir Richard Steele and Mr. Clayton in concerts of music in York Buildings, on which occasion they sent Mr. Hughes the following letter:—
 "Dear Sir, Mr. Clayton and I desire you, as soon as you conveniently can, to alter this poem * for us; sic, preserving as many of Dryden's words as verses as you can. It is to be performed by a voice well skilled in recitative: but you understand these matters much better than your affectionate humble servant;
 R. STEELE.

* *Alexander's Feast*; or, *The Power of Music*.
Ode for St. Cecilia's Day.

According to their request Mr. Hughes made several alterations, which I believe will be esteemed an improvement of that justly-admired ode: but I find, by a letter addressed to Sir Richard Steele, that Mr. Addison's composition did not satisfy the connoisseurs of dramatic.

His *Opera of Calypso and Telemachus* was performed at the King's Theatre in the Hay-market, in 1721. It was intended to show that the English language might be very happily adapted to music. This attracted the whole Italian band, who had interest enough with the Duke of Stirewbury, then Lord Chamberlain, who had married an Italian, to procure an order to take off the subscription for it, and to open the House at the lowest prices, or not at all. This was designed to sink it, but failed in its end, the piece being performed, even though under so great discouragement. The same year he translated Vertot's *History of the Revolutions of Portugal*; and much about the same period assisted in the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*.

Mr. Hughes' translation of the *Letters of Abeland and Heloise* was so well received by the public, that there have been five editions of it in the compass of a few years, though it has been but lately known by what hand it was performed. It is indeed not easy to determine which is most to be admired, the authors or the translator; the beautiful variety of the thoughts, or the purity and elegance of the language. There is

in these Epistles something so moving and pathetic, so powerfully actuating the springs of pity and compassion, by all the tender strokes of passion and reason, of piety and remaining frailty, that whoever can see this lively struggle between grace and nature, inclination and duty, without being fired with the warmest emotions of affection and concern, must be deaf to the sufferings of virtue, an enemy to love, and a stranger to human nature.

The Ode to the Creator of the World was printed in 1713, at the particular instance of Mr. Addison, and is mentioned with applause in the Spectator. This, and The Ecstasy, published since the death of the Author, are justly esteemed two of the noblest odes in our language.

Our Author's acquaintance with the great wits of his time appears to have been very general; but of his intimacy with Mr. Addison there is a remarkable proof. We have it on good authority that Cato was finished and acted by his persuasion. It had long wanted the last act, which he was desired by Addison to supply. If the request was sincere, it proceeded from an opinion, whatever it was, that did not last long; for when Mr. Hughes came, in a week, to show him his first attempt, he found half the act written by Addison himself.

In 1715 Mr. Hughes published an edition of Spenser, *with his Life*, a Glossary, and a Discourse on Allegorical Poetry; a work for which he was well quali-

as a judge of the beauties of writing, but per-
wanted an antiquary's knowledge of the obsolete
s. The same year produced his *Apollo and Daphne*,
uccess of which was very earnestly promoted by
le.

r. Hughes had hitherto suffered the mortifications
narrow fortune; but in 1717 the Lord Chancellor
per, to whom Mr. Hughes was then but lately
rn, was pleased, without any previous sollicita-
on the part of our Author, to set him at ease, by
inting him Secretary to the Commissions of the
e, in which he afterwards, by particular request,
red his successor, Lord Parker, to continue him.
ad now affluence; but such is human life, that
ad it when his declining health could neither allow
long possession or quick enjoyment.

1718 appeared *Charon, or, The Ferry-boat*, a
on. This, and Mr. Walsh's *Æsculapius, or, Hos-
l of Fools*, are perhaps the two finest dialogues we
e in English, as well as the most lively imitations
Lucian.

he *Siege of Damascus* was the last work of Mr.
ghes, and was acted in 1719 with great applause;
s play, which still continues on the stage, and of
ch it is unnecessary to add a private voice to such
tinuance of approbation, is not printed or acted
rding to the Author's original draught, or his
ied intention. He had made *Phocyas* apostate
his religion, after which the abhorrence of Eu-

docia would have been reasonable, his misery would have been just, and the horrors of his repentance exemplary. The players, however, required that the guilt of Phocyas should terminate in desertion to the enemy ; and Mr. Hughes, unwilling that his relations should lose the benefit of his work, complied with the alteration.

Mr. Hughes drew up the Dedication of this tragedy to Earl Cowper but ten days before he died. It is indeed surprising that he should be able to form a piece so finely turned, and with so much spirit, at such an hour, when he had death in view, and was too weak to transcribe it himself.

On the 17th of February 1719-20, Mr. Hughes died, the very night in which his *Siege of Damascus* was first represented. He lived to hear that it was well received, but paid no regard to the intelligence, being wholly employed in the meditations of a departing Christian. He was cut off by a consumption, after a painful life, at the age of forty-two.

Mr. Pope, in a letter to Mr. Hughes' brother, soon after our Author's death, has the following passage :
" I read over again your brother's play with more concern and sorrow than ever I felt in the reading any tragedy. The real loss of a good man may be called a distress to the world, and ought to affect us more than any feigned or ancient distress, how finely drawn soever. I am glad of an occasion to give you under my hand this testimony, both how excellent

" I think this work to be, and how excellent I thought
" the author."

A man of Mr. Hughes' character was undoubtedly regretted, and Sir Richard Steele devoted an essay, in the paper called *The Theatre*, to the memory of his virtues. As this paper has not been collected into any volume, perhaps the reader will be pleased to find it added here.---" I have passed my last hours with a
" great deal of amusement, and have gone through all
" the vicissitudes of agreeable and pensive reflection to
" which my imagination could turn itself. I am indeed just now come from the masquerade, but last
" night saw the *Siege of Damascus*, and had the mortification to hear this evening that Mr. Hughes, the
" author of that excellent tragedy, departed this life
" within a few hours after his play was acted with
" universal applause. This melancholy circumstance
" recalled into my thought a speech in the tragedy
" which very much affected the whole audience, and
" was attended with the greatest and most solemn instance of approbation, an awful silence. The incidents of the play plunge an heroic character into the
" last extremity, and he is admonished by a tyrant
" commander to expect no mercy, but is left alone to
" consider with himself whether he will comply with
" the terms he offers him, *viz.* changing the Christian
" religion for the Mahometan idolatry *, or die. The

* *The Mahometans* are so far from being liable to the charge of idolatry, that the first and fundamental

“ words with which the Turkish general makes his
 “ exit from his prisoner are,

“ Farewell ! and think of death.

“ Upon which the captive breaks into the following
 “ soliloquy.

“ Farewell ! and think of death--- Was it not so ?

“ Do murderers then preach morality ? -

“ But how to think of what the living know not,

“ And the dead cannot, or else may not, tell.

“ What art thou, O thou great mysterious terror !

principle of their religion is the unity of God. No sect whatever have a greater abhorrence of idolatry than the disciples of Mahomet : this is evident from almost every page of the Alcoran. I beg leave to quote only one passage out of the second chapter of it. “ Your
 “ God is one God ; there is no God but he ; the Most
 “ Merciful. Now in the creation of heaven and earth,
 “ and the vicissitude of night and day, and in the ship
 “ which saileth in the sea, loaden with what is profit-
 “ able for mankind, and in the water which God send-
 “ eth from heaven, quickening thereby the dead earth,
 “ and replenishing the same with all sorts of cattle,
 “ and in the change of winds, and the clouds that are
 “ compelled to do service between heaven and earth,
 “ are signs to people of understanding ; yet some men
 “ take idols beside God, and love them as with the
 “ love due to God.” *Sale's Koran, ch. ii. p. 19.*

And yet most of our dramatic poets, who have writ on the Turkish or Persian story, have made their characters harangue like Polytheists, in the style of the Heathen mythology, as it would be easy to prove, by numberless instances, if this were a proper place for it. I do not indeed remember any English play, beside *The Siege of Damascus*, where the religious opinions of the Mahometans are faithfully represented throughout the whole piece.

" The way to thee we know ; diseases, famine,
 " Sword, fire, and all thy ever-open gates,
 " That day and night stand ready to receive us.
 " But what 's beyond them ? who will draw that veil ?
 " Yet death 's not there--No, 't is a point of time,
 " The verge 'twixt mortal and immortal being.
 " It mocks our thought --On this side all is life ;
 " And when we 'ave reach'd it, in that very instant
 " 'Tis past the thinking of--O ! if it be
 " The pangs, the throes, the agonizing struggle,
 " When soul and body part, sure I have felt it,
 " And there 's no more to fear.

" All men who have a taste of good arts will lament the loss of this gentleman for his admirable performance ; and his acquaintance will not take it ill that something is here said of him by one who knew him very intimately, and had a great respect for his merit and virtue.

" I cannot, in the first place, but felicitate a death on the same evening in which he had received and merited the applause of his country for a great and good action : his work is full of such sentiments as only can give comfort in the last hour ; and I am told he shewed a pleasure in hearing the labours which he so honestly and virtuously intended had met with a suitable success * : and happy was the man who, while he felt himself in the lowest degree of human condition, could, at the same time, give himself the satisfaction that he was inspiring great

* The writer was misinformed in this particular, or Mr. Hughes had then laid aside all thoughts of his lay, and composed himself to meet death with the resolution and *dignity* becoming a Christian philosopher.

“ and good thoughts in a whole people ! He lay, like
“ his own hero, with the arrow in his side, but would
“ not pull it, and let out life, till he had performed
“ his course of virtue. His whole life, indeed, was
“ the state of his dying hero : he had, in a great mea-
“ sure, the dart of mortality ever festering in the
“ body, from birth, the entrance into pain, to death,
“ the exit from it. Mr. Hughes could hardly ever be
“ said to have enjoyed health, but was, in the very
“ best of his days, a valetudinarian. If those who are
“ sparing of giving praise to any virtue, without ex-
“ tenuation of it, should say that his youth was chas-
“ tised into the severity, and preserved in the inno-
“ cence for which he was conspicuous from the infir-
“ mity of his constitution, they will be under new
“ difficulty, when they hear that he had none of those
“ faults to which ill state of health ordinarily subjects
“ the rest of mankind. His incapacity for more frolic
“ diversions never made him peevish or sour to those
“ whom he saw in them ; but his humanity was such,
“ that he could partake and share those pleasures he
“ beheld others enjoy without repining that he him-
“ self could not join in them : no ; he made a true use
“ of an ill constitution, and formed his mind to the
“ living under it with as much satisfaction as it could
“ admit of. His intervals of ease were employed in
“ drawing, designing, or else in music or poetry ; for
“ he had not only a taste but an ability of perform-
“ *ance, to a great excellence, in those arts which en-*

“ certain the mind within the rules of the severest
 “ morality and the strictest dictates of religion. He
 “ did not seem to wish for more than he possessed,
 “ even as to health *, but to condemn sensuality as a
 “ sober man does drunkenness. He was so far from
 “ envying, that he pitied the jollities that were en-
 “ joyed by a more happy constitution. He could con-
 “ verse with the most sprightly without peevishness ;
 “ and sickness itself had no other effect upon him than
 “ to make him look upon all violent pleasures as evils
 “ he had escaped without the trouble of avoiding.”

“ Dr. Sprat finishes his account of the life and wri-
 “ tings of Mr. Cowley with this remarkable para-
 “ graph.

‘ Perhaps,’ says he, ‘ it may be judged that I have
 ‘ spent too many words on a private man and a scho-
 ‘ lar, whose life was not remarkable for such a variety
 ‘ of events as are wont to be the ornaments of this kind
 ‘ of relations. I know it is the custom of the world to
 ‘ prefer the pompous histories of great men before the
 ‘ greatest virtues of others, whose lives have been led
 ‘ in a course less illustrious : this, indeed, is the gene-
 ‘ ral humour, but I believe it to be an error in men’s
 ‘ judgments ; for certainly that is a more profitable
 ‘ instruction which may be taken from the eminent
 ‘ goodness of men of lower rank, than that which we

* This sounds very pretty in speculation, but is too
refined for practice. Mr. Hughes never pretended to
 be a Stoic.

learn from the splendid representation of the battles, and victories, and buildings, and sayings, of great commanders and princes. - Such specious matters, as they are seldom delivered with fidelity, so they serve but for the imitation of a very few, and rather made for the ostentation than the true information of human life; whereas it is from the practice of men equal to ourselves that we are more naturally taught how to command our passions, to direct our knowledge, and to govern our actions.'

"I am very glad of so great an authority for the support of an opinion which I have always had since I could think at all, and received from the great writers of antiquity. That we are to undress men, and throw off the mantle and train with which Fortune has clothed them, before we can propose them as patterns for ourselves, or truly know their private character; but without that labour and inquiry, those who approach our condition are immediate objects of our approbation or dislike, and teach us, in a more lively manner, what to avoid or pursue: it is therefore, methinks, an injury to the great merit of private men, that writers who seldom rise above that degree (at least in their fortunes) should prostitute their talents in adorning those only among the virtuous who are possessors of wealth and power.

"The gentleman to whose memory I devote this Paper may be the emulation of more persons of

“ different talents than any one I have ever known.
“ His head, hand, or heart, was always employed in
“ something worthy imitation: his pencil, his bow *
“ (string) or his pen, each of which he used in a mas-
“ terly manner, were always directed to raise and en-
“ tertain his own mind, or that of others, to a more
“ cheerful prosecution of what was noble and virtu-
“ ous. Peace be with thy remains, thou amiable Spi-
“ rit! But I talk in the language of our weakness;
“ that is flown to the regions of day and immortality,
“ and relieved from the aching engine and painful in-
“ strument of anguish and sorrow in which, for a long
“ and tedious few years, he panted with a lively hope
“ for his present condition. We shall consign the
“ trunk in which he was so long imprisoned to com-
“ mon earth, with all that is due to the merit of its
“ late inhabitant.

“ With this humane duty and willing exercise of
“ affliction I blot out the various images of antic dres-
“ ses, gilded scenes, and giddy crowds, from which I
“ am just returned, and which were hardly sufficient
“ to divert an oppressed spirit from its private cares:
“ but they ought to vanish at the reflection upon a
“ series of greater weight of sorrow that constantly
“ loaded the example of cheerful patience whom I have
“ here endeavoured to celebrate.”

* The writer means the bow of a violin.

OF STYLE.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A FRIEND, .

In the Year 1698.

WHEN, by the help of study, a sufficient stock of solid learning is acquired, the next business is to consider how to make use of it to the best advantage. There is nothing more necessary to this than good sense and polite learning ; for as a man may have the first without the latter, so it is possible one may have the latter, and yet be rather the worse than the better for it, at least to others, if not to himself. A plain unlettered man is always more agreeable company than a fool in several languages : for a pedant, tho' he may take himself for a philosopher, is far more prejudiced than an illiterate man ; and sufficiency (the chief part of his character) besides the ill-manners of it, is really (as Sir William Temple observes) the worst composition out of the pride and ignorance of mankind. Besides, affectation, its usual attendant, is every body's aversion, from the natural hatred we have to all manner of imposture.

So that if there was nothing else to recommend polite learning, yet methinks this were enough, that it files off the rust of the academy, and is the same to the mind as dancing to the body, a means of giving it a free air and genteel motion. In a word it adds the *gentleman* to the scholar, and when these two meet *they challenge all men's respect and love.*

History and poetry are the two chief branches of those studies that are distinguished by the name of Polite. But because, Sir, your enquiry seems more particularly concerning language, I shall confine my discourse to the Style of Prose, as being that which is the most necessary; for poetry, tho' it want not arguments to recommend it, yet it may be dispensed with, and is either to be taken or let alone at pleasure.

All the qualifications of a good Style, I think, may be reduced under these four heads, propriety, perspicuity, elegance, and cadence; and each of these, except the last, has some relation to the thoughts as well as to the words.

Propriety of thoughts is two-fold; the first is when the thoughts are proper in themselves, and so it is opposed to nonsense; and the other when they are proper to the occasion, and so it is opposed to impertinence.

Propriety of words, the first qualification of a good Style, is when the words do justly and exactly represent or signify the thoughts which they stand for. The knowledge of this is not to be sought for in etymologies; for general acceptation, which is the only standard of speech, has given many words a quite different sense from their original. Your best direction then will be a diligent and careful perusal of the most correct writers of the language in their various kinds, with the conversation of people of fashion, that speak well, and without affectation. The most correct writers that I know are Sir William Temple, Dr. Sprat, and Dr.
C ij

Tillotson, for prose, and Mr. Waller for verse. I mention the last, because propriety both of thoughts and words is his chief excellency, in which he has scarce any equal. I have heard that Archbishop Tillotson took the pains to study all the synonymous words of the language, with the nice differences of them, which are commonly very little observed, yet contribute very much to the propriety of expression. There is another particular which I shall mention here, because I think it differs but little from propriety, and that is purity, which I take more particularly to respect the language as it is now spoken or written. The rule of this is modern use, according to that of Horace,

Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere, cadentque
Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus,
Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus e: norma loquendi.

By this rule all obsolete words are to be avoided. But to a man of long practice and reputation in the language, the privilege may be allowed sometimes of reviving old, or bringing in new, words, where the common ones are deficient. For this reason we dare not censure so great a man as Milton for his antiquated words, which he took from Spenser. A good instance, in my opinion, of a new word is the verb *falsify*, which Mr. Dryden borrows from the Italian, to signify not to be of proof.

———— his shield
Is falsify'd, and round with jav'lines fill'd.

But this liberty, though indulged to the force and majesty of verse, if it were made use of in prose, which is the Style of business, would be affectation, and is therefore, as was said before, carefully to be avoided.

Little need be said of the second qualification, *viz.* Perspicuity. If your thoughts be not clear, it is impossible your words should, and consequently you cannot be understood. The chief secret here is to express yourself in such a manner as to transfer your ideas into the reader's mind, and to set the thing before him in the very same light in which it appears to yourself. Here an extreme is to be shunned, lest while you aim to make your meaning fully understood you become verbose; so that the art lies in expressing your thought clearly in as few words as possible. Practice is the best way to attain this, and it may be useful to write some essay, and lay it by till you have forgot it, and then look it over as the work of a stranger. By this means you may discover a great many faults which escaped you in the heat of writing, and be able to correct them.

Elegance of thought is what we commonly call Wit, which adds to propriety beauty, and pleases our fancy, while propriety entertains our judgment. This depends so much on genius, that it is impossible to teach it by rules. To the elegance of words, or Style, belong all the figures of rhetoric; and to use these to advantage requires a judgment well formed by observation. *In this, therefore, as in learning the graces upon an instrument of music, good examples are the*

best instruction. Thus a man may write metaphors, tropes, hyperboles, and all the other figures, without the trouble of studying a system of rhetoric, and I believe better too; for to attend to a great many rules whilst you are writing is the way to make your Style stiff and constrained, whereas elegance consists very much in a genteel ease and freedom of expression; it is like a coy mistress, of so nice a humour, that to court her too much is the surest way to lose her; and as success in love is owing to good fortune, and the natural happiness of pleasing, rather than to fidelity and attendance, so the art of chusing out of several expressions equally proper, that which is the most graceful, is best called a *curiosa felicitas*, which two words seem to comprehend all that can be said upon this head.

The last qualification I mentioned is Cadence, in poetry called the Numbers. It consists in a disposing of the words in such order, and with such variation of periods, as may strike the ear with a sort of musical delight, which is a considerable part of eloquence. This is chiefly that which makes a style smooth, and not merely the avoiding of harsh words. The best way to attain it is to prepare yourself, before you begin to write, by reading in some harmonious Style, that so you may get your ear well in tune.

Besides all these qualifications, there is something *in language which, to borrow a word from singing may be called a Manner.* This, like the air of faces

Is a mark of distinction, by which every one has somewhat peculiar to itself from all others: for, besides the manifest difference between beauty and deformity, there is a wonderful variety even among good faces, for which reason the painters have learned, from many scattered beauties to collect one perfect idea, which is hard to be found in any individual.

To apply this; Sir William Temple, Sir Roger L' Estrange, and Dr. Sprat, (to mention no more) are each of them allowed masters in the tongue, and yet every one has a different manner, as may be seen by a short character of each.

The Style of Sir William Temple is very harmonious and sweet, full of spirit, and raciness of wit, to use a word of his own. His similes are particularly fine, his allusions graceful, his words significant, and the whole has a kind of charm which amuses the reader with serious pleasure, puts him in a good humour while he is reading, and leaves him thoughtful when he breaks off.

L' Estrange's talent is humour, in which his vein flows very freely; agreeably to this he is a perfect master of all the idioms and proverbial expressions which are peculiar to our tongue; these he often applies happily enough, tho' sometimes not without affectation; yet, generally speaking, his Style is pleasant, smooth, and natural; and that gaiety and seeming negligence which is peculiar to him, entertains you with a familiar sort of delight, like that of witty and face-

ON DESCRIPTIONS IN POETRY.

THERE are no parts in a poem which strike the generality of readers with so much pleasure as Descriptions; and there are none in which poets of an ordinary rank are more frequently betrayed into faults. A judicious Description is like a face which is beautiful without art; an injudicious one is like a painted complexion, which often discovers itself, by affecting more gaiety of colour than is natural.

The reason why Descriptions make livelier impressions on common readers than any other parts of a poem is, because they are formed of ideas drawn from the senses, which is sometimes, too, called Imaging; and are thus, in a manner, like pictures, made objects of the sight; whereas moral thoughts and discourses, consisting of ideas, abstracted from sense, operate slower, and with less vivacity. Every one immediately perceives the resemblance of nature in the Description of a tempest, a palace, or a garden; but the beauty of proper sentiments in the speeches of a prince, a general, or a counsellor, is more remote, and discerned by a kind of second thought or reflection.

As Descriptions are all drawn from objects of the senses, and the likeness or unlikeness of them are easily perceived, so there is a general similitude in all true Descriptions of the same object drawn by several *hands*, like that in a picture of the same person done by several artists; and yet the degrees of likeness, and

the different manner of expressing it by those several artists, make a very distinguishable and entertaining variety. The famous Description of a horse in the sixth book of Homer's Iliad, that in the Fragments of Ennius, and that in the eleventh book of the Æneis, are indeed the same, the two latter being only copies of the first; but the Description of the horse in Homer, and that in the book of Job, are very different, yet both are extremely natural and beautiful.

There is no particular Description which the writers of heroic poetry seem to have laboured to vary so much as that of the Morning. This is a topic on which they have drawn out all the copiousness, and even the luxury, of their fancies. The chastest and most correct writers seem to indulge themselves, on this occasion, 'in a greater sport of imagination, and I had almost said extravagance, than on any other subject whatever, as if it were a trial of skill among them who should paint the morning the most beautifully. I once mused myself with drawing together, out of several of the best poets, a variety of these Descriptions, which I thought appeared like so many fine skies differently coloured, and interspersed with clouds, by the best masters in landscape; and I imagine it will not be an unacceptable entertainment to the reader if I here present him with some few out of this collection of Morning Pieces.

The Morning is most frequently figured as a goddess, or divine person, flying in the air, unbarring the

gates of light, and opening the day. She is drawn by Homer in a saffron garment, and with rosy hands, (which is the epithet he almost constantly bestows on her) sprinkling light through the earth. She arises out of the waves of the sea, leaves the bed of Tithon her lover, ascends the heavens, appears to gods and to men, and gives notice of the sun-rising. She is placed by this father of the poets sometimes on a throne of gold, now in a chariot drawn by swift horses, and bearing along with her the Day; and at other times she is ushered in by the star which is her harbinger, and which gives the signal of the Morning's approach.

On this, as a ground, the poets following Homer have run their divisions of fancy: this will appear by the following instances out of Virgil, which I shall present to the reader in Mr. Dryden's translation.

**Aurora now had left her saffron bed,
And beams of early light the heavens o'erspread.**

**The Morn began from Ida to display
Her rosy cheeks, and Phosphor led the day.**

**And now the rosy Morn began to rise,
And wav'd her saffron streamer through the skies.**

**Now rose the ruddy Morn from Tithon's bed,
And with the dawn of day the skies o'erspread;
Nor long the sun his daily course with-held,
But added colours to the world reveal'd.**

**The Morn ensuing from the mountain's height
Had scarcely spread the skies with rosy light;
Th' æthereal coursers, bounding from the sea,
From out their flaming nostrils breath'd the day.**

I shall now shew how the same images have been copied or diversified by the Moderns. The following

Description is Tasso's, as it is very closely traced in the old translation of Mr. Fairfax :

The purple Morning left her crimson bed,
And donn'd her robes of pure vermillion hue;
Her amber locks she crown'd with roses red,
In Eden's flow'ry gardens gather'd new.

And our own Spenser, who excels in all kinds of imagery, following the same originals, represents the Morning after the like manner :

Now when the dew-finger'd Morning fair,
Weary of aged Tithon's saffron bed,
Had spread her purple robes thro' dewy air,
And the high hills Titan discovered,
The royal virgin shook off drowsy-head,
And rising forth out of her baser bow'r
Look'd for her knight—

—The day forth-dawning from the east
Night's humid curtains from the heav'ns withdrew,
And early bidding forth both man and beast,
Commanded them their daily works renew.

But of all Descriptions of the Morning as a person, it is impossible to find a more beautiful one than that of Shakspeare.

Look where the Morn, in russet mantle clad,
Waiks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

The same author has in another place embellished his subject thus :

—Look what streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
Night's tapers are burnt out, and jocund Day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

The two following Descriptions, likewise by the same hand, are very poetical.

The glow worm shows the matin to be near,
And gins to pale his ineffectual fire.

The wolves have prey'd ; and look, the gentle Day
Before the wheels of Phoebus round about
Dapples the drowsy East with spots of gray.

In Milton's *Paradise Lost* the Descriptions of Morning are drawn with exquisite beauty, yet so that they retain (tho' in a Christian poem) a mixture of the same mythology.

Now Morn, her rosy steps in th' eastern climes
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl.

_____ The Morn,
Wak'd by the circling Hours, with rosy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light. _____

_____ And now went forth the Morn,
Such as in highest heaven, array'd in gold
Empyrean, from before her vanish'd Night,
Shot thro' with orient beams. _____

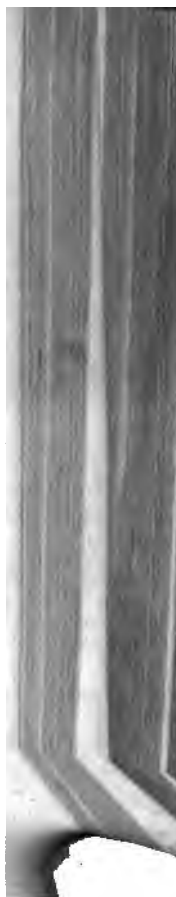
_____ Meanwhile
To re-salute the world with sacred light
Leucothoe wak'd, and with fresh dew embalm'd
The earth. _____

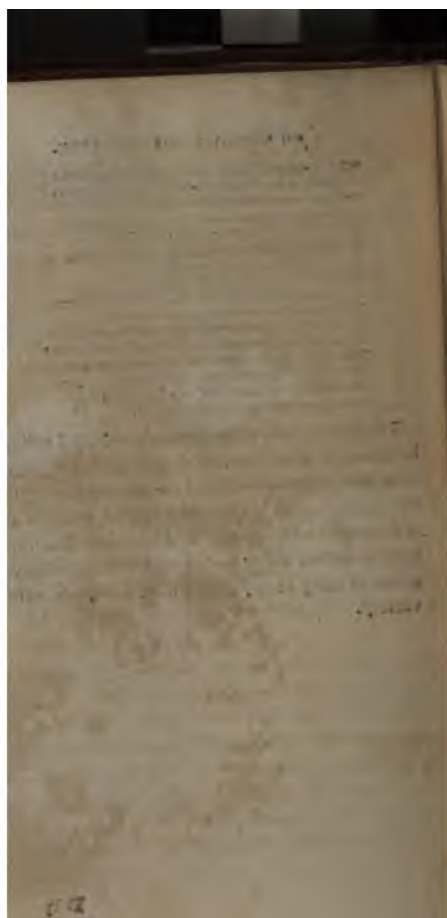
_____ Now sacred light began to dawn
In Eden on the humid flowers, that breath'd
Their morning incense, when all things that breathe
From th' earth's high altar send up silent praise
To the Creator, and his nostrils fill
With grateful smell. _____

In some of these poetical pictures which I have set before the reader, the heavens only are shewn the first springing of light there ; in others the earth taken into the prospect, with the flowers wet with dew and her rising vapours ; and sometimes the operations of living creatures proper to the season represented, and afford a yet greater diversity of interesting images, Such is that admirable Description in *way's Orphan*.

w upon the plains
 ry feed their flocks
 homely huts,
 is new born Day.
 well fill'd scrip
 an hunger calls,
 he eats,
 ill,
 t yields him fruits.
 hedges slept,
 k night, are up,
 'ring pastures, raise
 ' brutes good-morrow.
 s of trees
 i their notes
 ag sun.

mark, which I believe will
 critics, that whoever will
 the several Descriptions of
 and in the works of antient
 and that the English poets
 with at least as much ele-
 have done, and with more





POEMS TO THE AUTHOR.

TO MR. JOHN HUGHES,

ON HIS BORN, ENTITLED

THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE.

Inspira'n by what melodious Hughes had sung,
I'll tune a lyre that long has lain unstrung :
Awak'd from drowsy sloth and soothing rest,
Poetic transports fire my ravish'd breast.

What pleasure meet retiring Dryden find, 5
To see that art his skilful Muse refin'd
So much improv'd by those he leaves behind !
So when a father sees a careful son
Enlarge those coffers which were first his own,
With joy to heav'n he lifts his aged eyes, 10
Blesses his prosp'rous heir, and calmly dies.

May all your fortune like your numbers shine,
And smoothly flow, without one rugged line,
Till we confess the genius is the same
That guides your fortune and poetic flame. 15

So when of old some sportive am'rous god
Vouchsaf'd a while to leave his bless'd abode,
In whatsoever form the guest appear'd,
His heav'nly lustre shone, and was rever'd. 19

*Catherine-Hall, Cambridge,
February 1697.*

W. WORTS.

D ij

TO

THE MEMORY OF MR. HUGHES.

BY MISS JUDITH COWPER *, 1720.

ROUND Hughes's humble tho' distinguish'd urn
 The Muses, wreath'd with baleful cypress, mourn;
 In ev'ry face a deep distress appears,
 Each eye o'erflows with tributary tears.
 Such was the scene when, by the gods requir'd,
 Majestic Homer from the world retir'd:
 Such grief the Nine o'er Maro's tomb bestow'd,
 And tears like these for Addison late flow'd.
 Snatch'd from the earth, above its trifling praise,
 Thee, Hughes! to happier climes thy fate conveys:
 Eas'd of its load thy gentle spirit roves 11
 Thro' realms refulgent, and celestial groves:
 The toils of life, the pangs of death, are o'er,
 And care, and pain, and sickness, are no more.
 O may the spot that holds thy bless'd remains 15
 (The noblest spoil earth's spacious breast contains!)

* Daughter of Judge Cowper, afterwards married to
 Col. Martin Madan, author of *The Progress of Poetry*,
 &c. and still living, an ornament to her sex and age.
 Another of her compositions is prefixed to the poems
 of Mr. Pope.

Its tribute pay ; may richest flow'rs around
 Spring lightly forth, and mark the sacred ground ;
 There may thy bays its shady honours spread,
 And o'er thy urn eternal odours shed ; 20
 Immortal as thy fame and verse still grow,
 Till those shall cease to live and Thames to flow !

Nature subdu'd foretold the great decline,
 And ev'ry heart was plung'd in grief but thine ;
 Thy soul, serene, the conflict did maintain, 25
 And trac'd the phantom Death in years of pain ;
 Not years of pain thy steady mind alarm'd,
 By judgment strengthen'd, and with virtue arm'd :
 Still like thyself, when sinking life ebb'd low,
 Nor rashly dar'd, nor meanly fear'd the blow : 30
 Loose to the world, of every grace possess'd,
 Greatly resign'd, thou sought'st the stranger Rest.
 Firm as his fate, so thy own Phocyas dy'd,
 While the barb'd arrow trembled in his side.
 Drawn by thy pen, the theory we see, 35
 The practic part, too soon ! beheld in thee.

Who now shall strike the lyre with skill divine,
 Who to harmonious sounds * harmonious numbers join ?
 Who the rapacious tide of vice control,
 And while they charm the sense reform the soul ? 40
 In whom the lovely-sister arts unite,
 With virtue, solid sense, and boundless wit ?
 Such was the turn of thy exalted mind,
 Sparkling as polish'd gems, as purest gold refin'd.

* Opera of Calypso and Telemachus.

Great ruler of our passions ! who with art 45
 Subdu'd the fierce and warm'd the frozen heart,
 Bid glory in our breasts with temper beat,
 And valour, separate from feverish heat,
 Love in its true, its genuine, lustre rise,
 And in Eudocia bid it charm our eyes. 50

Virtue distress'd thy happy lines disclose,
 With more of triumph than a conqu'ror knows ;
 Touch'd by thy hand, our stubborn tempers bend,
 And flowing tears the well-wrought scene attend,
 That silent eloquence thy pow'r approv'd, 55
 The cause so great 't was generous to be mov'd.

What pleasure can the bursting heart possess
 In the last parting and severe distress ?
 Can fame, wealth, honour, titles, joy bestow,
 And make the lab'ring breast with transport glow ? 60
 These gaudy trifles gild our morning bright,
 But, Oh ! how weak their influence on our night !
 Then fame, wealth, honour, titles, vainly bloom,
 Nor dart one beam of comfort on the gloom ;
 But if the struggling soul a joy receives, 65
 'Tis in the just applause that conscious virtue gives :
 This blameless pride the dying Hughes possest,
 Soften'd his pain, sat lightly on his breast,
 And sooth'd his unoffending soul to rest.
 Free from the bigot's fears or Stoic's pride, 70
 Calm as our Christian Hero liv'd he dy'd.

As on the utmost verge of life he stood,
Ready to plunge, and seize th' immortal good,

ling all his rays diffus'd in one,
 a great work * with heighten'd lustre shone; 75
 his just sentiments, transferr'd, we view'd,
 while our eyes the shining path pursu'd,
 esp' ascent his steady judgment gain'd,
 rising path, alas! alone remain'd.—
 When the sun to worlds unknown retires, 80
 how, how boldly, shoot his parting fires!
 his setting orb our eyes confess,
 we gaze, and the full glory bless;
 the heav'n, sublime, his course extends,
 equal state the radiant globe descends, 85
 in a cloud of gold and azure bright,
 leaves behind gay tracts of beamy light.

FEBRUARY 1719-20.

ourselves the tears profusely flow,
 stly we indulge the tender woe,
 thou in virtue's robes was richly dress'd,
 fine arts abundantly possess'd:
 we rather should congratulate 5
 d's enlargement and exalted state,
 'd to Providence, what can we less
 cheerful hail thy long'd-for happiness?
 now, releas'd from ev'ry piercing pain,
 the realms of light triumphant reign. 10

W. DUNCOMBE.

* *Siege of Damascus.*

TO

THE MEMORY OF MR. HUGHES.

MARCH 28, 1720.

O LOST too early ! and too lately known !
 My love's intended marks receive in one.
 Where, new to ease, and recent from thy pains,
 With ampler joy thou tread'st the blissful plains ;
 If there regardful of the ways of men, 5
 Thou seest with pity what thou once hast been,
 O, gentle Shade ! accept this humble verse,
 Amidst the meaner honours of thy hearse.

How does thy Phocyas warm Britannia's youth,
 In arms to glory, and in love to truth ! 10
 Oh ! if the Muse of future aught presage,
 These seeds shall ripen in the coming age ;
 Then youths, renown'd for many a field well fought,
 Shall own the glorious lessons thou hast taught ;
 Honour's strict laws shall reign in ev'ry mind, 15
 And ev'ry Phocyas his Eudocia find.

O ! yet be this the lowest of thy fame,
 To form the hero and instruct the dame ;
 I see the Christian, friend, relation, son,
 Burn for the glorious course that thou hast run. 20

If aught we owe thy pencil or thy lyre,
 Of manly strokes or of superior fire,
 How must thy Muse be ever own'd divine,
And in the sacred list unrivall'd shine !

no health was thine nor downy ease ; 25
 forbidden was the soft recess :
 sick disease and never-ceasing pain,
 why did thy soul her seat maintain !
 why side the mortal shaft receiv'd,
 the wounded hero saw and griev'd. 30
 No effort, no anguish, could control,
 the generous purpose of his soul.
 O, ye nobler arts ! by Heav'n design'd
 to refine the senses and improve the mind,
 ro' your mazes, with incessant toil, 35
 led his way to reap th' immortal spoil !
 O, Phœbus tun'd his potent song,
 circling shades and Stygian glooms among.
 O, great labours this, the last * and chief,
 demands our wonder and our grief, 40
 O, in clouded majesty, till now,
 his beauties did but partly show ;
 now we saw disclos'd the ample store,
 in that instant to expect no more.
 the ev'ning of some doubtful day, 45
 clouds divided with a mingled ray,
 the golden sun unveils his light,
 his whole glories spreads at once to sight ;
 even'd world look up with gladsome cheer,
 the gay scene, nor heed the night so near ; 50
 the lucent orb drops swiftly down
 western skies, to shine in worlds unknown. 52

WM. COWPER.

* *The Siege of Damascus.*

MARCH 30, 1720.

FROM thy long languishing and painful strife
Of breath with labour drawn, and wasting life,
Accomplish'd Spirit! thou at length art free,
Borne into bliss and immortality.

Thy struggles are no more; the palm is won;
Thy brows encircled with the victor's crown;
While lonely left, and desolate below,
Full grief I feel, and all a brother's woe!

Yet would I linger on a little space,
Before I close my quick-expiring race,

Till I have gather'd up, with grateful pains,
Thy Works, thy dear unperishing remains,
An undecaying monument to stand,

Rais'd to thy name by thy own skilful hand:

Then let me wing from earth my willing way,

To meet thy soul in blaze of living day;

Rapt to the skies, like thee, with joyful flight,

An inmate of the heav'ns, adopted into light!

Ob. 17 Jan. 1731.

JABEZ HUGHES.

Anno æt. 46.

IMMORTAL Bard! tho' from the world retir'd,
Still known to fame, still honour'd and admir'd!
While, fill'd with joy, in happier realms you stray,
And dwell in mansions of eternal day;
While you, conspicuous thro' the heav'nly choir,
With swelling rapture tune the chosen lyre,
Where echoing angels the glad notes prolong,
Or with attentive silence crown your song.

Forgive the Muse that in unequal lays
Offers this humble tribute of her praise. 10

Lost in thy Works, how oft' I pass the day,
While the swift hours steal unperceiv'd away !
There, in sweet union, wit and virtue charm,
And noblest sentiments the bosom warm :
The brave, the wise, the virtuous, and the fair, 15
May view themselves in fadeless colours there.

Thro' ev'ry polish'd piece correctness flows,
Yet each bright page with sprightly fancy glows,
Oh ! happy elegance ! where thus are join'd
A solid judgment and a wit refin'd. 20

Here injur'd Phocyas and Eudocia claim
A lasting pity and a lasting fame :
Thy heroine's softer virtues charm the sight,
And fill our souls with ravishing delight.
Exalted love and dauntless courage meet, 25
To make thy hero's character complete.
This finish'd piece the noblest pens commend,
And ev'n the critics are the poet's friend !

Led on by thee, those flow'ry paths I * view,
For ever lovely and for ever new, 30
Where all the Graces, with join'd force, engage
To stem th' impetuous follies of the age :
Virtue, there deck'd in ever-blooming charms,
With such resistless rays of beauty warms,

* Alluding to the Spectators written by Mr. Hughes.

That Vice, abash'd, confounded, skulks away, 3
 At Night retires at dawn of rosy Day.

Struck with his guilt, the hardy Atheist dreads
 Approaching fate, and trembles as he reads :
 Vanquish'd by reason, yet asham'd to fly,
 He dares not own a God, nor yet deny : 4
 Convinc'd, tho' late, forgiveness he implores,
 Shrinks from the jaws of hell, and heav'n adores.

Hither the wild, the frolic, and the gay,
 As thoughtless thro' their wanton rounds they stray,
 Compell'd by fame, repair with curious eye, 4
 And their own various forms with wonder spy.
 The censor so polite, so kindly true,
 They see their faults, and sicken at the view.
 Hence trifling Damon ceases to be vain,
 And Cloe scorns to give her lover pain : 5
 Strephon is true, who ne'er was true before,
 And Celia bids him love, but not adore.

Tho' Addison and Steele the honour claim
 Here to stand foremost on the list of fame,
 Yet still the traces of thy hand we see ; 5
 Some of the brightest thoughts are due to thee.
 While then for those illustrious bards we mourn,
 The Muse shall visit thy distinguish'd urn,
 With copious tears bedew the sacred ground,
 And plant the never-fading bay around. 6

Here thro' the gloom, aspiring Bards ! explore
These awful relics, and be vain no more.

ng and Wit, and Fame itself, must die ;
 alone can tow'ring reach the sky.
 own'd his life : admire not, heav'n in view, 65
 the glorious prize with transport flew.
 so bless'd should check our streaming woe :
 gns above, his Works survive below. 68

J. BUNCE, *late of Trinity-Hall, Cambridge.*

IN MEMORIAM VIRI CLARISSIMI

JOHANNIS HUGHES.

DIT heu nimium fato sublatus acerbo,
 t Aonidum decus ille dolorque sororum !
 e, magne, tuis rapuit sors aspera, vates ?
 igis, ah ! nostras nunquam redituras in oras !
 bi ferali crinem cinxere cupresso, 5
 cum cineres Parnassia numina lugent.
 iam flet adhuc, flebitque Britannia mortem :
 tria exposcit, foecundaque criminis ætas.
 ua te pietas, non candida vita, nec artes
 uæ, duro juvenem eripuere sepulchro ! 10
 tibi mors longos nequicquam inviderit annos,
 maneant claræ monumenta perennia famæ,
 usque volet superas tuus ales in auras.
 is trita sonans plectrum *, tenuisque camœnæ

æc, et proxima alludunt ad sublimia illa authoris
 Poemata, quibus tituli, Hymnus ad Creatorem
 i, et Ecstasis,

Haud petis auxilium : terris te plena relictis 15
 Mens rapit impavidum, cœlique per ardua ducit,
 Jam procul ex oculis gentes et regna recedunt ;
 Jam tellus perit, et punctum vix cernitur orbis.
 At vos, immensi placidissima lumina mundi,
 Sol, Luna, æterno meritas O ! pangite laudes 20
 Auctori dominoque ; suis concussa tremiscat
 Sedibus, et magnum agnoscat Natura Parentem,
 Dum vates arcana, parem sententia vulgi
 Ut stet sollicitus, sublimi carmine pandit !
 Qualis verborum pompa ! ut ruit ore profundo 25
 Fervidus, ingenii caleat cum Spiritus ingens !
 Nec minor incedis, tragico indignusve cothurno.
 Dum tuus Arabicos Phocyas ruit acer in hostes,
 Quis non æquales toto sub pectore flammas
 Concipit, et simili laudis fervescit amore ! 30
 O qualis linguæ divina potentia ! quali
 Arte trahis faciles animos ; seu pectora flecti
 Dura jubes, et pulchræ acuis virtutis honore ;
 Sive intus placidos Eudocia concitet ignes ;
 Ah nimium, nimium infelix Eudocia ! quem non 35
 Sors tua sæva movet ? madidi vectigal ocelli
 Quis neget ? infaustos quis non deploret amores ?
 O semper damnata pati fata aspera virtus !
 At tibi quis sensus, quæ mens, Eudocia, cum jam
 Extrahit infixam Phocyas tua flamma sagittam, 40
 Securus fati, vitamque ex vulnere fundit ?
 Quis satis ingenium comis miretur Abudæ ?
 Quam piger ad pœnas, miserumque benignus in hostem !

Exemplar vel Christianis imitabile, mores
 Digni etiam meliore fide ! O quam, nube remotâ 45
 Erroris, tanti eniteant pietates honores !
 Sed quid ego plura hic laudare nitentia pergâ ?
 Tota nitet, pulchro tota ordine fabrica surgit,
 Et delectamur passim, passimque monemur.

*E Coll. Mart.
 Ocen.*

L. DUNCOMBE.

Amabilis Juvenis, hujus Carminis Author.

Obiit 26 Decem. 1730, anno ætatis 19.

“ —Nox atra caput tristi circumvolat umbrâ.” VIRG.

PROLOGUE

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. HUGHES.

Spoken by Mr. Milward, on the revival of The Siege of Damascus, at the Theatre-Royal in Drury Lane, March 22, 1734-5.

HERE force and fancy, with united charms,
Mingle the sweets of love with war's alarms.
Our Author shows, in eastern pomp array'd,
The conquering hero and the constant maid.
None better knew such noble heights to soar, 5
Tho' Phædra and tho' Cato charm'd before.

While in the lustre of his glowing lines
Th' Arabian paradise so gaily shines
With winy rivers, racy fruits supply'd,
And beauties sparkling in immortal pride, 10
Gallants! you'll own that a resistless fire
Did justly their enamour'd breasts inspire.

At first a num'rous audience crown'd his play,
And kind applauses mark'd its happy way,
While he, like his own Phocyas, snatch'd from view,
To fairer realms with ripen'd glory flew. 16
Humane tho' witty, humble tho' admir'd,
Wept by the great, the virtuous sage expir'd.

Still may the bard beneath kind planets born,
Whom ev'ry Grace and ev'ry Muse adorn, 20
Whose spreading fame has reach'd to foreign lands,
Receive some tribute too from British hands. 22

TO MR. HUGHES,

ON HIS OPERA OF

CALYPSO AND TELEMACHUS.

BY TOPHAM FOOT, ESQ.*

WHILE with a master skill you strike the strings,
 Your own British Muse so tuneful sings,
 Italian Opera sure will quit the stage,
 Her charms superior fix the flutt'ring age.
 Music and Verse no longer disagree, 5
 Her sense is now a foe to harmony :
 Your Telemachus both parts we find,
 Her beauty with soft sounds combin'd.
 Where Nature's study'd with such pow'rful arts
 Touch the secret springs that guide our hearts. 10
 Your command our ready passions move ;
 When you we rage, we pity, hate, and love.
 A just description shines so clear and bright,
 We think the real objects strike our sight ;
 Such instructions flow from Mentor's tongue, 15
 Her voice only could inspire the song,
 Now gaily dress'd the first bright scene appears !
 At wanton beauties all the island wears !
 We think I hear the murr'ring waters flow,
 Echoing rocks repeat Calypso's woe ! 20

* The author's age twenty-two.

Now the fond goddess lost Ulysses mourns,
But soon for a more blooming hero burns.
What arts doth she not try, what charms put on,
To make the beauteous haughty youth her own?
Then what fierce furies in her bosom rise, 25
To find the prince her offer'd love despise?
With pleasure in Telemachus we see
An image of true filial piety,
Till Eucharis, coquette, gay, young, and fair,
Finds means to fix him in th' enchanted snare. 30
Here Mentor for a while withdraws his face,
And lets him prove the dangers of the place;
But when he seems just sinking in the waves,
Exerts the goddess, and her pupil saves. 34

May 1712.

PREFACE TO TRIUMPH OF PEACE, &c.

As it is observable that the enemies of our happy settlement distinguish themselves by taking all occasions to reflect on the glorious founder of it, the immortal K. William, so it becomes its friends to be always repeating their just tribute of gratitude to his memory. This, I suppose, is the reason why it is judged that an edition of *The Triumph of Peace*, *The Court of Neptune*, and *The House of Nassau*, poems printed formerly at different times, will not now be unseasonable or unacceptable to the public. I shall therefore make no apology for the imperfection of these little pieces, but dedicate them, such as they are, To the Lovers of King William and of the present government. The first of them (and indeed the first of my attempts in this kind) was writ about nineteen years ago, when the Author was a very young adventurer in poetry.

The cause for which the Prince of Orange came over, and for which he was so joyfully received by the nation in its distress was, I believe, at that time universally understood to be the cause of the Protestant religion, of the church of England, and of our civil rights and liberties; all of which were acknowledged to be in the utmost danger, and could only be restored, under Providence, by his timely assistance. It is wonderful then how any number of Englishmen or Protestants can have altered their sentiments since; as if, with an inverted common sense, they were destined to grow less wise upon second thoughts, and to lose

by reflection that first prudence, or rather instinct of Nature, which is apt to direct all creatures in extremity to their true interest and preservation. This I fear must in a great measure have been owing to the inconsistency of asserting doctrines which must always render the safety of societies precarious, and renouncing them afterwards when they were found ruinous and impracticable; and yet, when the storm was over, endeavouring to recover them again, like goods after a wreck, tho' they had very much contributed to our former danger. We have once more been convinced, by a late instance, how little the profession of such doctrines is to be depended upon: we have seen that they who have been most ready to flatter princes with an absolute and unlimited power have been the first to rise in arms against them upon no real provocation; whilst others who have honestly declared against those doctrines have proved to be the best subjects, and have not fled to an extraordinary remedy but when the necessity of the case has been so plain that even opposite and contending parties have agreed in it. In such cases neither God, Nature, nor our own happy constitution, have left us without the means of redress; and it is not piety or virtue, but dissimulation or poverty of spirit, to disclaim it.

Methinks it should be a pleasure to every one who loves his country to consider that it is upon this *natural and unalienable* liberty of English subjects that the *present happy establishment*, in consequence of the

evolution, is founded. If that was just and lawful, this is undoubtedly so, having received the sanction of all the estates of the realm in two succeeding reigns, and by several acts of parliament.

This is that foundation which being built on the mutual happiness of prince and people, is most agreeable both to the laws of Nature and to the true precepts of Religion, which do not partially provide for the immoderate power of particular persons, but regard the good of communities: and such a foundation, being of God and of right reason, must stand, unless for our folly or our vices we should be suffered to destroy it. It is a true maxim of the Marquis of Halifax, "That a prince who breaks with the laws quarrels with his guards." And, on the other hand, a people unreasonably breaking in upon their prince, as in the late rebellion, are but like the fool in the tree, who laboured to cut off the bough on which he stood, and never thought of the consequence, that he must fall with it.

The best that can be wished to such desperate and unhappy men is, that they may be saved against their wills; and that the invaluable legacy of English liberty, which had been with so much difficulty retrieved, may be placed for them in the hands of trustees who are wiser than themselves, and who will not suffer them to squander it away from themselves and their posterity. The leaving it guarded by proper laws was *a care worthy the dying thoughts of that hero who*

undergone so many hazards and fatigues in its preservation. And here I beg leave to mention to the public one circumstance, which was known to those who were about his Majesty at that time. The King was grown so weak as to be incapable of signing any papers, and a commission having been agreed on for giving the royal assent to the bill for settling the succession of the crown, after the late queen, in that illustrious family which now enjoys it, a stamp of his Majesty's name was ordered to be prepared, to be put by him to that commission. Sir Richard Blackmore, who had constantly attended the King during that fatal sickness, was justly apprehensive of the great danger to the nation of losing any of the last moments of a life of so great importance, and pressed those who had the direction of that affair to make the utmost haste in completing it: his advice was followed; and his Majesty just lived to put his stamp to that commission, and to know that it was executed; without which the enemies of the establishment might have had an opportunity of obstructing it. As this was the last action, so it was the most glorious one, of a prince whose life had been a public blessing, and who did not die, like Augustus, vainly begging applause, but continuing to deserve it, in so great and generous an instance, as if he wished to have his own reign forgotten, if possible, in the happiness of those whom he had provided to succeed him.

April 1716.

J. A. .

MISCELLANIES.

THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE.

OCCASIONED BY THE PEACE OF RYSWICK, 1697.

HEAR, Britain! hear a rough unpractis'd tongue ;
Tho' rough my voice, the Muse inspires the song ;
The heav'n-born Muse: ev'n now she springs her flight,
And bears my raptur'd soul thro' untrac'd realms of
We mount aloft, and in our airy way [light.
Retiring kingdoms far beneath survey. 6
Amid the rest a spacious tract appears,
Obscure in view, and on its visage wears
Black hov'ring mists, which, thick'ning by degrees,
Extend a louring storm o'er earth and seas ; 10
But, lo! an eastern light, arising high,
Drives the tempestuous wreck along the sky!
Then thus the Muse—"Look down, my Son! and
see
"The bright procession of a deity!"
She spoke; the storm dispers'd; vanish'd the night; 15
And well-known Europe stands disclos'd to sight.
Of various states the various bounds appear;
There wide Hispania, fruitful Gallia here;
Belgia's moist soil conspicuous from afar,
And Flandria, long the field of a destructive war: 20

Germania, too, with cluster'd vines o'erspread,
And lovely Albion from her wat'ry bed,
Beauteous above the rest, rears her auspicious head.
Beneath her chalky cliffs sea-nymphs resort,
And awful Neptune keeps his reedy court ; 25
His darling Thames, rich presents in his hand
Of bounteous Ceres, traverses the land,
And seems a mighty snake, whose shining pride
Does thro' the meads in sinuous volumes glide.

Ah ! charming Isle ! fairest of all the main ! 30
Too long thou dost my willing eye detain :
For see a hero on the adverse strand !
And, lo ! a blooming virgin in his hand !
All hail, celestial Pair !---a goddess she,
Of heav'nly birth confess'd, a more than mortal he !
Victorious laurels on his brows he wears, 36
Th' attending fair a branching olive bears ;
Slender her shape, in silver bands confin'd,
Her snowy garments loosely flow behind,
Rich with embroider'd stars, and ruffle in the wind. 40
But once such diff'ring beauty met before,
When warrior Mars did Love's bright queen adore ;
Ev'n Love's bright queen might seem less winning fair,
And Mars submit to his heroic air.
Not Jove himself, imperial Jove, can show 45
A nobler mien, or more undaunted brow,
When his strong arm thro' heav'n's ethereal plains
Compels the kindled bolt, and awful rule maintains.

And now embark'd they seek the British isles :
 Pleas'd with the charge, propitious Ocean smiles. 50
 Before old Neptune smooths the liquid way ;
 Obsequious Tritons on the surface play,
 And sportful dolphins, with a nimble glance,
 To the bright sun their glitt'ring scales advance :
 In oozy beds profound the billows sleep, 55
 No clam'rous winds awake the silent deep ;
 Rebuk'd, they whisper in a gentle breeze,
 And all around is universal peace.

Proceed, my Muse ! the following pomp declare ;
 Say who and what the bright attendants were. 60
 First Ceres, in her chariot seated high,
 By harness'd dragons drawn along the sky ;
 A cornucopia fill'd her weaker hand,
 Charg'd with the various offspring of the land,
 Fruit, flow'rs, and corn ; her right a sickle bore ; 65
 A yellow wreath of twisted wheat she wore.
 Next father Bacchus with his tiger's grac'd
 The show, and, squeezing clusters as he pass'd,
 Quaff'd flowing goblets of rich-flavour'd wine.
 In order last succeed the tuneful Nine : 70
 Apollo too was there ; behind him hung
 His useless quiver, and his bow unstrung ;
 He touch'd his golden lyre, and thus he sung.

“ Lead on, great William ! in thy happy reign
 “ Peace and the Muses are restor'd again. 75
 “ War, that fierce lion, long disdaining law,
 “ Rang'd uncontroll'd, and kept the world in awe,
 “ While trembling kingdoms crouch'd beneath his paw

- " At last the reeling monster, drunk with gore,
 " Falls at thy feet subdu'd, and-quells his roar; 80
 " Tamely to thee he bends his shaggy mane,
 " And on his neck admits the long-rejected chain.
 " At thy protecting court, for this bless'd day,
 " Attending nations their glad thanks shall pay :
 " Not Belgia, and the rescu'd Isle alone, 85
 " But Europe, shall her great deliv'rer own.
 " Rome's mighty grandeur was not more confest,
 " When great Antonius travell'd thro' the East,
 " And crowds of monarchs did each morning wait
 " With early homage at his palace-gate. 90
 " Haste then, bright Prince! thy Britain's transport
 meet ;
 " Haste to her arms, and make her bliss complete !
 " Whate'er glad news has reach'd her list'ning ear,
 " While her long-absent lord provokes her fear
 " Her joys are in suspense, her pleasure unsincere.
 " He comes, thy hero comes ! O, beauteous Isle ! 96
 " Revive thy genius with a chearful smile !
 " Let thy rejoicing sons fresh palms prepare
 " To grace the trophies of the finish'd war ;
 " On high be hung the martial sword unsheath'd, 100
 " The shield with ribbons dress'd, and spear with ivy
 wreath'd !
 " Let speaking paint in various tablets show
 " Past scenes of battle to the crowd below !
 " Round this triumphant pile, in rustic dance, 104
 " The shouting swains shall hand in hand advance ;

' The wealthy farmer from his toils shall cease,
' The ploughman from the yoke his smoking steers re-
lease,

" And join to solemnize the festival of Peace.

" No more for want of hands th' unlabour'd field;

" Choak'd with rank weeds, a sickly crop shall yield :

" Calm Peace returns ; behold her shining train! 111

" And fruitful plenty is restor'd again."—

Apollo ceas'd---The Muses take the sound,
From voice to voice th' harmonious notes rebound,
And echoing lyres transmit the volant fugue around. 115

Meanwhile the steady bark, with prosp'rous gales,
Fills the large sheets of her expanded sails,
And gains th' intended port. Thick on the strand,
Like swarming bees th' assembled Britons stand,
And press to see their welcome sov'reign land. 120

At his approach unruly transport reigns
In every breast, and rapture fires their veins :
A gen'ral shout succeeds, as when on high
Exploded thunder rends the vaulted sky :
A short convulsion shakes the solid shore, 125
And rocks th' adjacent deep, unmov'd before ;
Loud acclamations through the vallies ring,
While to Augusta's wall the crowd attend their king.

"And now behold a finish'd temple rise*,
On lofty pillars climbing to the skies ! 1

* The choir of St. Paul's was first opened on
day of thanksgiving for the peace.

Of bulk stupendous, its proud pile it rears,
 The gradual product of successive years.
 An inner gate, that folds with iron leaves,
 The charm'd spectators' ent'ring steps receives,
 Where curious works in twisted stems are seen 135
 Of branching foliage, vacuous between.
 O'er this a vocal organ, mounted high
 On marble columns strike the wond'ring eye,
 And feeds at once two senses with delight,
 Sweet to the ear and splendid to the sight : 140
 Marble the floor, enrich'd with native stains
 Of various dye, and streak'd with azure veins.
 Ev'n emulous Art with Nature seems to strive,
 And the carv'd figures almost breathe and live :
 The painted altar, glorious to behold, 145
 Shines with delightful blue and dazzling gold.
 Here first th' illustrious three, of heav'nly race,
 Religion, Liberty, and Peace, embrace ;
 Here joyful crowds their pious thanks express,
 For Peace restor'd, and Heav'n's indulgence bless. 150
 Auspicious Structure ! born in happy days,
 Whose first employment is the noblest, praise !
 So when by just degrees th' Eternal Thought
 His six days' labour to perfection brought,
 With laws of motion first endued the whole, 155
 And bade the heav'ns in destin'd circles roll,
 The polish'd spheres commenc'd their harmony,
 All nature in a chorus did agree,
 And the world's birth-day was a jubilee. 159

THE COURT OF NEPTUNE.

ON KING WILLIAM'S

RETURN FROM HOLLAND, 1699.

Addressed to the Right Hon.

CHARLES MONTAGUE, ESQ.

BROU, celestial Muse! a tuneful strain
Of Albion's prince conducted o'er the main;
Of Courts conceal'd in waves, and Neptune's wat'ry
reign:

Sing from beneath, how the green deity
Rose to the sov'reign of the British sea; 5
To pow'r confess'd the triple mace resign'd,
O'er-rul'd the floods, and charg'd the rebel wind;
Secur'd his passage homeward, and restor'd,
Safe to the loveliest Isle the best-lov'd lord.

The gen'rous name of Montague has long 10
Been fam'd in verse, and grac'd the poet's song:
In verse himself can happy wonders do,
The best of patrons and of poets too.

Amid the skilful choir that court his ear,
If he vouchsafe these ruder lays to hear, 15
His bright example, while to him I sing,
Shall raise my feeble flight, and mount me on the wing.

On Albion's eastern coast, an ancient town*
O'erlooks the sea, to mariners well known,

* Harwich.

Where ~~the~~ swift Stourus * ends his snaky train, 20
 And pays his wat'ry tribute to the main :
 Stourus, whose stream, prolific as it glides,
 Two fertile counties in its course divides,
 And rolls to seaward with a lover's pace :
 There beauteous Orwell meets his fond embrace ; 25
 They mix their am'rous streams, the briny tide
 Receives them join'd ; their crooked shores provide
 A spacious bay within for anchor'd ships to ride.
 Here, on the margin of the rolling flood,
 Divinely fair ! like sea-born Venus, stood 30
 Britannia's Genius, in a robe array'd
 Of broider'd arms, and heraldry display'd :
 A crown of cities charg'd her graceful brows ;
 In waving curls her hair luxuriant flows ;
 Celestial glories in her eyes are seen ; 35
 Her stature tall, majestic is her mien.
 With such a presence thro' th' adoring skies
 Shines the great Parent of the deities ;
 Such tow'ry honours on her temples rise
 When, drawn by lions, she proceeds in state ; 40
 Trains of attendant gods around her chariot wait ;
 The mother-goddess, with superior grace,
 Surveys and numbers o'er her bright immortal race.
 While thus the lovely Genius hovers o'er
 The water's brink, and from the sandy shore 45

* The river Stoure, that runs between Suffolk and Essex.

Beholds th' alternate billows fall and rise,
 (By turns they sink below, by turns they mount the
 "And must," she said----- [skies)
 Then paus'd, and drew a sigh of anxious love;
 "Must my dear lord this faithless ocean prove? 50
 "Escap'd the chance of war and fraud of foes,
 "Wilt thou to warring waves thy sacred life expose?
 "Why am I thus divided by the sea,
 "From all the world, and all the world in thee?
 "Could sighs and tears the rage of tempests bind, 55
 "With tears I'd bribe the seas, with sighs the wind;
 "Soft-sighing gales thy canvas should inspire.
 "But hence, ye boist'rous storms! far hence retire
 "To inland woods; there your mad pow'rs appease,
 "And scour the dusty plains, or strip the forest trees;
 "Or lodg'd in hollow rocks, profoundly sleep, 61
 "And rest from the loud labours of the deep!
 "Why should I fear?---If heroes be the care
 "Of Heav'n above, and Heav'n inclines to pray'r,
 "Thou sail'st secure; my sons with lifted eyes 65
 "And pious vows for thee have gain'd the skies.
 "Come, then, my much-lov'd lord! No more th' alarms
 "Of wasteful war require thee from my arms.
 "Thy sword gives plenteous peace; but without thee
 "Peace has no charms, and plenty's poverty. 70
 "At length enjoy, for whom you've fought, the queen
 "Of islands, bright, majestic, and serene!
 "Unveil'd from clouds which did her form disguise,
 "And hid a thousand beauties from thy eyes.

" A thousand treasures, unsurvey'd invite 75
 " Their lord to various scenes of new delight.
 " Come, see the dow'r I brought ! my spacious downs,
 " My num'rous counties and my ancient towns ;
 " Landscapes of rising mountains, shaggy woods,
 " Green vallies, smiling meadows, silver floods, 80
 " And plains with lowing herds enrich'd around,
 " The hills with flocks, the flocks with fleeces crown'd !
 " All these with native wealth thy pow'r maintain,
 " And bloom with blessings of thy easy reign.
 " Haste, hoist thy sails ! and thro' the foamy brine 85
 " Rush to my arms ; henceforth be wholly mine :
 " After nine toilsome years let slaughter cease,
 " And flourish now secure in the soft arts of peace ;"
 She said ; th' entreated winds her accents bore,
 And wing'd the message to the Belgic shore. 90
 The pious hero heard, nor could delay
 To meet the lovely voice that summon'd him away ;
 The lovely voice, whose soft-complaining charms
 Before had call'd the succour of his arms,
 Nor call'd in vain ; when fir'd with gen'rous rage 95
 T' oppose the fury of a barb'rous age,
 Like Jove with awful thunder in his hand,
 Thro' storms and fleets at sea, and foes at land,
 He urg'd his daring way : before his sight
 On silver wings bright Glory took her flight, 100
 And left, to guide his course, long shining tracks of
 light !

And now, once more embark'd, propitious gales
 Blow fresh from shore, and fill his hollow sails.
 As when the golden god that rules the day
 Drives down his flaming chariot to the sea, 105
 And leaves the nations here involv'd in night,
 To distant regions he transports his light;
 So William's rays, by turn, two nations cheer,
 And when he sets to them he rises here.

Forsaken Belgia, ere the ship withdrew, 110
 Shed gen'rous tears, and breath'd this soft adieu:
 "Since empire calls thee, and a glorious throne,
 "Thy people's weighty int'rests and thy own,
 "(Tho' struggling love would fain persuade thy stay)
 "Go where thy better fortune leads the way: 115
 "Meanwhile my loss allow me to complain,
 "And wish—ah! no; that partial wish were vain.
 "Tho' honour'd Crete had nurs'd the thund'ring god,
 "Crete was not always bless'd with his abode;
 "Nor was it fit that William's godlike mind, 120
 "For nations born, should be to one confin'd.
 "This only grant, since I must ask no more,
 "Revisit once again your native shore!
 "That hope my sorrows shall beguile; and thou,
 "My happy rival! wilt that hope allow; 125
 "'T is all th' enjoyment Fate has left me now.
 "So may'st thou, fair Britannia! ever be
 "Firm to thy sovereign's love, and his to thee,
 "While widow'd I"—There rising sighs repress
Her fainting voice, and stilled in the rest.

But, chief in honour, Neptune's darling son,
 The beauteous Thames, lies nearest to his throne ; 190
 Nor thou, fair Boyne ! shall pass unmention'd by,
 Already sung in strains that ne'er shall die.

These, and a thousand more, whose winding trains
 Seek various lands, the wealthy sire maintains ;
 Each day the fluid portions he divides, 195
 And fill's their craving urns with fresh-recruited tides ;
 But not alike ; for oft' his partial care
 Bestows on some a disproportion'd share,
 From whence their swelling currents, o'er-supply'd,
 Thro' delug'd fields in noisy triumph ride. 200

The god was just preparing to renew
 His daily task, when sudden in his view
 Appear'd the guardian pow'r, all dazzling bright,
 And, ent'ring, flash'd the caves with beamy light.
 Boyne, Rhine, the Sambre, on their banks had seen
 The glorious form, and knew his martial mien ; 206
 In throngs th' admiring Nereids round him press'd,
 And Tritons crowd to view the heav'nly guest.
 Then thus, advancing, he his will explains :
 " O mighty Sov'reign of the liquid plains ! 210
 " Haste, to the surface of the deep repair ;
 " This solemn day requires thy presence there,
 " To rule the storms, the rising waves restrain,
 " And shake thy sceptre o'er the govern'd main.
 " By breathing gales on thy dominions driv'n, 215
 " To thee three kingdoms' hopes in charge are giv'n,
 " The glory of the world, and best-belov'd of Heav'n.

Th' unnumber'd species of the fertile tide,
 In shoals, around their mighty mother glide.
 From out the rock's wide caverns deep below
 The rushing ocean rises to its flow,
 And, ebbing, here retires ; within its sides, 165
 In roomy caves, the god of Sea resides :
 Pillars unhewn, of living stone, bear high
 His vaulted courts ; in storms the billows fly
 O'er th' echoing roof like thunders thro' the skies,
 And warn the ruler of the floods to rise 170
 And check the raving winds, and the swoln waves chas-
 Rich spoils, by plund'ring tempests hither borne, [tise.
 An universe of wealth ! the palace-rooms adorn :
 Before its entrance broken wrecks are seen
 In heaps deform'd, a melancholy scene : 175
 But far within, upon a mossy throne,
 With washy ooze and samphire overgrown,
 The sea-green king his forked sceptre rears ;
 Awful his aspect, num'rous are his years :
 A pearly crown circles his brows divine ; 180
 His beard and dewy hair shed trickling drops of brine.
 The river-gods, his num'rous progeny,
 On beds of rushes round their parent lie.
 Here Danube and the Rhine ; Nile's secret source
 Dwells here conceal'd, hence Tiber takes his course ;
 Hence rapid Rhodanus his current pours, 185
 And, issuing from his urn, majestic Padus roars ;
 And Alpheus seeks, with silent pace, the lov'd Sicilian

Shores :

Till the pale moon, that sickens at the sight,
Retires behind a cloud to blind the bloody fight.

Again the shield in savage prospect shows
An ancient abbey*, which rough woods inclose; 250
And precipices vast abruptly rise,
Where, safe encamp'd, proud Luxemburgh defies
All open violence or close surprise.
But see! a second Hannibal from far,
Up the steep height conducts th' entangled war: 255
Brave Ossory, attended with the pride
Of English valour, charges by his side,
Inclos'd they fight; the forests shine around
With flashing fires; the thunder'd hills rebound,
And the shock'd country, wide beneath, re-bellows to
the sound. 260
Forc'd from their holds, at length they speed their
flight;

Rich tents, and stores of war, the victors' toils requite.
Then peace ensues; and in a shining train
The friendly chiefs assemble on the plain.
An ardent zeal the Gallic gen'ral warms 265
To see the youth that kindled such alarms;
Wond'ring he views; secure the soldiers press
Round their late dread, and the glad treaty bless.

Next on the broad circumference is wrought
The nine years' war for lov'd Britannia fought; 270
The cause the same: fair Liberty betray'd,
And banish'd Justice, fly to him for aid.

* St. Dennis, near Mons.

Here sailing ships are drawn, the crowded strand,
 And Heav'n's avenger hast'ning to the land.
 Oppression, Fraud, Confusion, and Affright, 275
 Fierce fiends, that ravag'd in the gloomy night
 Of lawless pow'r, defeated, fly before his dazzling light.
 So to th' eclipsing moon, by the still side
 Of some lone thicket, revelling hags provide 279
 Dire charms, that threat the sleeping neighbourhood,
 And quaff, with magic mix'd, vast bowls of human
 blood ;

But when the dawn reveals the purple east,
 They vanish sullen from th' unfinish'd feast.
 Here joyful crowds triumphant arches rear
 To their deliv'rer's praise ; glad senates there, 285
 In splendid pomp, the regal state confer.

Hibernia's fields new triumphs then supply ;
 The rival kings, in arms, the fate of empire try.
 See where the Boyne two warring hosts divides,
 And rolls between the fight his murm'ring tides ! 290
 In vain---hills, forests, streams, must all give place
 When William leads, and victory 's the cha e.
 Thou saw'st him, Boyne ! when thy charg'd waters
 The swimming coursers to th' opposing shore, [bore
 And round thy banks thou heard'st the murd'ring
 cannons roar. 295

What more than mortal bravery inspir'd
 The daring troops, by his example fir'd !
 Thou saw'st their wondrous deeds ; to Neptune's Court
Thy flying waves convey'd the swift report,

And, red with slaughter, to their father show'd 300
Streams not their own, and a discolour'd flood.

Here, on th' ethereal mould, hurl'd from afar,
Th' exploded ball had mark'd a dinted scar.
'T was destin'd thus ; for when, all glowing red,
The angel took it from the forge, he said, 305

" This part be left unfated from the foe !
" And, scarce escap'd, once let the hero know
" How much to my protection he shall owe ;
" Yet from the batter'd shield the ball shall bound,
" And on his arm inflict a scarlet wound." 310

Elsewhere behold Namur's proud turrets rise,
Majestic to the sight, advancing to the skies !
The Meuse and Sambre here united flow,
Nature's defence against th' invading foe ;
Industrious Art her strength of walls supplies ; 315
Before the town the British army lies.
The works are mann'd ; with fury they contend ;
These thunder from the plains, those from the walls
defend.

Red globes of fire from bellowing engines fly,
And lead a sweeping blaze, like comets, thro' the sky.
The kindled region glows ; with deaf'ning sound 320
They burst ; their iron entrails, hurl'd around,
Strow with thick-scatter'd deaths the crimson ground.
See where the Genius of the war appears,
Nor shuns the labour, nor the danger fears ! 325

*In clouds of sulph'rous smoke he shines more bright,
For Glory round him waits with beams of living light :*

At length the widen'd gates a conquest own,
And to his arms resign the yielding town. 329

Here, from the field return'd, with olive crown'd,
Applauding throngs their welcome prince surround;
Bright honours in his glorious entry shine,
And peace restor'd concludes the great design.

Long o'er the figur'd work, with vast surprise,
Admiring Neptune roll'd his ravish'd eyes; 335

Then, rising from his throne, thus call'd aloud,

" Ye lovely Daughters of the briny Flood!

" Haste, comb your silver locks, and straight prepare

" To fill my train, and gaze in upper air:

" This day majestic glories you shall see; 340

" Come, all ye wat'ry pow'rs who under me

" Your little tridents wield, and rule the boist'rous
sea!

" What god, that views the triumphs here display'd,

" Can to such worth refuse his heav'nly aid?"

He said no more---but bade two Tritons sound 345

Their crooked shells, to spread the summons round.

Thro' the wide caves the blast is heard afar;

With speed two more provide his azure car,

A concave shell; two the finn'd coursers join:

All wait officious round, and own th' accustom'd
sign.

The god ascends; his better hand sustains 251

The three-fork'd spear, his left directs the reins.

Thro' breaking waves the chariot mounts him high;

Before its thund'ring course the frothy waters fly:

He gains the surface ; on his either side 255

The bright attendants, rang'd with comely pride,
Advance in just array, and grace the pompous tide.

Meanwhile Britannia's king conspicuous stood,
And from his deck survey'd the boundless flood.

Smooth was the glassy scene ; the sun beheld 360

His face unclouded in the liquid field :

The gazing Nereids, in a shining train,

Inclose the Ruler of the British main,

And sweetly sing ; suspended winds forbear

Their loud complaints, the soothing lay to hear. 365

" Hail, sacred Charge !" they cry ; " the beauties we

" Of Neptune's Court, are come t' attend on thee :

" Accept our offer'd aid. Thy potent sway,

" Unbounded by the land, these wat'ry realms obey,

" And we thy subject-pow'rs our dutious homage pay.

" See Neptune's self, inferior in command, 371

" Presents his trident to thy honour'd hand !"

They said : the sire approach'd with awe profound ;

The rite perform'd, their shells the Tritons sound ;

Swell'd with the shrill alarm the joyful billows bound.

Now from the shore Britannia first descries 376

White sails afar, then bulky vessels rise

Nearer to view ; her beating heart foretells

The pleasing news, and eager transport feels.

Safe to her arms imperial Neptune bears

Th' intrusted charge, then diving disappears. 381

THE PICTURE.

COME, my Muse ! a Venus draw ;
Not the same the Grecians saw,
By the fam'd Apelles wrought,
Beauteous offspring of his thought.
No fantastic goddess mine ; 5
Fiction far she does outshine.

Queen of Fancy ! hither bring
On thy gaudy feather'd wing
All the beauties of the spring.
Like the bee's industrious pains 10
To collect his golden gains,
So from ev'ry flow'r and plant
Gather first th' immortal paint.
Fetch me lilies, fetch me roses,
Daisies, violets, cowslip-posies. 15
Amaranthus, parrot pride,
Woodbines, pinks, and what beside
Does th' embroider'd meads adorn,
Where the Fauns and Satyrs play
In the merry month of May. 20
Steal the blush of op'ning morn ;
Borrow Cynthia's silver white
When she shines at noon of night,
Free from clouds to veil her light.
Juno's bird his tail shall spread, 25
Iris' bow its colours shed,

All to deck this charming piece,
Far surpassing ancient Greece.

First her graceful stature show,
Not too tall, nor yet too low.
Fat she must not be, nor lean ;
Let her shape be straight and clean ;
Small her waist, and, thence increast,
Gently swells her rising breast.

Next in comely order trace
All the glories of her face.
Paint her neck of ivory,
Smiling cheeks, and forehead high,
Ruby lips, and sparkling eyes,
Whence resistless lightning flies.

Foolish Muse ! what ? hast thou done ?
Scarce th' outlines are yet begun
Ere thy pencil's thrown aside !
“ 'T is no matter,” Love reply'd ;
(Love's unlucky god stood by)
“ At one stroke behold how I
“ Will th' unfinish'd draught supply.”

Smiling then he took his dart,
And drew her Picture in my heart.

BARN-ELMS.

LET Phœbus his late happiness rehearse,
And grace Barn-Elms with never-dying verse.
Smooth was the Thames, his waters sleeping lay,
Unwak'd by winds that o'er the surface play,
When th' early god, arising from the East, 5
Disclos'd the golden dawn, with blushes drest.
First in the stream his own bright form he sees,
But brighter forms shine thro' the neighb'ring trees :
He speeds the rising day, and sheds his light
Redoubled on the grove, to gain a nearer sight. 10
Not with more speed his Daphne he pursu'd,
Nor fair Leucothoe with such pleasure view'd ;
Five dazzling nymphs in graceful pomp appear ;
He thinks his Daphne and Leucothoe here,
Join'd with that heav'nly three who, on Mount Ide 15
Descending once, the prize of beauty try'd.

Ye verdant Elms ! that tow'ring grace this grove,
Be sacred still to beauty and to love :
No thunder break, nor lightning glare between
Your twisted boughs, but such as then was seen. 20
The grateful sun will every morning rise
Propitious here, saluting from the skies
Your lofty tops, indulg'd with sweetest air,
And ev'ry spring your losses he'll repair ;
Nor his own laurels more shall be his care. 25

ON THE FRIENDSHIP OF
 PHŒBE AND ASTERIA;
 AND THE SICKNESS OF THE FORMER.

AN altar raise to friendship's holy flame,
 Inscrib'd with Phœbe's and Asteria's name;
 Around it, mingled in a solemn band,
 Let Phœbe's lovers and Asteria's stand,
 With fervent vows t' attend the sacrifice, 5
 While rich perfumes from melted gums arise,
 To bribe for Phœbe's health the partial skies.

Forbid it, Love! that sickly blasts consume
 The flow'r of beauty in its tender bloom.
 Shall she so soon to her own heav'n retire, 10
 Who gave so oft', yet never felt thy fire?
 Who late at splendid feasts so graceful shone,
 By pleasing smiles and num'rous conquests known;
 Where, 'midst the brightest nymphs, she bore the prize
 From all---from all but her Asteria's eyes? 15
 Behold the maid, who then secure, repell'd
 The shafts of Love, by fainting sickness quell'd!
 (As Beauty's goddess once a wound sustain'd,
 Not from her son, but from a mortal's hand*)
 Asteria, too, forgets her sprightly charms, 20
 And drooping lies within her Phœbe's arms.

Thus in romantic histories we read
Of tournaments by some great prince decreed,

Where two companion knights their lances wield
 With matchless force, and win from all the field, 25
 Till one, o'erheated in the course, retires,
 And feels within his veins a fever's fires ;
 His grieving friend his laurels throws away,
 And mourn's the dear bought triumphs of the day.

So strict's the union of this tender pair, 30
 What Heav'n decrees for one they both must share.
 Like meeting rivers, in one stream they flow,
 And no divided joys or sorrows know.
 Not the bright Twins*, prefer'd in heav'n to shine,
 Fair Leda's sons, in such a league could join. 35
 One soul as fables tell, by turns supply'd
 That heav'nly pair, by turns they liv'd and dy'd ;
 But these have sworn a matchless sympathy ;
 They 'll live together, or together die.

When Heav'n did at Asteria's birth bestow 40
 Those lavish charms with which she wounds us so,
 To form her glorious mind it did inspire,;
 A double portion of th' etherial fire,
 That half might afterward be thence convey'd
 To animate that other lovely maid. 45
 Thus native instinct does their hearts combine
 In knots too close for Fortune to untwine.

So India boasts a tree that spreads around
 Its am'rous boughs, which, bending, reach the ground.
 Where, taking root again, the branches raise 50
 A second tree to meet its fond embrace ;

* Castor and Pollux.

ON THE FRIENDSHIP OF PHŒBE, &c.

Then side by side the friendly neighbours thrive,
Fed by one sap, and in each other live.

Of Phœbe's health we need not send to know,
How Nature strives with her invading foe, 55
What symptoms good or ill each day arise;
We read those changes in Asteria's eyes.
Thus in some crystal fountain you may spy
The face of heav'n and the reflected sky,
See what black clouds arise, when tempests lour, 60
And gath'ring mists portend a falling show'r,
And when the sun breaks out with conqu'ring ray
To chase the darkness and restore the day.

Such be thy fate, bright Maid ! from this decline
Arise, renew'd in charms, and doubly shine ; 65
And as that dawning planet was address'd
With offer'd incense by th' adoring East,
So we'll with songs thy glad recovery greet ;
The Muse shall lay her presents at thy feet ;
With open arms Asteria shall receive 70
The dearest pledge propitious Heav'n can give.
Fann'd by these winds, your friendship's gen'rous fire
Shall burn more bright, and to such heights aspire,
The wond'ring world shall think you from above
Come down to teach how happy angels love.

Inferior Cupids on their master wait ;
 He smiles well-pleas'd, and waves his wings in stat
 His little hands imperial trophies bear,
 And laurel-wreaths to grace th' elected fair.

Hyde-Park the scene for the Review he nam'd,
 Hyde-Park ! for pleasure and for beauty fam'd,
 Where oft', from western skies, the god of Light
 Sees new-arising suns than his more bright,
 Then sets in blushes, and conveys his fire
 To distant lands, that more his beams require.

And now the charming candidates appear ;
 Behold Britannia's victor Graces there,
 Who vindicate their country's antient claim
 To Love's pre-eminence and beauty's fame.
 Some who, at Anna's court, in honour rais'd,
 Adorn birth-nights, by crowding nations prais'd,
 Preserv'd in Kneller's pictures, ever young,
 In strains immortal by the Muses sung.

Around the ring th' illustrious rivals move,
 And teach to Love himself, the pow'r of love.
 Scarce, tho' a god, he can with safety gaze
 On glory so profuse, such mingled rays ;
 For Love had eyes on this important day,
 And Venus from his forehead took the blinding-cle
 away.

Here Mira pass'd, and fix'd his wond'ring view ;
 Her perfect shape distinguish'd praises drew :
Tall, beauteous, and majestic to the sight,
She led the train, and sparkled in the light.

There Stella claims the wreath, and pleads her eyes,
By which each day some new adorer dies.

Serena, by good humour doubly fair,
With native sweetness charms, and smiling air; 40
While Flora's youthful years and looks display
The bloom of rip'ning fruits, the innocence of May,
The op'ning sweets that month of pleasure bring,
The dawn of love, and life's indulgent spring.

'T were endless to describe the various darts 45
With which the fair are arm'd to conquer hearts.
Whatever can the ravish'd soul inspire
With tender thoughts, and animate desire,
All arts and virtues mingled in the train, 49
And long the lovely rivals strove in vain,
While Cupid, unresolv'd, still search'd around the
plain.

"O! could I find," said Love, "the phoenix she
"In whom at once these sev'ral charms agree,
"That phoenix she the laurel crown should have,
"And Love himself with pride become her slave." 55

He scarce had spoke, when, see!--Harmonia came;
Chance brought her there, and not desire of fame,
Unknowing of the choice, till she beheld
The god approach to crown her in the field.
Th' unwilling maid, with wondrous modesty, 62
Disclaim'd her right, and put the laurel by:
Warm blushes on her tender cheeks arise,
And double softness beautify'd her eyes.

At this, more charm'd, "The rather I bestow,"
 Said Lové, "these honours you in vain forego: 65
 "Take then the wreath, which you, victoriou Fair!
 "Have most deserv'd, yet least affect to wear."

SONNET.

"Je mourrai de trop de plaisir
 "Si je la trouve favorable;
 "Je mourrai de trop de desir
 "Si je la trouve inexorable. 4

"Ainsi je ne scaurois guerir
 "De la douleur qui me possede;
 "Je suis assuré de perir
 "Par le mal, ou par le remede." 8

IN ENGLISH.

I DIE with too transporting joy
 If she I love rewards my fire;
 If she's inexorably coy
 With too much passion I expire. 4

No way the Fates afford to shun
 The cruel torment I endure;
 Since I am doom'd to be undone
By the disease or by the cure. 8

ON DIVINE POETRY.

In Nature's Golden Age, when new-born Day
Array'd the skies, and earth was green and gay ;
When God with pleasure all his works survey'd,
And Virgin-innocence before him play'd ;
In that illustrious morn, that lovely spring, 5
The Muse, by Heav'n inspir'd, began to sing ;
Descending angels, in harmonious lays,
Taught the first happy pair their Maker's praise.
Such was this sacred art---We now deplore
The Muse's loss, since Eden is no more. 10
When vice from hell rear'd up its hydra-head,
Th' affrighted maid with chaste Astræ fled,
And sought protection in her native sky ;
In vain the Heathen Nine her absence would supply.
Yet to some few, whose dazzling virtues shone 15
In ages past, her heav'nly charms were known.
Hence learn'd the bard in lofty strains to tell
How patient Virtue triumph'd over hell ;
And hence the chief, who led the chosen race
Thro' parting seas, deriv'd his songs of praise : 20
She gave the rapt'rous ode, whose ardent lay
Sings female force, and vanquish'd Sisera ;
She tun'd th' pious notes the Psalmist's lyre, 23
And fill'd Isaiah's breast with more than Pindar's fire.



ON A PEACOCK,

FINELY CUT IN VELLUM

BY MOLINDA.

WHEN Fancy did Molinda's hand invite,
Without the help of colour, shade, or light,
To form in vellum, spotless as her mind,
The fairest image of the feather'd kind,
Nature herself a strict attendance paid, 5
Charm'd with th' attainments of th' illustrious maid;
Inspir'd her thought, and, smiling, said, " I'll see
" How well this fair one's art can copy me."

So to her fav'rite Titian once she came,
To guide his pencil, and attest his fame, 10
With transport granting all that she could give,
And bid his works to wond'ring ages live.

Not with less transport here the goddess sees
The curious piece advance by slow degrees;
At last such skill in ev'ry part was shown, 15
It seem'd a new creation of her own:
She starts to view the finish'd figure rise,
And spread his ample train, enrich'd with eyes;
To see, with lively grace, his form exprest,
The stately honours of his rising crest, 20
His comely wings, and his soft silky breast!
The leaves of creeping vines around him play,
And Nature's leaves less perfect seem than they.

O, matchless Bird! whose race, with nicest care,
 Heav'n seems in pleasure to have form'd so fair! 25
 From whose gay plumes ev'n Phoebus with delight
 Sees his own rays reflected doubly bright!
 Tho' num'rous rivals of the wing there be
 That share our praise, when not compar'd to thee,
 Soon as thy rising glories strike our eyes, 30
 Their beauty shines no more, their lustre dies:
 So when Molinda, with superior charms,
 Dazzles the ring, and other nymphs disarms,
 To her the rallying Loves and Graces fly,
 And, fixing there, proclaim the victory. 35
 No wonder, then, since she was born t' excel,
 This bird's fair image she describes so well;
 Happy, as in some temple, thus to stand
 Immortaliz'd by her successful hand. 39

ON LUCINDA'S TEA-TABLE.

Poets invoke, when they rehearse
 In happy strains their pleasing dreams,
 Some Muse unseen to crown their verse,
 And boast of Heliconian streams:

But here a real Muse inspires 5
 (Who more reviving streams imparts)
 Our fancies with the poet's fires,
 And with a nobler flame our hearts.

While from her hand each honour'd guest
Receives his cup with liquor crown'd,
He thinks 't is Jove's immortal feast,
And Venus deals the nectar round.

As o'er each fountain, poets sing,
Some lovely guardian-nymph has sway,
Who from the consecrated spring
Wild beasts and Satyrs drives away ;

So hither dares no savage press,
Who Beauty's sov'reign pow'r defies ;
All, drinking here, her charms confess,
Proud to be conquer'd by her eyes.

When Phœbus try'd his herbs in vain
On Hyacinth, had she been there,
With tea she would have cur'd the swain,
Who only then had dy'd for her.

January 1, 1701.

THE MARCH.

VICTORIA comes ! she leaves the forag'd groves :
Her flying camp of Graces and of Loves
Strike all their tents, and for the March prepare,
And to new scenes of triumph wait the fair.

*Unlike the slaves which other warriors gain,
That loathe the subjection, and would break their chain*

Her rural slaves their absent victor mourn,
 And wish not liberty, but her return.
 The conquer'd countries droop while she's away,
 And slowly to the spring their contribution pay ; 10
 While cooing turtles, doubly now alone,
 With their lost loves another loss bemoan.

Meantime in peopled cities crowds press on,
 And jealous seem who shall be first undone :
 Victories, like Fame, before th' invader fly, 15
 And lovers yet unseeing haste to die ;
 While she, with careless unelated mind,
 Hears daily conquests which she ne'er design'd :
 In her a soft yet cruel heart is found,
 Averse to cure, and vainly griev'd to wound. 20

WRITTEN IN A
 LADY'S PRAYER-BOOK.

So fair a form with such devotion join'd !
 A virgin body and a spotless mind !
 Pleas'd with her pray'rs, while Heav'n propitious sees
 The lovely vot'ress on her bended knees, 4

Sure it must think some angel lost its way,
 And happ'ning on our wretched earth to stray,
 Tir'd with our follies, fain would take its flight,
 And begs to be restor'd to those blest realms of light. 8

GREENWICH-PARK.

THE Paphian isle was once the blest abode
Of Beauty's goddess and her archer-god :
There blissful bow'rs and am'rous shades were seen,
Fair cypress walks, and myrtles ever green :
'T was there, surrounded by a hallow'd wood, 5
Sacred to love, a splendid temple stood,
Where altars were with costly gums perfum'd,
And lovers' sighs arose, and smoke from hearts consum'd ;

Till, thence remov'd, the queen of Beauty flies
To Britain, fam'd for bright victorious eyes. 10
Here fix'd, she chose a sweeter seat for Love
And Greenwich-Park is now her Cyprian grove.

Nor fair Parnassus with this hill can vie,
Which gently swells into the wond'ring sky,
Commanding all that can transport our sight, 15
And varying with each view the fresh delight.
From hence my Muse prepares to wing her way,
And wanton, like the Thames, thro' smiling meads
would stray,

Describe the groves beneath, the sylvan bow'rs, 19
The river's winding train, and great Augusta's tow'rs.

But, see!---a living prospect drawing near
At once transports, and raises awful fear ;
Love's favourite band, selected to maintain
His choicest triumphs, and support his reign.

Not Venus' star, the brightest of the sphere,
 Smiles so serene, or casts a light so clear.
 O, happy brother of this wondrous fair!
 The best of sisters well deserves thy care ; 85
 Her sighing lovers, who in crowds adore,
 Would wish thy place, did they not wish for more.
 What angels are, when we desire to know,
 We form a thought by such as she below,
 And thence conclude they 're bright beyond compare,
 Compos'd of all that 's good and all that 's fair. 91
 There yet remains unnam'd a dazzling throng
 Of nymphs, who to these happy shades belong.
 O, Venus ! lovely queen of soft desires !
 For ever dwell where such supply thy fires. 95
 May virtue still with beauty share the sway,
 And the glad world with willing zeal obey !

UNDER THE PRINT OF TOM BRITTON,

THE MUSICAL SMALL-COAL MAN.

Tho' mean thy rank, yet in thy humble cell
 Did gentle Peace and Arts unpurchas'd dwell.
 Well pleas'd Apollo thither led his train,
 And Music warbled in her sweetest strain. 4

Cyllenius so, as fables tell, and Jove,
 Came willing guests to poor Philemon's grove.
 Let useless Pomp behold, and blush to find
So low a station, such a lib'ral mind.

A FRAGMENT.

IN ev'ry age, to brighter honours born,
Which loveliest nymphs and sweetest bards adorn,
Beauty and wit each other's aid require,
And poets sing what first the fair inspire;
The fair for ever thus their charms prolong,
And live rewarded in the tuneful song.
Thus Sacharissa shines in Waller's lays,
And she who rais'd his genius shares his praise.
Each does in each a mutual life infuse,
Th' inspiring Beauty, the recording Muse.

* * * * *

A FRAGMENT.

PROMISCUOUS crowds, to worthless riches born,
Thy pencil paints, 't is true, yet paints with scorn
Sometimes the fool, by Nature left half-made,
Mov'd by some happy instinct, asks thy aid
To give his face to reason some pretence,
And raise his looks with supplemental sense.

A THOUGHT IN A GARDEN.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1704.

DELIGHTFUL mansion! bless'd retreat!
Where all is silent, all is sweet:

Here Contemplation prunes her wings,
 The raptur'd Muse more tuneful sings,
 While May leads on the cheerful hours, 5
 And opens a new world of flow'rs.
 Gay Pleasure here all dresses wears,
 And in a thousand shapes appears.
 Pursu'd by Fancy, how she roves
 Thro' airy walks and museful groves ! 10
 Springs in each plant and blossom'd tree,
 And charms in all I hear and see !
 In this Elysium while I stray,
 And Nature's fairest face survey,
 Earth seems new-born, and life more bright, 15
 Time steals away, and smooths his flight,
 And thought's bewilder'd in delight.
 Where are the crowds I saw of late ?
 What are those tales of Europe's fate ?
 Of Anjou and the Spanish crown, 20
 And leagues to pull usurpers down ?
 Of marching armies, distant wars ;
 Of factions and domestic jars ?
 Sure these are last night's dreams, no more,
 Or some romance read lately o'er ; 25
 Like Homer's antique tale of Troy,
 And pow'rs confed'rate to destroy
 Priam's proud house, the Dardan name,
 With him that stole the ravish'd dame,
 And, to possess another's right, 30
 Durst the whole world to arms excite.

Come, gentle Sleep! thy eyelids close,
 These dull impressions help me lose:
 Let Fancy take her wing, and find
 Some better dream to sooth my mind; 35
 Or, waking, let me learn to live,
 The prospect will instruction give;
 For see where beauteous Thames does glide
 Serene, but with a fruitful tide;
 Free from extremes of ebb and flow, 40
 Not swell'd too high, nor sunk too low:
 Such let my life's smooth current be;
 Till, from Times' narrow shore set free,
 It mingle with th' eternal sea,
 And there enlarg'd, shall be no more
 That trifling thing it was before. 46

A WISH.

TO THE NEW YEAR 1705.

I.

JANUS! great leader of the rolling year,
 Since all that's past no vows can e'er restore,
 But joys and griefs alike, once hurry'd o'er,
 No longer now deserve a smile or tear;
 Close the fantastic scenes—but grace 5
 With brightest aspects thy fore-face,
 While Time's new offspring hastens to appear.

N. Gaddes
A WISH TO THE NEW YEAR

103

With lucky omens guide the coming hours,
Command the circling seasons to advance, 9
And form their renovated dance, [pow'ra.
With flowing pleasures fraught, and bless'd by friendly

II.

Thy month, O Janus! gave me first to know
A mortal's trifling cares below:
My race of life began with thee.
Thus far, from great misfortunes free, 15
Contented I my lot endure,
Nor Nature's rigid laws arraign,
Nor spurn at common ills in vain,
Which folly cannot shun, nor wise reflection cure.

III.

But, oh!—more anxious for the year to come, 20
I would foreknow my future doom.
Then tell me, Janus! canst thou spy
Events that yet in embryo lie
For me in Time's mysterious womb?
Tell me—nor shall I dread to hear 25
A thousand accidents severe;
I'll fortify my soul the load to bear,
If love rejected add not to its weight,
To finish me in woes, and crush me down with fate.

IV.

But if the goddess, in whose charming eyes, 30
More clearly written than in Fate's dark book,
My joy, my grief, my all of future fortune lies;
If she must, with a less propitious look,

Forbid my humble sacrifice,
 Or blast me with a killing frown;
 If, Janus! this thou seest in store,
 Cut short my mortal thread, and now
 Take back the gift thou didst bestow:
 Here let me lay my burthen down,
 And cease to love in vain, and be a wretch no more.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. MILLS,

At the Queen's Theatre, on his benefit-night, Feb. 16, 170.
a little before the Duke of Marlborough's going for Ho-
land.

WHETHER our stage all others does excel
 In strength of wit, we'll not presume to tell;
 But this, with noble conscious pride, we'll say,
 No Theatre such glories can display,
 Such worth conspicuous, beauty so divine,
 As in one British audience mingled shine.
 Who can, without amazement, turn his sight,
 And mark the awful circle here to-night?
 Warriors, with ever-living laurels, brought
 From empires sav'd, from battles bravely fought,
 Here sit, whose matchless story shall adorn
 Scenes yet unwrit, and charm ev'n ages yet unborn.
 Yet who would not expect such martial fire,
 That sees what eyes those gallant deeds inspire?

WRITTEN IN A WINDOW, &c.

105

Valour and Beauty still were Britain's claim;
Both are her great prerogatives of fame;
By both the Muses live, from both they catch their
flame.

Then as by you, in solid glory bright,
Our envy'd Isle thro' Europe spreads her light, 20
And rising honours ev'ry year sustain,
And mark the golden track of Anne's distinguish'd
So, by your presence here, we'll strive to raise [reign;
To nobler heights our action and our plays;
And poets from your favours shall derive
That immortality they boast to give. 25

WRITTEN IN A WINDOW

AT GREENWICH.

GREAT president of light, and eye of day,
As thro' this glass you cast your visual ray,
And view, with nuptial joys, two brothers blest, 3
And see us celebrate the genial feast,
Confess that in your progress round the sphere
You've found the happiest youths and brightest beau-
ties here. 6

ADVICE TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS INTENDED TRANSLATION OF

HOMER'S ILIAD, 1714.

*O thou! who, with a happy genius born,
Canst tuneful verse in flowing numbers turn,*

Crown'd on thy Windsor's plains with early bays,
 Be early wise, nor trust to barren praise.
 Blind was the bard that sung Achilles' rage; 5
 He sung and begg'd, and curst the un giving age.
 If Britain his translated song would hear,
 First take the gold---then charm the list'ning ear;
 So shall thy father Homer smile to see
 His pension paid---tho' late, and paid to thee. 10

H Y M N

SUNG BY THE

CHILDREN OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL,

AT THE ENTRY OF

KING GEORGE INTO LONDON, 1714.

I.

HEAR us, O God! this joyful day
 Whole nations join their voice
 To thee united thanks to pay,
 And in thy strength rejoice.

II.

For, led by thee, O King of kings! 5
 Our sov'reign George we see;
 Thy hand the royal blessing brings,
 He comes, he reigns, by thee!

III.

Plenteous of Grace, pour from above
 Thy favours on his head; 10
 Truth, Mercy, Righteousness, and Love,
 Is guards around him spread.

IV.

With length of days and glory crown'd,
 With wealth and fair increase,
 Let him abroad be far renown'd,
 Still bless'd at home with peace.

WHAT IS MAN ?

O SON of Man ! O creature of a day !
 Proud of vain wisdom, with false greatness gay !
 Heir of thy father's vice, to whose bad store
 Thy guilty days are spent in adding more ;
 Thou propagated folly !—what in thee 5
 Could Heav'n's Supreme, could perfect Wisdom, see,
 To fix one glance of his regarding eye ?
 Why art thou chose the fav'rite of the sky ?
 While angels wonder at the mercy known, [own !
 And scarce the wretch himself the debt immense will

THE FOLLOWING SUPPLEMENT AND CONCLUSION

To Mr. Milton's Incomparable Poem, entitled

IL PENNEROSO ; OR, THE PENSIVE MAN,

WAS ALSO WRIT BY MR. HUGHES.

It seems necessary to quote the eight foregoing lines for the right understanding of it.

‘ AND may at last my weary age
 ‘ Find out the peaceful hermitage,

' The hairy gown and mossy cell,
 ' Where I may sit, and rightly spell
 ' Of ev'ry star that heav'n doth shew,
 ' And ev'ry herb that sips the dew,
 ' Till old Experience do attain
 ' To something like prophetic strain.'
 There let Time's creeping winter shed
 His hoary snow around my head;
 And while I feel, by fast degrees,
 My sluggard blood wax chill, and freeze,
 Let thought unveil to my fix'd eye
 The scenes of deep eternity,
 Till life dissolving at the view,
 I wake, and find those visions true.

THE PATRIOT.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

WILLIAM LORD COWPER,

LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

JAN. 25, 1717-18.

How godlike is the man, how truly great,
 Who, 'midst con'ending factions of the state,
 In council cool, in resolution bold,
 Nor brib'd by hopes, nor by mean fears controll'd,
 And proof alike against both foes and friends,
Ne'er from the golden mean of virtue bends,

But wisely fix'd, nor to extremes inclin'd,
Maintains the steady purpose of his mind!

So Atlas, pois'd on his broad base, defies
The shock of gath'ring storms and wintry skies; 10
Above the clouds serene he lifts his brow,
And sees, unmov'd, the thunder break below.

But where's the Patriot, by these virtues known,
Unsway'd by others' passions or his own?
Just to his prince, and to the public true, 15
That shuns, in all events, each partial view?
That ne'er forgets the whole of things to weigh,
And scorns the short-liv'd wisdom of a day?

If there be one---Hold, Muse! nor more reveal---
(Yet oh, that numbers could his name conceal!) 20
Thrice happy Britain, of such wealth possess!
On thy firm throne, great George! unshaken rest;
Safe in his judgment, on his faith rely,
And prize the worth which kingdoms cannot buy!

Rich in itself the genuine diamond shines, 25
And owes its value to its native mines;
Yet set in Britain's crown drinks ampler rays
Of the sun's light, and casts a wider blaze.
With pleasure we the well-plac'd gem behold
That adds a lustre to the royal gold. 30

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF THE RIGHT HON.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR PARKER.

JULY 23, 1719.

As Father Thames pours out his plenteous urn
O'er common tracts, with speed his waters flow;
But where some beauteous palace does adorn
His banks, the river seems to move more slow;

As if he stöpp'd a while, with conscious pride, 5
Nor to the ocean would pursue his race,
Till he reflect its glories in his tide,
And call the water-nymphs around to gaze.

So in Times common flood the huddled throng 10
Of months and hours unheeded pass away,
Unless some gen'ral good our joy prolong,
And mark the moments of some festal day.

Not fair July, tho' plenty clothe his fields,
Tho' golden suns make all his mornings smile,
Can boast of aught that such a triumph yields, 15
As that he gave a Parker to our Isle.

Hail, happy month! secure of lasting fame;
Doubly distinguish'd thro' the circling year:
In Rome a hero gave thee first thy name,
A Patriot's birth makes thee to Britain dear. 20

THE MORNING APPARITION.

WRITTEN AT WALLINGTON-HOUSE, IN SURREY,

THE SEAT OF MR. BRIDGES.

ALL things were hush'd, as noise itself were dead;
No midnight mice stirr'd round my silent bed;
Not ev'n a gnat disturb'd the peace profound;
Dumb o'er my pillow hung my watch unwound;
No tickling death-worm told a fancy'd doom, 5
Nor hidden cricket cherup'd in the room;
No breeze the casement shook or fann'd the leaves,
Nor drops of rain fell soft from off the eaves;
Nor noisy splinter made the candle weep,
But the dim watchlight seem'd itself asleep: 10
When tir'd I clos'd my eyes---How long I lay
In slumber wrapp'd I list not now to say;
When, hark! a sudden noise---See! open flies
The yielding door---I, starting, rubb'd my eyes,
Fast clos'd a while; and as their lids I rear'd, 15
Full at my feet a tall thin form appear'd,
While thro' my parted curtains rushing broke
A light like day ere yet the figure spol e.
Cold sweat bedew'd my limbs---nor did I dream.
Hear, mortals! hear; for real truth's my theme. 20
And now, more bold, I rais'd my trembling bones
To look---when, lo! 't was honest Master Jones*,
Who wav'd his hand, to banish fear and sorrow,
Well charg'd with toast and sack, and cry'd " Good-
morrow!"

* The butler.

K ij

WRITTEN IN A WINDOW AT
WALLINGTON-HOUSE,

THEN THE SEAT OF
MRS. ELIZABETH BRIDGES, 1719.

ENVY! if thy searching eye
Thro' this window chance to pry,
To thy sorrow thou shalt find
All that's gen'rous, friendly, kind, 5
Goodness, virtue, ev'ry grace,
Dwelling in this happy place:
Then if thou wouldst shun this sight,
Hence for ever take thy flight. 8

THE SUPPLEMENT:
OR, A PICTURE IN VERSE.

THE CHARACTER OF
MRS. ELIZABETH BRIDGES*.

IMPERFECT.

PAINTER! give o'er; here ends thy feeble art;
For how wilt thou describe th' immortal part?
Tho' Kneller's or tho' Raphael's skill were thine,
Or Titian's colours on the cloth did shine,

* She died Dec. 1, 1745, aged eighty-eight. See
some verses to her memory in Mrs. Tollet's Poems,
p. 159.

The labour'd piece must yet half-finish'd stand; 5
And mock the weakness of the master's hand.

Colours are but the phantoms of the day ;
With that they 're born, with that they fade away ;
Like beauty's charms, they but amuse the sight,
Dark in themselves, till, by reflection bright, 10
With the sun's aid to rival him they boast ;
But light withdrawn in their own shades are lost.

Then what are these t' express the living fire,
The lamp within, that never can expire ?
That work can only by the Muse be wrought ; 15
Souls must paint souls, and thought delineate thought.

Then, Painter-Muse, begin, and unconfin'd
Draw boldly first a large extent of mind :
Yet not a barren waste, an empty space,
For crowds of virtues fill up all the place. 20
See ! o'er the rest fair Piety presides,
As the bright sun th' inferior planets guides ;
To the soul's pow'rs it vital heat supplies,
And hence a thousand worthy habits rise :
So when that genial father of the spring 25
Smiles on the meads, and wakes the birds to sing,
And from the heav'nly Bull his influence sheds
On the parterres and fruitful garden-beds,
A thousand beauteous births shoot up to sight,
A thousand buds unfolding meet the light ; 30
Each useful plant does the rich earth adorn,
And all the flow'ry universe is born.

O! could my verse describe this sacred queen,
 This first of virtues, awful, yet serene,
 Plain in her native charms, not too severe, 35
 Free from false zeal and superstitious fear;
 Such and so bright, as by th' effects we find
 She dwells in this selected happy mind,
 The source of ev'ry good should stand confest,
 And all who see applaud the heav'n-born guest ! 40

Proceed, my Muse : next in the Picture place
 Diffusive charity to human race.
 Justice thou need'st not in the draught express,
 Since ev'ry greater still includes the less.
 What were the praise if Virtue idly stood, 45
 Content alike to do nor harm nor good ?
 Tho' shunning ill, unactive and supine,
 Like painted suns, that warm not while they shine ?
 The nobler soul such narrow life disdains,
 Flows out, and meets another's joys and pains, 50
 Tasteless of blessings, if possess'd alone,
 And in imparted pleasures seeks its own.
 Hence grows the sense of friendship's gen'rous fires,
 Hence liberality the heart inspires ;
 Hence streams of good in constant actions flow, 55
 And man to man becomes a god below.

A soul thus form'd, and such a soul is here,
 Needs not the dang'rous test of riches fear,
 But unsubdu'd to wealth, may safely stand,
 And count o'er heaps with an unsully'd hand. 60

Heav'n that knew this, and where t' intrust its store,
And blessing one oft' blesses many more,
First gave a will to give, then fitly join'd
A lib'ral fortune to a lib'ral mind.
With such a graceful ease her bounty flows, 65
She gives, and scarce that she's the giver knows,
But seems receiving most when she the most be-
stows.

Rich in herself, well may she value more
Her wealth within, the mind's immortal store;
Passions subdu'd, and knowledge free from pride, 70
Good humour, ever to good sense ally'd,
Well-season'd mirth, and wisdom unsevere,
An equal temper, and a heart sincere;
Gifts that alone from Nature's bounty flow,
Which Fortune may display, but not bestow : 75
For wealth but sets the Picture more in sight,
And brings the beauties or the faults to light.
How true th' esteem that's founded in desert !
How pleasing is the tribute of the heart !
Here willing duty ne'er was paid in vain, 80
And ev'n Dependence cannot feel its chain;
Yet whom she thus sets free she closer binds,
(Affection is the chain of grateful minds)
And, doubly blessing her adopted care,
Makes them her virtues with her fortune share; 85
Leads by example, and by kindness guards,
And raises first the merit she rewards.

Oft', too, abroad she casts a friendly eye,
 As she would help to ev'ry need supply.
 The poor near her almost their cares forget;
 Their want but serves as hunger to their meat;
 For since her soul's ally'd to human kind,
 Not to her house alone her store's confin'd,
 But passing on, its own full banks o'erflows,
 Enlarg'd, and deals forth plenty as it goes.
 Thro' some fair garden thus a river leads
 Its wat'ry wealth, and first th' enclosure feeds,
 Visits each plant, and ev'ry flow'r supplies;
 Or, taught in sportive fountains to arise,
 Casts sprinkled show'rs o'er ev'ry figur'd green, 1
 Or in canals walks round the beauteous scene,
 Yet stops not there, but its free course maintains,
 And spreads gay verdure thro' th' adjacent plains;
 The lab'ring hinds with pleasure see it flow,
 And bless those streams by which their pastures grow
 O, gen'rous use of pow'r! O, virtuous pride! 1
 Ne'er may the means be to such souls deny'd,
 Executors of Heav'n's all-bounteous will,
 Who well the great First-giver's ends fulfil,
 Who from superior heights still looking down 1
 On glitt'ring heaps, which scarce they think their ow
 Despise the empty show of useless state,
 And only would by doing good be great!
 Now pause a while, my Muse! and then renew
The pleasing task, and take a second view. 1

* * * * *

A train of Virtues yet undrawn appear;
 Here just Economy, strict Prudence there;
 Near Liberality they ever stand;
 This guides her judgment, that directs her hand.
 By these see wild Profusion chas'd away, 120
 And wanton Luxury, like birds of prey;
 Whilst meek Humility, with charms serene,
 Forbids vain Pomp t' approach the hallow'd scene;
 Yet thro' her veil the more attracts the sight,
 And on her sister-virtues casts a light. 125

But wherefore starts the Painter-Muse? and why,
 The piece unfinish'd, throws the pencil by?
 "Methinks," she says, "Humility I hear,
 "With gentle voice reproving, cry---Forbear! 129
 "Forbear, rash Muse! nor longer now commend,
 "Lest whom thou wouldst describe thou shouldst of-
 "And in her breast a painful glowing raise, [fend,
 "Who, conscious of the merit, shuns the praise." 133

THE TOASTERS.

WHILE circling healths inspire your sprightly wit,
 And on each glass some beauty's praise is writ,
 You ask, my friends, how can my silent Muse
 To Montague's soft name a verse refuse?
 Bright tho' she be, of race victorious sprung, 5
 By wits ador'd, and by court-poets sung,

Unmov'd I hear her person call'd divine,
 I see her features uninspiring shine ;
 A softer fair my soul to transport warms,
 And, she once nam'd, no other nymph has charms.

TOFTS AND MARGARETTA.

MUSIC has learn'd the discords of the state,
 And concerts jar with Whig and Tory hate.
 Here Somerset and Devonshire attend
 The British Tofts, and ev'ry note commend,
 To native merit just, and pleas'd to see 5
 We've Roman arts, from Roman bondage free ;
 There fam'd L'Epine does equal skill employ,
 While list'ning peers crowd to th' ecstatic joy ;
 Bedford to hear her song his dice forsakes,
 And Nottingham is raptur'd when she shakes : 10
 Lull'd statesmen melt away their drowsy cares
 Of England's safety in Italian airs.
 Who would not send each year blank passes o'er,
 Rather than keep such strangers from our shore ? 14

THE WANDERING BEAUTY.

I.

THE Graces and the wand'ring Loves
 Are led to distant plains,
 To chase the Fauns, or deep in groves
 To wound admiring swains.

ON A COLLAR PRESENTED FOR HAPPY GILL. 119

With their bright mistress there they stray, 5
Who turns her careless eyes
From daily triumphs ; yet each day
Beholds new triumphs in her way,
And conquers while she flies.

II.

But, see ! implor'd by moving pray'rs, 10
To change the lover's pain,
Venus her harness'd doves prepares,
And brings the fair again.
Proud mortals, who this maid pursue,
Think you she'll e'er resign ? 15
Cease, fools ! your wishes to renew,
Till she grows flesh and blood like you,
Or you, like her, divine. 18

ON A COLLAR

PRESENTED FOR

HAPPY GILL, 1712.

Thou little fav'rite of the fair !
When thou these golden bands shall wear,
The hand that binds them softly kiss, 3
With conscious joy, and own thy bliss.
Proud of his chain, who would not be
A slave to gain her smiles like thee ? 6

THE CHARACTER
OF THE
LADY HENRIETTA CAVENDISH HOLLES

1712-13.

SUCH early wisdom, such a lovely face,
Such modest greatness, such attractive grace!
Wit, beauty, goodness, charity, and truth,
The riper sense of age, the bloom of youth!
Whence is it, that in one fair piece we find
These various beauties of the female kind?
Sure but in one such diff'rent charms agree,
And Henrietta is that phoenix-she.

TRUTH, HONOUR, HONESTY.

THE MOTTO CHOSEN BY THE RIGHT HON.

THE LADY HEN. CAVENDISH HOLLES.

In thee, bright Maid! tho' all the virtues shine
With rival beams, and ev'ry grace is thine,
Yet three, distinguish'd by thy early voice,
Excite our praise, and well deserve thy choice.

* This lady, also celebrated by Mr. Prior in a beautiful ode called *Collin's Mistake*, was afterwards married to Edward Earl of Oxford, and was mother of the present *Duchess Dowager of Portland*.

Immortal Truth in heav'n itself displays 5
 Her charms celestial born, and purest rays,
 Which thence in streams, like golden sunshine, flow,
 And shed their light on minds like your's below.

Fair Honour, next in beauty and in grace,
 Shines in her turn, and claims the second place : 10
 She fills the well-born soul with noble fires,
 And gen'rous thoughts and godlike acts inspires.

Then Honesty, with native air, succeeds ;
 Plain is her look, unartful are her deeds ;
 And, just alike to friends and foes, she draws 15
 The bounds of right and wrong, nor errs from equal
 [laws.

From heav'n this scale of virtues thus descends
 By just degrees, and thy full choice defends.
 So when, in visionary trains, by night
 Attending angels bless'd good Jacob's sight, 20
 The mystic ladder thus appear'd to rise,
 Its foot on earth, its summit in the skies,

THE HUE AND CRY.

OYES!---Hear, all ye beaus and wits,
 Musicians, poets, 'squires, and cits ;
 All who in town or country dwell !
 Say, can you tale or tidings tell
 Of Tortorella's hasty flight ?
 Why in new groves she takes delight,
Volume I.

And if in concert, or alone,
 The cooing murmur makes her known;
 Now learn the masks by which you may
 Trace out and stop the lovely stray;
 Some wit, more folly, and no care,
 Thoughtless her conduct, free her air;
 Gay, scornful, sober, indiscreet,
 In whom all contradictions meet;
 Civil, affronting, peevish, easy,
 Form'd both to charm you and displease you;
 Much want of judgment, none of pride;
 Modish her dress, her hoop full wide;
 Brown skin, her eyes of sable hue;
 Angel when pleas'd, when vex'd a shrew.
 Genteel her motion when she walks;
 Sweetly she sings, and loudly talks;
 Knows all the world, and its affairs;
 Who goes to court, to plays, to pray'rs;
 Who keeps, who marries, fails, or thrives;
 Leads honest or dishonest lives;
 What money match'd each youth or maid,
 And who was at each masquerade;
 Of all fine things in this fine Town
 She's only to herself unknown.

By this description, if you meet her,
 With lowly bows and homage greet her;
 And if you bring the vagrant beauty
Back to her mother and her duty,

THE HUE AND CRY.

123

ask for reward a lover's bliss, 35
and (if she'll let you) take a kiss;
or more, if more you wish and may,
'ry if at church the words she'll say,
then make her, if you can---"obey." 39

EPISTLES.

TO MR. CONSTANTINE,

ON HIS PAINTINGS.

WHILE o'er the cloth thy happy pencil strays,
And the pleas'd eye its artful course surveys,
Behold the magic pow'r of shade and light
A new creation opens to our sight.
Here tufted groves rise boldly to the sky,
There spacious lawns more distant charm the eye;
The crystal lake in borrow'd tinctures shine,
And misty hills the far horizon join,
Lost in the azure borders of the day,
Like sounds remote, that die in air away.
The peopled prospect various pleasure yields,
Sheep grace the hills, and herds or swains the fields;
Harmonious Order o'er the whole presides,
And Nature crowns the work which Judgment guide
Nor with less skill display'd by thee appear
The diff'rent products of the fertile year,
While fruits with imitated ripeness glow,
And sudden flow'rs beneath thy pencil blow.
Such and so various thy extensive hand,
Oft' in suspense the pleas'd spectators stand,
Doubtful to choose, and fearing still to err,
When to thyself they would thyself prefer.

So when the rival gods at Athens strove,
 By wondrous works their pow'r divine to prove,
 As Neptune's trident strook the teeming earth, 25
 Here the proud horse upstarted to his birth;
 And there, as Pallas bless'd the fruitful scene,
 The spreading olive rear'd its stately green;
 In dumb surprise the gazing crowds were lost,
 Nor knew on which to fix their wonder most. 30

TO URANIA,

ON HER ARRIVAL AT JAMAICA, 1715.

THRO' yielding waves the vessel swiftly flies
 That bears Urania from our eager eyes;
 A prize more rich than Spain's whole fleets could boast
 From fam'd Peru, or Chili's golden coast:
 Deaf to our call, the billows waft her o'er, 5
 With speed obsequious, to a distant shore;
 There the glad natives, on the crowded strand,
 With wonder see the matchless stranger land;
 Transported glories in her features smile,
 And a new dawn of beauty gilds their isle. 10
 So from the sea when Venus rose serene,
 And by the Nymphs and Tritons first was seen,
 The wat'ry world beheld, with pleas'd surprise,
 O'er its wide waste new tracks of light arise;
 The winds were hush'd, the floods forgot to move, 15
 And Nature own'd th' auspicious queen of Love.

L iiij

Henceforth no more the Cyprian isle be nam'd,
 Tho' for th' abode of that bright goddess fam'd;
 Jamaica's happier groves, conceal'd so long
 Thro' ages past, are now the poets' song: 20
 The Graces there and Virtues fix their throne;
 Urania makes th' adopted land her own.

The Muse, with her in thought transported, sees
 The op'ning scene, the bloomy plants and trees,
 By brighter skies rais'd to a nobler birth, 25
 And fruits deny'd to Europe's colder earth.
 At her approach, like courtiers doubly gay,
 To grace the pomp of some lov'd prince's day,
 The gladden'd soil in all its plenty shines,
 New spreads its branching palms, and new adorns its
 pines; 30

With gifts prepares the shining guest to meet,
 And pours its verdant off'rings at her feet.
 As in the fields with pleasure she appears,
 Smiles on the lab'ers, and their labours cheers,
 The luscious canes with sweeter juices flow, 35
 The melons ripen, and the citrons blow,
 The golden orange takes a richer dye,
 And slaves forget their toil while she is by.
 Not Ceres' self more blessings could display,
 When thro' the earth she took her wand'ring way, 40
 Far from her native coast, and all around
 Diffus'd ripe harvests thro' the teeming ground.

*Meanwhile our drooping vales deserted mourn,
 Till happy years bring on her wish'd return;*

New honours then, Urania! shall be thine, 45
And Britain shall again the world outshine.

So when of late our sun was veil'd from sight
In dark eclipse, and lost in sudden night,
A shiv'ring cold each heart with horror thrill'd,
The birds forsook the skies, the herds the field; 50
But when the conqu'ring orb, with one bright ray,
Broke thro' the gloom, and reinthron'd the day,
The herds reviv'd, the birds renew'd their strains,
Unusual transports rais'd the cheerful swains,
And joy returning echo'd thro' the plains. 55

TO OCTAVIA INDISPOSED.

Around your couch while sighing lovers view
Wit, beauty, goodness, suff'ring all in you,
So mournful is the scene, 't is hard to tell
Which face betrays the sick, or who is well,
They feel not their own pains while your's they share,
Worse tortur'd now than lately by despair. 6
For bleeding veins a like relief is found,
When iron red-hot by burning stops the wound.
“ Grant, Heav'n!” they cry, “ this moment our de-
sire
“ To see her well, tho' we the next expire.” 10

TO A BEAUTIFUL LADY,

PLAYING ON THE ORGAN.

WHEN faint Cecilia on the Organ play'd,
 And fill'd with moving sounds the tuneful frame,
 Drawn by the charm, to hear the sacred maid
 From heav'n, 'tis said, a list'ning angel came.

Thus ancient legends would our faith abuse;
 In vain—for were the bold tradition true,
 While your harmonious touch that charm renews,
 Again the seraph would appear to you.

O happy fair! in whom, with purest light,
 Virtue's united beams with beauties shine!
 Should heav'nly guests descend to bless our sight,
 What form more lovely could they wear than thine

TO A PAINTER.

PAINTER! if thou canst safely gaze
 On all the wonders of that face;
 If thou hast charms to guard a heart
 Secure by secrets of thy art;
 O! teach the mighty charm, that we
 May gaze securely too, like thee.
 Canst thou Love's brightest lightning draw,
 Which none e'er yet unwounded saw?

To what then wilt thou next aspire,
Unless to imitate Jove's fire ? 10

Which is a less advent'rous pride,
Tho' 't was for that Salmoneus dy'd.
That beauteous, that victorious fair,
Whose chains so many lovers wear,
Who with a look can arts infuse, 15

Create a Painter or a Muse ;
Whom crowds with awful rapture view ;
She sits serene, and smiles on you !
Your genius, thus inspir'd, will soar
To wondrous heights unknown before, 20
And to her beauty you will own
Your future skill and fix'd renown.

So when of old great Ammon's son,
Adorn'd with spoils in battle won,
In graceful picture chose to stand, 25
The work of fam'd Apelles' hand ;
" Exert thy fire," the monarch said,
" Now be thy boldest strokes display'd,
" To let admiring nations see
" Their dreaded victor drawn by thee ; 30
" To others thou may'st life impart,
" But I'll immortalize thy art !"

TO THE AUTHOR OF
FATAL FRIENDSHIP,

A TRAGEDY, 1698.

As when Camilla once, a warlike dame,
In bloody battles won immortal fame,
Forsook her female arts, and chose to bear
The pond'rous shield and heave the massy spear,
Superior to her sex ; so swift she flew
Around the field, and such vast numbers slew,
That friends and foes, alike surpris'd, behold
The brave virago desperately bold,
And thought her Pallas in a human mould.
Such is our wonder, matchless Maid ! to see
The tragic laurel thus deserv'd by thee.

Still greater praise is your's ; Camilla shines
For ever bright in Virgil's sacred lines,
You in your own.---

Nor need you to another's bounty owe
For what yourself can on yourself bestow ;
So monarchs, in full health, are wont to rear,
At their own charge, their future sepulchre.

Who thy perfections fully would commend,
Must think how others their vain hours mispend,
In trifling visits, pride, impertinence,
Dress, dancing, and discourse devoid of sense ;
To twirl a fan, to please some foolish beau,
And sing an empty song, the most they know :

In body weak, more impotent of mind. 25
 Thus some have represented womankind,
 But you, your sex's champion, are come forth
 To fight their quarrel, and assert their worth :
 Our Salic law of wit you have destroy'd,
 Establish'd female claim, and triumph'd o'er our pride.
 While we look on, and with repining eyes 31
 Behold you bearing off so rich a prize,
 Spite of ill-nature we are forc'd t' approve
 Such dazzling charms, and spite of envy love.
 Nor is this all th' applause that is your due ; 35
 You stand the first of stage-reformers too :
 No vicious strains pollute your moral scene ;
 Chaste are your thoughts, and your expression clean :
 Strains such as your's the strictest test will bear ;
 Sing boldly then, nor busy censure fear ; 40
 Your virgin voice offends no virgin ear.
 Proceed in tragic numbers to disclose
 Strange turns of fate and unexpected woes.
 Reward and punish ; awfully dispense
 Heav'n's judgments, and declare a Providence. 45
 Nor let the comic Muse your labours share,
 'Tis meanness, after this, the sock to wear :
 Tho' that too merit praise, 'tis nobler toil
 T' extort a tear than to provoke a smile.
 What hand, that can design a history,
 Would copy lowland boors at Snic-a-Snee ?
 Accept this tribute, Madam, and excuse
 The hasty raptures of a stranger Muse. 53

TO MOLINDA.

TH' aspiring Muses and the god of Love
 Which most should grace the fair Molinda strove;
 Love arm'd her with his bow and keenest darts,
 The Muses more enrich'd her mind with arts.
 Tho' Greece in shining temples heretofore 5
 Did Venus and Minerva's pow'rs adore,
 The Ancients thought no single goddess fit
 To reign at once o'er beauty and o'er wit;
 Each was a sep'rate claim; till now we find
 The diff'rent titles in Molinda join'd. 10
 From hence, when at the court, the Park, the play,
 She gilds the ev'ning, or improves the day;
 All eyes regard her with transporting fire;
 One sex with envy burns, and one with fierce desire.
 But when, withdrawn from public show and noise, 15
 In silent works her fancy she employs,
 A smiling train of Arts around her stand,
 And court improvement from her curious hand.
 She, their bright patroness, o'er all presides,
 And with like skill the pen and needle guides; 20
 By this we see gay silken land-scapes wrought,
 By that the landscape of a beauteous thought.
 Whether her voice in tuneful airs she moves,
 Or cuts dissembled flow'rs and paper groves,
 Her voice transports the ear with soft delight, 25
Her flow'rs and groves surprise the ravish'd sight,
Which ev'n to Nature's wonders we prefer,
All but that wonder Nature form'd in her. 28

A LETTER

TO A FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

WHILST thou art happy in a bless'd retreat,
 And, free from care, dost rural songs repeat;
 Whilst fragrant air fans thy poetic fire,
 And pleasant groves with sprightly notes inspire,
 (Groves whose recesses and refreshing shade
 Indulge th' invention, and the judgment aid) 5

I, 'midst the smoke and clamours of the Town,
 That choke my Muse, and weigh my fancy down,
 Pass my unactive hours——
 In such an air how can soft numbers flow, 10
 Or in such soil the sacred laurel grow?
 All we can boast of the poetic fire
 Are but some sparks that soon as born expire.

Hail, happy Woods! harbours of peace and joy!
 Where no black cares the mind's repose destroy; 15
 Where grateful silence unmolested reigns,
 Assists the Muse, and quickens all her strains.
 Such were the scenes of our first parents' love;
 In Eden's groves with equal flames they strove, 19
 While warbling birds soft whisp'ring breaths of wind,
 And murm'ring streams, to grace their nuptials join'd.
 All Nature smil'd; the plains were fresh and green,
 Unstain'd the fountains, and the heav'ns serene.

Ye bless'd remains of that illustrious age!
 Delightful springs and woods!— 25
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Might I with you my peaceful days live o'er,
 You, and my friend, whose absence I deplore,
 Calm as a gentle brook's unruffled tide
 Should the delicious flowing minutes glide;
 Discharg'd of care, on unfrequented plains;
 We'd sing of rural joys in rural strains.
 No false corrupt delights our thoughts should move,
 But joys of friendship, peace, and solitude;
 While others fondly feed ambition's fire,
 And to the top of human state aspire,
 That from their airy eminence they may
 With pride and scorn th' inferior world survey.
 Here we should dwell obscure, yet happier far than
 they.

TO MR. ADDISON,

ON HIS TRAGEDY OF CATO.

THO' Cato shines in Virgil's epic song,
 Prescribing laws among th' Elysian throng;
 Tho' Lucan's verse, exalted by his name,
 O'er gods themselves has rais'd the hero's fame;
 The Roman stage did ne'er his image see
 Drawn at full length, a task reserv'd for thee.
 By thee we view the finish'd figure rise,
 And awful march before our ravish'd eyes;
 We hear his voice asserting virtue's cause;
 His fate renew'd our deep attention draws,

Excites by turns our various hopes and fears,
And all the patriot in thy scene appears.

On Tiber's banks thy thought was first inspir'd;
'T was there to some indulgent grove retir'd,
Rome's ancient fortunes rolling in thy mind, 15
Thy happy Muse this manly work design'd;
Or in a dream thou saw'st Rome's genius stand,
And leading Cato in his sacred hand,
Point out th' immortal subject of thy lays,
And ask this labour to record his praise. 20

'T is done---the hero lives, and charms our age,
While nobler morals grace the British stage.
Great Shakspeare's ghost, the solemn strain to hear,
(Methinks I see the laurell'd shade appear!)
Will hover o'er the scene, and, wond'ring, view 25
His fav'rite Brutus rivall'd thus by you.
Such Roman greatness in each action shines,
Such Roman eloquence adorns your lines,
That sure the Sybils' books this year foretold,
And in some mystic leaf was found enroll'd, 30
"Rome, turn thy mournful eyes from Afric's shore,
"Nor in her sands thy Cato's tomb explore!
"When thrice six hundred times the circling sun
"His annual race shall thro' the zodiac run,
"An isle remote his monument shall rear,
"An ev'ry gen'rous Britain pay a tear." 36

TO A LADY.

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

Two shining maids this happy work displays;
 Each moves our rapture, both divide our praise:
 In Marcia we her godlike father trace,
 While Lucia triumphs with each softer grace.
 One strikes with awe, and one gives chaste delight; 5
 That bright as lightning, this serene as light:
 Yet by the Muse the shadow'd forms were wrought,
 And both are creatures of the poet's thought.

In her that animates these lines we view
 The wonder greater, the description true; 10
 Each living virtue, ev'ry grace combin'd,
 And Marcia's worth with Lucia's sweetness join'd.

Had she been born ally'd to Cato's name,
 Numidia's prince had felt a real flame,
 And, pouring his resistless troops from far, 15
 With bolder deeds had turn'd the doubtful war;
 Cæsar had fled before his conqu'ring arms,
 And Roman Muses sung her beauty's charms. 18

MASKS.

APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

A MASK.

SET TO MUSIC BY DR. PEPUSCH.

And performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY LANE.

Protinus alter amat, fugit altera nomen amantis.

OVID.

Dramatis Personæ.

APOLLO,	Mrs. Margarita.
DAPHNE,	Mrs. Barbier.
PENEUS,	Mr. Turner.
DORIS,	Mrs. Willis.

SCENE, *The valley of Tempe in Thessaly.*

The first SCENE is a river. Peneus, a river-god, appears on a bed of rushes, leaning on his urn: he rises, and comes forward, his head crowned with rushes and flowers, a reed in his hand.

PENEUS.

How long must Peneus chide in vain
His daughter's coyness and disdain?
Thro' Tempe's pleasant vales and bow'rs
As my full urn its current pours,

M iiij

In ev'ry plain, from ev'ry grove, 5
 I hear the sighs of slighted love,
 And on my rushy banks the Sylvens cry,
 "Why ever cruel, Daphne! why?"
 But see, she comes, the beauteous cause;
 Daphne, my just commands attend; 10
 Hear me, thy father and thy friend,
 And yield at last to Love and Hymen's laws.

DAPH. O, Peneus! urge this cruel suit no more.
 Have I not to Diana sworn?
 Behold again to her I bow; 15
 Devoted ever to remain
 A virgin of her spotless train;
 Hear, Cynthia! and confirm my vow.

"How happy are we,
 "How airy, how free, 20
 "That rove thro' the woods and the plains!
 "In vain the blind boy
 "Our hearts would decoy,
 "We scorn all his joys and his pains." [*Exit Daphne.*]

PENEUS. Rash Maid! return----- 25
 What has thou sworn?
 With thee shall Peneus' race expire?
 Then hear once more thy slighted sire,
 And know thy fatal vow draws down
The curse of Heav'n, a father's frown, 30
And sure destruction waits thy scorn.

" Feeble Cupid! vain deceiver!
 " What avails thy boasted quiver?
 " Where are all thy conqu'ring arts?
 " They that fly thee 35
 " May defy thee;
 " They who fear thee
 " And revere thee
 " Ever meet thy keenest darts." [Exit Peneus.

SCENE changes to a Forest.

APOLLO enters with his bow and arrows, as having newly slain the Python.

APOL. 'Tis done—the monster Python, slain 40
 By Phœbus' shafts, lies breathless on the plain.
 Yet why with conquest am I thus adorn'd?
 Alas! I feel a mortal's pain,
 Conquer'd by Love, whom once I scorn'd,
 O, Daphne! till thy smiles I can obtain, 45
 No more these marks of triumph let me bear,
 But thus a shepherd's semblance wear,
 Till bless'd by thee I grow a god again.
 [Throws away his bow and arrows, and takes up a sheep-
 book.
 See---She appears; how wondrous fair!
 Hail, goddess of these verdant groves! 50
 DAPH. What art thou, or from whence?
 APOL. A swain that loves.

When Phœbus what he is shall seem,
 My glitt'ring rays and melting lyre
 At last shall warm thee to desire,
 And wake thee, Daphne! from thy dream. 110

" Where Cupid's bow is failing,
 " Ambition's charms prevailing,
 " Shall triumph o'er the fair.
 " The nymph that Love despises,
 " Some secret passion prizes, 115
 " That still forbids despair." [Exit Apollo.

Enter DAPHNE and DORIS.

DAPH. Doris, why this trifling tale?
 DOR. That good advice may once prevail;
 Save one---nor all your lovers lose.
 Alas! that I, poor I, might gain 120
 What you each day refuse!
 DAPH. Take all, and ease me of the pain.
 DOR. I would---but, ah! 't were now in vain.

" When I was a maiden of twenty,
 " And my charms and my lovers were plenty, 125
 " Ah! why did I ever say no?
 " Now the swains, tho' I court them, all fly me;
 " I sigh, but no lover comes nigh me.
 " Ye Virgins! be warn'd by my woe.
 " Ah! why did I ever say no?" 130

DAPH. Poor Doris ! dry thy weeping eyes :
Dost thou repent thou once wert wise ?

“ Tender hearts to ev’ry passion
“ Still their freedom would betray,
“ But how calm is inclination, 135
“ When our reason bears the sway ?

“ Swains themselves, while they pursue us,
“ Often teach us to deny ;
“ While we fly they fondly woo us ;
“ If we grow too fond they fly.” 140

DOR. Yet might I see one courting swain,
Tho’ but to slight him once again !---
But come---I’ll am’rous thoughts give o’er.

DAPH. ’Tis well to leave them at threescore !
Haste then, and at th’ appointed place 145
See if the nymphs expect me for the chase.

[Exit Doris.]

*A symphony of instruments is heard, whilst Apollo descends
in the chariot of the sun, a crown of rays about his head,
and his lyre in his hand.*

DAPH. What sounds celestial strike my ear !
Why does the golden source of light
Pour out new day ?---how wondrous bright !
Some god descends to human sight ; 150
I’m charm’d, yet aw’d with fear.

APOL. Daphne, on Phœbus fix thy eye,
 With meaner shapes deceiv'd no more;
 Know I thy beauteous form adore:
 Wilt thou a god, a god that loves thee, fly? 155

*Apollo strikes his lyre, and Daphne turns back as surprised
 at the sound.*

“ Fairest Mortal! stay and hear;
 “ Turn thee; leave thy trembling fear:
 “ Cannot love, with music join’d,
 “ Touch thy unrelenting mind?
 “ Fairest Mortal! stay and hear; 160
 “ Turn thee; leave thy trembling fear.”

Hark how the river shores prolong
 My soft complaints, and murmur to my song!
 Thy father Peneus feels my pain;
 See how his osiers gently bow, 165
 And seem my secret soul to know!---

DAPH. [*aside*] Alas! my rash, my fatal vow!

APOL. Wilt thou alone unmov’d remain?

As DAPHNE is going out she stops, and sings the following air.

“ DAPH. Shall I return?---or no?---
 “ Charms yet unknown surround me; 170
 “ Yet Love, thou ne’er shalt wound me,
 “ No more alarm my breast.
 “ Then let me haste to go---
 “ Ah! no? my heart replies
 “ In tender heaving sighs.--- 175
 “ Ye Pow’rs! restore my rest.”

APOL. O, do not go---

DAPH. Dost thou not know

I'm of Diana's train?

"Thy love forbear---

180

"APOL. Thy scorn forbear---

"DAPH. I must not hear.

"APOL. O, stay and hear.

"DAPH. Thy love } is vain."

185

"APOL. Thy flight

[Exit Daphne pursued by Apollo.

SCENE changes to the River

Re-enter DAPHNE, looking back as affrighted.

DAPH. He comes---the swift pursuer comes; O, where
Shall I escape his piercing sight,
Where hide me from the god of Light?
Ah! 't is in vain---he's here.

DAPHNE runs to the side of the river, and, as she sings the following air, is transformed into a laurel-tree.

"Father Peneus! hear me; aid me!

190

"Let some sudden change invade me:

"Fix me rooted on thy shore.

"Cease, Apollo! to persuade me,

"I am Daphne now no more"---

APOLLO enters at the latter-end of the air, and is met by PEN.

APOL. O, fatal flight!--O, curs'd disdain!
O, Peneus! how shall we our loss deplore?

195

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N

But see!

The trembling branches yet her shape retain!

Tho' Daphne lives a nymph no more,

She lives, fair verdant plant! in thee. 200.

Henceforth be thou Apollo's tree,

And hear what honours to thy leaves remain.

" No thunder e'er shall blast thy boughs,

" Preserv'd to grace Apollo's brows,

" Kings, victors, poets, to adorn; 205

" Oft' in Britannia's isle thy prosp'rous green

" Shall on the heads of her great chiefs be seen,

" And by a Nassau and a George be worn."

PEN. Still Peneus, with a father's care,

Shall feed thee from his flowing urn 210

With verdure ever fresh and fair,

Nor this thy destin'd change shall mourn.

CHORUS, or DUETTO of APOLLO and PENEUS.

" Nature alone can love inspire;

" Art is vain to move desire.

" If Nature once the fair incline, 215

" To their own passion they resign.

" Nature alone can love inspire;

" Art is vain to move desire." 218

A PASTORAL MASK.

SCENE, *A prospect of a Wood.*

Enter a SHEPHERD, and sings.

“ YE Nymphs and Shepherds of the grove !
“ That know the pleasing pains of love,
“ Eager for th’ expected blessing,
“ Sighing, panting for possessing,
“ Leave your flocks, and haste away, 5
“ With solemn state
“ To celebrate
“ Cupid and Hymen’s holiday.

*Enter a band of Shepherds on one side with garlands ; on the
other side Shepherdesses with canisters of flowers.*

CHORUS.

“ From the echoing hills and the jovial plains,
“ Where pleasure, and plenty, and happiness, reigns,
“ We leave our flocks, and haste away, 11
“ With solemn state
“ To celebrate
“ Cupid and Hymen’s holiday.”

[*A dance here.*]

SCENE opening discovers a pleasant Bower, with the God of Love asleep, attended by Cupids, some playing with his bow, others sharpening his arrows, &c. On each side the Bower walks of cypress trees, and fountains playing. A distant landscape terminates the prospect.

Verse for a Shepherdess, with flutes,

- " See the mighty pow'r of Love 15
 " Sleeping in a Cyprian grove!
 " Nymphs and Shepherds, gently shed
 " Spices round his sacred head;
 " On his lovely body shower
 " Leaves of roses, virgin lilies, 20
 " Cowslips, violets, daffodilies,
 " And with garlands dress the bower."

Ritornel of flutes: after which Cupid rises, and sings with his bow drawn.

- " Yield to the god of soft Desires,
 " Whose gentle influence inspires
 " Every creature 5
 " Throughout nature
 " With sprightly joys and genial fires."

CHORUS of the Shepherds and Nymphs,

- " Hail, thou potent deity!
 " Every creature
 " Throughout nature 30
 " Owns thy pow'r as well as we."

Enter HYMEN in a saffron-coloured robe, a chaplet of flowers on his head, and in his hand the nuptial torch, attended by priests.

“HYM. Behold a greater pow’r than he,
“Behold the marriage deity!”

CHORUS, *by Hymen’s Attendants.*

“Behold the marriage deity!

“CUP. *smiling.*] Behold the god of household strife,
“That spoils the happy lover’s life, 36
“And turns a mistress to a wife!

“HYM. Foolish and inconstant boy!
“Thine’s a transitory joy;
“Sudden fits in pleasure’s fever; 40
“Hymen’s blessings last for ever.

“CUP. Hymen’s bondage lasts for ever;
“Love’s free pleasures failing never.
“HYMN. Love’s stolen pleasures, insincere,

“Purchas’d at a rate too dear;
“Shame and sorrow will destroy,
“If Hymen license not the joy.

“*Both together.*] Then let us join hands and unite.”

Last CHORUS of the Shepherds and Nymphs.

“How happy, how happy, how happy are we,
“Where Cupid and Hymen in consort agree! 50
“We’ll revel all day with sports and delight,
“And Hymen and Cupid shall govern the night!”

CALYPSO AND TELEMACHUS,
AN OPERA.

Performed at the
QUEEN'S THEATRE IN THE HAY-MARKET.
THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY MR. GALLIARD.

TO HER GRACE
THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON.

MADAM,

It is some years since your Grace, with a condescension peculiar to yourself, was pleased to honour some very imperfect essays of mine with your notice and approbation: you were likewise pleased, at that time, in the most generous manner, to signify, that if I should offer any thing of this nature to the public, I might have leave to hope for your encouragement and protection.

This has given me the boldness to lay hold of the first occasion which presented itself of acknowledging the obligation which then made so grateful an impression on me: and I am proud to own, at the same time, that the Duke of Hamilton's early promoting of this Opera has been a great means of its appearing now on the theatre.

As your Grace's elegant taste in the polite arts has been particularly favourable to the entertainments of the stage, so you have been pleased to honour, with the marks of your distinction, such of them as have been the most inoffensive and moral. This is the best title the following Opera can have to your Grace's acceptance, to which it is offered with the most profound respect, by,

MADAM,

Your Grace's most obedient, and

most humble servant,

JOHN HUGHES.

THE PREFACE.

THE following Opera is as an essay for the improvement of theatrical music in the English language, after the model of the Italians.

It is certain that this art has, for a considerable time, flourished in Italy in greater perfection than in any other country. As the Grecians were formerly the masters in architecture, sculpture, painting, and music, whose rules and examples were followed by other nations, the Italians are generally allowed to be so now: It is some years that the music of our theatre has been almost wholly supplied by them. Their most celebrated operas have been introduced among us, and a generous encouragement has been given to such as came over, and performed parts in them on the English stage. By this means the entertainments of Italy are become familiar to us, and our audiences have heard the finest compositions and performances of Rome and Venice without the trouble of travelling to those places.

I am not of the opinion of those who impute this encouragement given to Italian music to an affecta-

tion of every thing that is foreign : I would rather ascribe it to the ingenuous temper of the British nation, that they are willing to be instructed in so elegant an art by the best examples. But after this justice done to others, there is likewise a justice due to ourselves. It could never have been the intention of those who first promoted the Italian Opera that it should take the entire possession of our stage, to the exclusion of every thing of the like kind which might be produced here. This would be to suppress that genius which foreigners so commonly applaud in the English; who, if they are not always the inventors of arts, are yet allowed to be no ill learners, and are often observed to improve that knowledge which they first received from others.

I know not how it comes to be a late opinion among some, that English words are not proper for music. That the English language is not so soft and full of vowels as the Italian is readily granted; yet this does not prove that it is therefore incapable of harmony. Let it be considered whether too great a delicacy in this particular may not run into effeminacy. A due mixture of consonants is certainly necessary to bind the words, which may be otherwise too much dissolved, and lose their force: and as theatrical music expresses a variety of passions, it is not requisite, even for the advantage of the sound, *that the syllables should every where languish with the same loose and vowelly softness.*

But what is certainly of much more consequence in dramatical entertainments is, that they should be performed in a language understood by the audience. One would think there should be no need to prove this. The great pleasure in hearing vocal music arises from the association of the ideas raised at the same time by the expressions and the sounds. Where these ideas are separated half the impression is wanting; and where they are improperly joined it is imperfect. It is probable, too, that the pleasure we receive from the most pathetic strains of instrumental music is in part assisted by some ideas which we affix to them, of passions which seem to be expressed by those strains. If the airs in operas may be heard with delight for the same reason, even when the words are not understood, yet it is impossible the recitative should give pleasure which can raise no such ideas; this being not so properly singing, as speaking in musical cadences. And the use of it seems to be introduced for the very same reason which is given by Aristotle for the establishing the use of the Iambic verse in the Greek tragedy, which is, that though it has not the charms of some other kinds of verse, yet it is more proper for action and dialogue, as it approaches nearer to common speech. Thus recitative music takes its rise from the natural tones and changes of the voice in speaking, and is indeed no more than a sort of modulated elocution. *The story on which this Opera is formed is well known. The first foundation of it is in Homer, who has*

DAPH. Thy unavailing courtship spare.
 Dost thou not daily hear the shepherds cry,
 "Why ever cruel, Daphne! why?" 55
 Go---with the rest despair.

APOL. No, let the rest despair, while I,
 Distinguish'd, triumph in the joy.

"Fair blooming creature!
 "Each tender feature 60
 "Speaks thee by nature
 "For love design'd.
 "Then smile consenting,
 "Lost time repenting;
 "Let soft relenting 65
 "Now shew thee kind."

DAPH. Canst thou the mountain tiger bind,
 Or stop the floods, or fix the wind?
 Do this---then Daphne will perhaps be kind.

APOL. Ev'n tigers Love's soft laws obey; 70
 Art thou more savage far than they?
 Look all around thee, and above,
 Love ligh's the skies, and paints the meads;
 Its genial flame
 Thro' heaven, and earth, and ocean, spreads: 75
 Thou art thyself the happiest child of Love;
 Do not thy birth disclaim.

DAPH. Tho' fair as Phœbus thou shouldst seem,
And were thy words soft as his lyre,
They could not move me to desire; 80
Wake, shepherd, from thy dream.

“ Cease to soothe thy fruitless pain ;
 “ Why for frowns wilt thou be suing ?
 “ Cease to languish and complain.
 “ 'T is to seek thy own undoing
 “ Still to love, and love in vain.”

85

APOL. In her soft cheeks and beauteous eyes
 What new enchanting graces rise ! [*Aside.*

DUETTO for APOLLO and DAPHNE.

“ APOL. No more deny me ;
 “ O cease to fly me 90
 “ Your faithful swain.
 “ DAPH. No longer try me,
 “ For ever fly me,
 “ Despairing swain.
 “ APOL. Yet hear me. 95
 “ DAPH. Forbear me.
 “ APOL. Let sighs imploring,
 “ And looks adoring,
 “ Still speak my pain,
 “ DAPH. Your sighs imploring, 100
 “ And looks adoring,
 “ But move disdain.” [*Exit Daphne.*

APOL. She's gone---nor knows from whom she flies.
 Mistaken coyness ! false disdain !
 Phœbus she prais'd, but scorns the swain--- 105
 Then, breaking from this dark disguise,

CALYPSO AND TELEMACHUS.

Dramatis Personæ.

CALYPSO, a goddess inhabiting the island Ogygia,	} <i>Sig. Margarita.</i>
EUCARIS, the chief of her nymphs,	<i>Sig. Marina.</i>
TELEMACHUS, a young Grecian prince, the son of Ulysses	} <i>Mrs. Barbier.</i>
MENTOR, attending Telemachus as his friend, and known to him only under that quality, but is Minerva concealed in the person of Mentor,	} <i>Mrs. Pearson.</i>
PROTEUS, a sea-god, the son of Neptune and Tethys, represented by the poets as having a power to transform himself into all manner of shapes,	} <i>Mr. Leveridge.</i>

NYMPHS attending Calypso.

SCENE, The island Ogygia.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, The Sea-shore.

CALYPSO, EUCARIS.

CALYPSO, looking towards the sea.

HERE, on this beach, he stood, the pride of Greece;
'T was here from my forsaken isle
The fam'd Ulysses parted;
Nor could eternal spring, that blossoms here,

The promise of immortal youth, 5
 Nor all my soothing arts—ah! cruel Hero!
 Engage thy stay.
 I saw thee climb the ship, I saw thee chafe,
 Till, far in trackless seas, I lost the sight,
 Then turn'd away my eyes, which since 10
 Have serv'd me but to weep thy absence.

“ For thee the rilling waters weep
 “ That dash from rocks, or softly creep
 “ In murmurs to the sea :
 “ The winds, that o'er my island blow, 15
 “ Bear on their breezy wings my woe,
 “ And, sighing, call for thee.
 “ For thee the rilling waters weep
 “ That dash from rocks, or softly creep
 “ In murmurs to the sea.” 20

EUCH. Behold, divine Calypso!
 Two gallant strangers from the shore
 Are this way moving :
 At yonder creek I saw them first appear.

CAL. The seas run high—’T was such a day as this
 When first I saw Ulysses. 26
 Alas! unknowing I pronounce that name,
 Still the fond sound dwells flatt’ring on my tongue.
 Ulysses! O, Ulysses!

EUCH. See, here they come.

CAL. Eucharis,
 Withdraw with me, and let us mark them.
*[They retire to a corner of the stage; Telemachus and
 Mentor enter at a distance.]*

SCENE II.

CALYPSO, EUCHARIS, TELEMACHUS, MENTOR.

TEL. Ye gracious Gods!
 To what new trial have ye hither brought me?

"I go---yet know not where; 35
 "Fate leads, and I obey.
 "The brave, still free from fear,
 "Pursue their destin'd way.
 "I go---yet know not where;
 "Fate leads, and I obey." 40

CAL. *[aside.]* 'Tis he, the lovely youth! Ulysses' son!
 His father lives express'd in ev'ry feature.
 'Tis---O, my conscious beating heart!--
 'Tis he, it is Telemachus.

[Advances to them as they are going off.]

Young stranger! stay; 45
 The land you tread is mine;
 How have you dar'd t' approach it without leave?

TEL. O, nymph divine! for such thy form bespeaks
A sudden shipwreck cast me on your isle, [thee,
Pity th' unhappy son of great Ulysses, 50

That, wand'ring, seeks his father:
My father, wand'ring too, o'er seas and land,
Has spent whole years;
Since from Troy's famous siege returning home,
By Fates averse detain'd, 55
He strives, in vain, to reach his native shore,
That seems to fly before him.

CAL. [*aside*.] O, he is all Ulysses!—But that friend;
Who is he, or from whence?
Severest wisdom sits upon his brow, 60
And majesty divine.
I'm aw'd, and wish him hence.

TO TEL.] Well, royal Youth!
All things shall smile, and thou may'st here be happy.
Thy father—but I will not tell thee now— 65
First let me lead thee to my grotto; there
In gentle sleep thou shalt forget thy cares,
And, waking, bless the storm that drove thee hither.

“Pleasing visions shall attend thee,
“Soft repose and blooming joy; 70
“Smiling hours the gods shall send thee,
“Happy, then their gifts employ.
“Pleasing visions shall attend thee,
“Soft repose and blooming joy.”

[*Exeunt Calypso, Telem. and Mentor.*]

SCENE III.

EUCH. Is this Calypso?—This the mourning fair
 That taught the vocal caves and ev'ry echo
 To murmur and complain for lost Ulysses?
 This young Ulysses fires her soul; I saw,
 I saw it in her eyes;
 She gaz'd, she smil'd, and call'd out all her charms,
 To sooth him into fondness.

81

The cave of Proteus arises, adorned with coral, shell-fish, &c. sea-monsters represented around it.

SCENE IV.

PROTEUS, EUCARIS.

PROT. Lovely fair!

EUCH. Godlike he look'd and spoke,
 While she—

PROT. Behold thy lover!

85

EUCH. With rapture saw and heard
 What well might charm a goddess.

PROT. Behold me, hear me,
 Thy lover Proteus—

EUCH. [*seeing him*] O, the frightful form!
 But doubly frightful now.

90

[*Aside.*]

PROT. Proteus adores thee.

EUCH. O, Telemachus!

[*Aside.*]

PROT. The son of Ocean wooes thee to his bed,
 In coral caves, and grotts of shining amber.

95

EUCH. Alas!

[*Aside.*

PROT. On the green flood I oft' have seen
The sporting sea-nymphs in a row
Shine in the court of Neptune;
Yet Galatea, if she view'd thy face,
Would dive beneath the waves;
Nor Amphitrite's self is half so lovely.

100

EUCH. If I am lovely, will that make thee so?
Proteus forbear---

Of all the various shapes thou canst assume
Thou hast not one to please me.

105

" No, no---you'd deceive me,

" Still changing

" And ranging,

" So various a lover

110

" I never can bear.

" Go, leave me,

" Thou rover!

" To the winds and the waves thy passion discover,

" They sooner will hear.

115

" No, no---you'd deceive me,

" Still changing

" And ranging,

" So various a lover

119

" I never can bear."

[*Exit* Euch.]

SCENE V.

PROT. Stay, wandering nymph!—if I am full of
 Thou fly'st from thy own likeness. [change,
 Stay—hear the prophet, if you hate the lover.
 Proteus will tell thee—but she's gone—
 That all the various shapes he can assume 125
 Are not so various as one courted beauty;
 That winds, and waves, and shifting sands,
 All, all are fickle—yet I'll follow her.
 Ere this she smil'd, and now she frowns;
 Anon she'll smile again, 130
 While I alone am constant.

“Pursue, pursue the flying fair;

“Tho' she fly thee

“'Tis to try thee;

“'Tis a folly to despair. 135

“Pursue, pursue the flying fair.” [Exit after her.

SCENE VI. *Calypso's Grotto.*

CALYPSO, TELEMACHUS, MENTOR, EUCHARIS, and *Nymphs*
attending on Calypso.

CAL. Behold, my royal guest!
 The verdant beauties of this isle
 Wear a new bloom to welcome thee,
 The spreading vines new dress their leaves, 140
 The sprouting flow'rs rejoice;

And laurels, that imbow'ring shade this grotto,
Spring fresh, as if aspiring to thy brows.

Here end thy labours,

And live for ever blest.

145

TEL. O, bounteous goddess! O, delightful scene!
What thanks can I repay?

" A thousand raptures fill my breast,

" And glow thro' ev'ry vein;

" How bright is joy, how grateful rest,

150

" Succeeding toil and pain!

" A thousand raptures fill my breast,

" And glow thro' ev'ry vein."

CAL. [*aside*.] I know not why, yet still that chief
Disturbs my sight—

[unknown

His looks chastise the pleasures of this place,

156

And damp my rising joy.

TEL. Ye Pow'rs! where'er I turn my eyes

New prospects rise to view, new wonders charm me.

CAL. Thy father here enjoy'd seven blissful years,

TEL. My father!-----

161

CAL. And had he staid till now had still been happy.

TEL. O say, divine Calypso!

Where may I find the King of Ithaca?

Where may I find my father?

165

CAL. Alas!---thy search is vain.

TEL. O, never will I cease,

Till, join'd in his embrace,
With mutual joy I bless him, and am blest.

CAL. Then know, when he forsook this isle 170
His ship was lost,
And he---enquire no more.

TEL. What do I hear?---where am I?
O, Ulysses!

“ If in Elysian plains he roves, 175
“ And silent wanders thro' the groves,
“ O, let me thither be convey'd!
“ I'll die to meet his happy shade.”

CAL. No---live; be warned, and shun thy father's
Within this island grows ambrosial fruit, [fate:
Whose juice unfading youth bestows; 181
When thou hast tasted this, no more
Shall mortal care approach thee.
Now take secure thy rest;
An inner grotto is prepar'd 185
For thee and thy brave friend,
Where falling currents from the hills,
At distance heard, invite to easy slumbers,
While nightingales, that haunt the neighb'ring woods,
Cheer all the hours of darkness. 190

“ No more let sorrow wound thee;
“ *Here Peace*, still hov'ring round thee,

" Shall smoothly guide the night ;
" And Phoebus guide ev'ry morning,
" With pleasures new returning, 195
" Shall bless the dawning light."

[*Exeunt Cal. Euch. and Nymphs.*]

SCENE VII.

TELEMACHUS, MENTOR.

TEL. O, Mentor ! best of friends,
My guide and my support !
What canst thou say to sooth my swelling grief ?

MENT. Thy grief is pious ; 200
And yet I fear---

TEL. Why dost thou chide me with thy eyes ?
O, speak !---

Thy gloomy silence wounds me.

MENT. Then hear me : Let thy father's image 205
Live in thy soul, and waken all thy virtue.

TEL. Can I forget my father ?---Let these tears
Speak how I mourn his loss.

MENT. Alas ! thou dost not see
What dangers here surround thee. 210

TEL. Danger !---from whence ?
Calypso smiles.

MENT. So smil'd of late the ocean ;
And yet the storm arose by which the ship,
Ev'n on this shore, this faithless shore, was split. 215

" Let not pleasure's charms undo thee ;

" Trust not the deluding joy.

" Tho' the Siren softly woo thee,

" Gaily smiling

" And beguiling,

220

" She'll thy nobler bliss destroy.

" Let not pleasure's charms undo thee ;

" Trust not the deluding joy."

TEL. Speak thus for ever!--When I hear thy voice,

I think the gods themselves

225

Vouchsafe to give me counsel.

I now perceive thy fears

Lest I forget my country---No---

I'll leave this charming place,

Would the kind gods but point me out the way, 230

And favour my return.

TWO VOICES.

" MENT. Hark, how the voice of Fame

" Calls loudly, Come away !

" TEL. I hear th' immortal claim ;

" I hear, and I obey.

235

" MENT. Come, come away,

" TEL. I hear, and I obey.

" BOTH. The hero's soul, with native fires,

" To glory's noblest height aspires,

" And scorns supine delay.

240

- " MENT. Hark, how the voice of Fame
 " Calls loudly, Come away!
 " TEL. I hear the immortal claim;
 " I hear, and I obey.
 " MENT. Come, come away. 245
 " TEL. I hear, and I obey." [Ex. Ment. and Tel.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A large Hall, adorned with trophies, suits of armour, &c.

EUCHARIS and TELEMACHUS.

EUCHARIS.

SEE the fair palace built to entertain
 Troy's greatest foe, thy conqu'ring sire!
 Trophies of finish'd war behold,
 Thus plac'd around to fill the hero's soul 250
 With pleasing visions of his labours past.

TEL. The sight reproaches me---
 Why do I languish here?
 Is there no Troy for me to conquer?
 To arms, to arms!---Mentor, my friend, where art
 thou? 255

Lead me to war, to danger, and to glory.

EUCH. What means Telemachus?

TEL. Let me implore, fair Nymph! thy aid
 To hasten my departure.

EUCH. Depart!---It must not, cannot be. 260
 Alas! thou dost not know Calypso.

Volume I.

P

'T was thus Ulysses perish'd by her rage :
She, she destroy'd thy father.

TEL. So kind, and yet so cruel !—Let me fly
Far from her sight. 265

EUCH. Fly her revenge you cannot if you go ;
But if you stay,
By me assisted to elude her arts,
You here may live in peace.

TEL. Thy gen'rous pity moves me— 270

EUCH. Perhaps there is a kinder reason too-----
O, stay !

" How shall I speak my secret pain,

" Yet how that pain conceal ?

" Alas ! ev'n silence now is vain ; 275

" My looks my heart reveal.

" How shall I speak my secret pain,

" Yet how that pain conceal ?"

TEL. What do I feel. [*Aside.*]---Turn not away those
eyes,

But look again---and fix me here for ever. 280

" Ambition ! cease t' alarm me ;

" Empire and fame adieu :

" Love only now can charm me,

" And only love from you.

" Ambition ! cease t' alarm me ; 285

" Empire and fame adieu."

Towards the end of the air Mentor enters, and stands privately at a corner of the stage.

EUCH. Unhappy Eucharis!

TEL. O, why that sigh?

Why those soft eyes of sorrow?

EUCH. I've heard too much—Farewell! 290

TEL. You will not leave me?

EUCH. Mentor, thy friend, will soon be here,
And summon thee away.

TEL. Thou seest I have no pow'r to go;
Why dost thou then upbraid me? 295

EUCH. It was a sudden fear
That chill'd my boding heart.

But see!—the early morning calls
To rural sports; wilt thou with me
Go share the pleasures of the sprightly chase? 300

TEL. With thee those pleasures will have double
charms.

EUCH. I'll hasten and prepare a silvan train,
And, ere the sun has drawn the dews away,
I will attend thee to the woods
To hunt the flying prey. 305

"In all her charms Aurora gay
Now smiling from the sky appears;
Rejoicing birds salute the day,
And ev'ry grove new beauty wears.
In all her charms Aurora gay
Now smiling from the sky appears."

310
[Exit Euch.
P ij

MENTOR *comes forward.*

SCENE II.

MENTOR, TELEMACHUS.

MENT. Where is the son of that immortal hero,
Wise, valiant, great in arms, that vanquish'd Troy?
Where is Telemachus, the heir
Of all his father's virtue? 315

TEL. Alas! my conscious eyes betray me. [*Aside.*]

MENT. If thou art he—Ah! no;—Telemachus
Would not thus coldly meet his friend,
Who brings him news of joy.

TEL. My secret woes— 320

MENT. What secret woe is that
Which Mentor may not share? I come to tell thee
The gods have heard thy pray'rs.

TEL. [*aside.*] O, too enchanting beauty!

MENT. I saw just now the bird that bears the thunder
From heav'n descend, then tow'ring rise again, 326
And o'er th' adjacent grove
Full to the point of op'ning day
I mark'd his steady flight.

That way great Jove provides 330
The means for our departure.

"No longer let these looks of grief

"Thy drooping courage show.

"TEL. [*aside.*] O, cruel Heav'n!—by this relief
"I'm deeper plung'd in woe." 335

But since Ulysses is no more, [To Ment.

Why must we leave this place?

Why court new danger?

MENT. Hast thou forgot thy native land,
The best of mothers there, 340

And fair Antiope, that royal maid

That secret sighs for thee?

All these demand thee.

TEL. After so many tedious years
Who now expects Telemachus? 345

Perhaps ere this some neighb'ring prince,

Too potent to be long deny'd,

Usurps my father's bed and throne.

How could I bear that sight? yet how revenge,
Where certain death would meet me? 350

MENT. Vain fears!--imagin'd danger!
Confess, inglorious youth! the real cause---

TEL. Is immortality then, offer'd here,
A cause inglorious?

MENT. It is---nor can you here obtain it: 355
Or if you could---

What is it here but life prolong'd in shame?

Farewell--- [Going, he turns back several times.

Yet must I leave thee?

I must---the gods will have it so--- 360

I see thee lost, undone.

What can I do to save thee?

"Fatal change!--what do I see?

"No more, alas! no more in thee

" The hero now I trace. 365
 " Where is now the sprightly fire
 " That did thy godlike soul inspire,
 " And shew'd thy gen'rous race?
 " Fatal change!—what do I see?
 " No more, alas! no more in thee 375
 " The hero now I trace." [Exit Mentor.]

SCENE III.

TEL. He's gone—and I—unhappy!
 His parting looks and voice
 Have struck a shiv'ring thro' my veins,
 As if with him my guardian genius 375
 Were fled for ever from me.
 I'll haste and follow him—Ah! no;
 What magic holds me here?
 O, Mentor!—Eucharis!
 O, my divided heart! 380
 Thy charms alone, victorious Beauty!
 Can calm the tempest of my soul,
 And sooth me into peace.
 " O, Cupid! gentle Boy!
 " Restore me to the fair; 385
 " To Love's auspicious joy
 " I'll fly from gloomy care.
 " O, Cupid! gentle Boy!
 " Restore me to the fair!" [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *The Grotto.*

CAL. Shall Greece the beauteous youth regain? 390
 Shall he, too, like Ulysses, leave me?
 No---Here in soft endearing chains
 I'll hold him ever mine.
 O, mighty Love!
 What is thy flame in human breasts, 395
 When I, a goddess, yield
 To thy superlative sway?

"All hail, imperial Love!
 "Not Jove himself, immortal Jove,
 "From thy great pow'r is free. 400
 "The spacious realms of earth and sea,
 "And all the azure plains above,
 "All, all are full of thee.
 "All hail, imperial Love!
 "Not Jove himself, immortal Jove, 405
 "From thy great pow'r is free."

SCENE V.

CALYPSO, MENTOR.

CAL. Mentor alone! [*Aside.*]---Illustrious Greek!
 Where is Telemachus?
 MENT. Does not Calypso know?

The forest now is all his pleasure : 410

With ardour yet unknown

His youthful breast is fir'd :

Fair Eucharis---but sure by thy command,

Invites him to the chase.

CAL. Invites him ! when ? 415

MENT. Ev'n now.

CAL. Didst thou say Eucharis ?

MENT. Bright Eucharis !

Thy loveliest nymph, and next thyself divine.

CAL. [*aside.*] It cannot be---with Eucharis ! 420

And I unknowing ?---

O ! 'tis too plain---Haste, haste to Proteus,

Say I must see him here. [*To one of her Attendants.*

But have you left your friend ? [*To Ment.*

Will you not follow him ? 425

Or why, to share these sylvan sports,

Why is not Mentor there ?

MENT. Why not Calypso ?

" From me, from thee, he turns his eyes ;

" To lonely glades, 430

" To distant shades,

" From me, from thee, he flies.

" He glows, he burns with new delight ;

" What can inspire

" This wondrous fire ? 435

" What charms than thine more bright ?

“ From me, from thee, he turns his eyes ;
 “ To lonely glades,
 “ To distant shades,
 “ From me, from thee, he flies.” [Exit Mentor.

SCENE VI.

CAL. Then let him fly--- 441
 Calypso scorns the scorner.
 Yet fly to whom?---To Eucharis?---
 Rise, rise, ye Storms ! the forest shake ;
 Fall lightning on the kindling groves, 445
 And blast---Ah ! no ;---yet spare Telemachus.
 Perhaps belov'd, he loves her not again---
 But sure I 'ave seen their guilty eyes
 Meet in secret looks of passion.
 Shall I then yield him ?---No : 450
 I'll yet secure the lovely prize,
 And yet he shall be mine.

SCENE VII.

PROTEUS, CALYPSO.

“ PROT. See, goddess of this happy land !
 “ Proteus is here at thy command.
 “ For thee I leave my oozy caves 455
 “ On the green margin of the waves.
 “ See, goddess of this happy land !
 “ Proteus is here at thy command.”

CAL. Hear, son of Neptune ! hear
Why Calypso calls thee hither.
A beauteous nymph adorns my train,
Belov'd by thee---I know thy passion.

PROT. She flies my vain pursuit,
Yet warms me more
Than the bright sun, whose cheering beams
Each noon I seek, while my sea-herds
Sleep on the weedy shore around me.

CAL. This day shall see her thine.

PROT. O, mighty bliss !

CAL. But first attend what Love and I enjoin t
A Grecian stranger is thy rival.---
Haste to the woods, and find these lovers there :
Perplex their way, disturb the chase,
And Eucharis, by me bestow'd,
Shall be thy fair reward.

“ Let love inspire thee ;
“ And, more to fire thee,
“ Rage, hope, and jealous hate, combine.
“ Haste, haste to gain her ;
“ By art obtain her,
“ And make th' inconstant beauty thine.
“ Let Love inspire thee ;
“ And, more to fire thee,
“ Rage, hope, and jealous hate, combine.”

SCENE VIII. *The Woods.*

Prelude of instrumental music.

TEL. EUCH. *and Nymphs, enter as to the Chase.*

EUCH. The spacious woods are all around us ; 485
There lies our way.

TEL. All I see and hear delights me.
Sure these are great Díana's train,
And thou the goddess.

" Hark ! the hollow groves resounding 490
" Echo to the hunter's cry.
" Hark ! how all the vales surrounding
" To his cheering voice reply.

" Now so swift o'er hills aspiring
" He pursues the gay delight ; 495
" Distant woods and plains retiring,
" Seem to vanish from his sight.

" Hark ! the hollow groves resounding
" Echo to the hunter's cry.
" Hark ! how all the vales surrounding 500
" To his cheering voice reply."

EUCH. See, see !---near yonder brake
Behold the list'ning deer !

TEL. Lead on ; and, like thy conqu'ring eyes,
Unerring be thy hand. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX.

After a prelude of instrumental music TEL. re-enters.

TEL. I've lost the track—Sure there's enchantment here. 506

A rising vapour, like a cloud,
This moment stopp'd my pace,
And spread a sudden night around me.
'Tis gone—Where's Eucharis?— 510
My ear will guide me:
This way I hear the sound. [Exit.

SCENE X.

PROTEUS *following* TELEMACHUS.

PROT. He's now alone,
Nor knows that artful cloud was Proteus.
What likeness cannot I assume? 515
I'll follow him,
And in the form of Eucharis
I'll more distract his sight.

SCENE XI.

PROT. *re-enters in the shape of EUCH. followed by TEL.*

TEL. To find thee here exceeds all other pleasures;
But why dost thou retire? 520
Why with dejected looks forbid my joy?
O stay, thou brightest Fair!

*Proteus retires to the further part of the scene, and as
Telemachus advances towards him, sinks under the
stage: a tree rises in his stead.*

“ TFL. Amazing change!—What do I see!
 “ O, fatal loss! O, wondrous tree!
 “ What envious pow’r, in this disguise, 525
 “ Removes my charmer from my eyes!”

Perhaps this bark by magic holds
 Th’ imprison’d struggling beauty.

Assist me, Gods! to set her free.

*Telemachus goes to strike the tree, which is suddenly
 changed into fire, and vanishes.*

SCENE XII.

EUCARIS, TELEMACHUS.

EUCH. Telemachus!—alas!—surprise 530
 Sits on thy brow.

What means this sudden horror?

TEL. O, fair delusion! stay;
 Hover a while to bless my eyes
 Ere thou again deceive me. 535

EUCH. Thy words are wild! trembling thy voice!
 Thou dost not know me!

TEL. ’Tis she herself!—’Tis Eucharis!
 My joyful heart assures me

’T is she—Vain fears, away. 540

EUCH. What fear?—O, say!

TEL. Just now I saw thee here;
 I saw thee, or some beauteous phantom
 Smil’d lovely in thy borrow’d charms:

I gaz'd—but lost thy heav'nly image— 545
Which now arose a tree, but soon
In flashing fire escap'd my wond'ring sight.

EUCH. Wonder no more :

Proteus, that changeful Pow'r ! was here
Who with unwelcome passion wooes me, 550
And took these visionary forms
To drive thee to despair.

TWO VOICES.

“ TEL. My charmer !

“ EUCH. My treasure !

“ TEL. To meet thee,

“ EUCH. To greet thee, 555

“ BOTH. Is joy past expressing.

“ No more let us part ;

“ With transport confessing

“ I feel a new pleasure

“ That glides thro' my heart. 560

“ TEL. My charmer !

“ EUCH. My treasure !

“ TEL. To meet thee,

“ EUCH. To greet thee,

“ BOTH. Is joy past expressing.

“ No more let us part.” 565

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Prospect, with woods at a distance.

CALYPSO, PROTEUS.

CALYPSO.

SAY, didst thou meet his frightened eyes
In all thy various shapes of terror?
What savage form that breeds in caves,
Or haunts the hills and sandy desert,
Did Proteus wear? Say, how didst thou deceive him?

PROT. What form so likely to deceive 571
As that of soft enchanting beauty?
I caught him with the seeming smiles
Of Eucharis---that false, yet charming fair!

CAL. Where are they now? 575
You said they met again.

PROT. Yet Proteus still was near;
And folded in a serpent's train
I lay conceal'd, where, weary with the chase,
She led him to a cheering banquet. 580
Curse on the sight!--I saw, I saw
The nymphs officious wait around,
And fill in flowing cups ambrosial juice
To make the flatter'd boy immortal.

CAL. Return, return; 585
Why did you leave 'em?

PROT. To tell thee, goddess,

Q ij

He's now alone; the treach'rous nymph,
To hide her passion, comes t' attend on thee.

CAL. Proteus, she's thine this moment---
Alone!---Once more I'll see him.

590

[*Aside.*

"Come ev'ry grace adorn me!

"To charm those eyes that charm me,

"Love, now thy aid supply.

"Or if th' ungrateful scorn me,

595

"Ye rising Furies arm me!

"Unpity'd he shall die.

"Come, ev'ry Grace adorn me!

"To charm those eyes that charm me,

"Love, now thy aid supply." [Ex. Cal. Prot.

SCENE II. *A Canopy in the wood.*

TELEMACHUS *sleeping.*

MENTOR. He smiles---he dreams---gay visions fill
his soul

601

Of golden scenes and bright Elysian pleasure.

O, fond deluded youth!---Telemachus,

When, when wilt thou awake

To virtue and to fame?

605

He knows not Mentor yet---Sleep on;

Another Mentor shall deceive thy eyes,

Ere yet the destin'd hour is come to save thee.

[*Exit Mentor*

SCENE III.

TELEMACHUS *still sleeping.*

CAL. This is the place---Alas !
 What awes me ent'ring here? 610
 Sure something sacred hovers near him.
 See!---rosy bloom and brighter youth
 Shine in his face.---Has Eucharis
 Improv'd those charms?---He smiles,
 As if he heard that pleasing name, 615
 And ev'n in sleep he seems to scorn Calypso.
 Fond Love be gone---Revenge, revenge!
 This spear shall right my injur'd beauty.

[Snatching his hunting-spear.

But see---he smiles again !
 Perhaps he dreams that Eucharis 620
 Has made him now immortal.
 This to convince thee---No---

[Going to strike, she stops.

Ere yet I strike the fatal blow
 I'll tell him how he wrongs me.

" Awake ! Impending vengeance see ; 625
 " Once more behold the day and me,
 " Then sink to shades of endless night,
 " And catch, with dying eyes, the light.
 " Awake ! impending vengeance see ;
 " Once more behold the day and me."

62

He wakes---my fainting anger dies.

[Throws away the sp

O, tyrant Love! O, weak Calypso!

TEL. *[waking]* Where is my Eucharis? my fair!

Alas!--Calypso!--

[Start

CAL. What! dost thou start to view me here?

Ungrateful!--does thy guilt affright thee?

Or dost thou know Calypso comes

To take revenge for all her slighted bounty?

TEL. Revenge!

CAL. "Where is my Eucharis? my fair!"--

Did not that name recall thy doom?

Returning pity would have spar'd thee.

TEL. My doom!--what cause--will great Calypso

CAL. I'll hear no more.

Fly from my isle, Invader! fly:

Yet shall my rage,

Like lightning, blast thee in thy flight.

Fly to thy nymph, thy Eucharis,

And see if she can save thee.

[Exit Caly]

SCENE IV.

TEL. Can death alarm me?---Do I dream?

Or did I taste the wondrous juice

That can bestow

Celestial youth and ever-blooming joy?

Alas!--still mortal sorrow pains me.

O, Eucharis!--O, only fair!

If I must live, yet losing thee,
Take back th' immortal cruel gift,
And let me die---or still be happy.

“ Hear me, Love ! my sorrows ending ;
“ While I wander thro' this shade, 660
“ Venus, with thy doves descending,
“ Guide me to the beauteous maid.
“ All ye smiling Loves attending,
“ Come in pity to my aid.
“ Hear me, Love ! my sorrows ending ; 665
“ While I wander thro' this shade,
“ Venus, with thy doves descending,
“ Guide me to the beauteous maid.” [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

PROTEUS *following* TELEMACHUS.

PROT. Still I trace thee, hated boy !
Nor shalt thou now escape my fury--- 670
[*Going, he turns back.*
Yet stay---I saw, upon the winding shore,
As on a pointed rock I sat,
When first he landed in this isle,
I saw a friend of godlike port attend him :
I mark'd that stranger's mien--- 675
Where is he now ?---
I'll wear his visage, and decoy
My rival to his ruin.

TEL. O no—I'm lost in shame.
 Why did you save me?—let me die—
 Yet let me die within those generous arms, 720
 I cannot live—
 And think how I have wrong'd thy wondrous bounty.

MENT. This glowing virtue on thy cheek
 Restores thee to thyself and me.
 Yet fly—Telemachus! 725
 Fly from this enchanted ground
 That sinks away beneath thee: snares and ruin
 Are spread thro' all the treach'rous soil.

TEL. Lead me, my guardian Spirit! save me;
 But, oh!— 730

MENT. What is that breathing sorrow?

TEL. O, Eucharis!

Alas! forgive my soul's returning softness.

MENT. Awake from that illusive dream:
 She's gone, the fleeting shadow's gone: 735
 Calypso gives her to the changeful god,
 The price of vow'd revenge on thee.

TEL. O let me once behold the mourning fair!

MENT. Still she deludes thee.
 Th' alluring cup she lately gave 740
 Was fill'd with noxious juice
 T' enslave thy reason's nobler pow'rs.

TWO VOICES.

"MENT. O break the charm, the charmer leave,
 "Nor let her more thy heart deceive.

"TEL. I'll break the charm, the charmer leave,
 "Nor shall she more my heart deceive." 749

'Tis done---O, false ensnaring beauty !
In this last sigh---Farewell. [*Aside.*]

Here a machine of clouds descending, fills the stage, separating Mentor from Telemachus,

TEL. Where am I now ? O, lost Telemachus !
Does Mentor too forsake me ? 750
See ! see what stores of vengeance are descending ?
Great Jove !---I wait thy mighty will ;
Here end my life, or ease my sorrow !

“ Joy forsakes me, hope is fled.
“ Break ye low’ring clouds asunder. 755
“ Pour your thunder
“ Quick on this devoted head !
“ Joy forsakes me, hope is fled.”

The clouds opening on a sudden, the stage is illuminated, and in the midst of the machine Mentor now appears as Minerva.

SCENE IX.

MINERVA, TELEMACHUS.

MIN. Telemachus ! despair no more.

TEL. O, all ye Pow’rs ! 760

What sound familiar strikes my ear !
What glories open to my sight !
Minerva’s form !---the voice of Mentor !

MIN. Minerva now behold,
Who long conceal’d in Mentor’s form 765

Attended thee thro' ev'ry danger,
 To guide thy wand'ring youth, and in thy soul
 To raise and finish all the growing hero.
 Fly false delights.---Ulysses lives ;

Calypso wrong'd thy fond belief; 770

Ulysses lives, and thou again shalt see him.

TEL. [*kneeling.*] Daughter of Jove! celestial Maid!
 O let me ever thus adore thee !

MIN. Arise---To Ithica I'll now convey thee ;
 There bright Antiope, 775

That beauteous daughter of the Cretan king,
 Shall crown thy chaster love

With ev'ry charm and ev'ry royal virtue.

Think on the honours of thy race, and know,

When hoary age and rip'ning fame 780

Shall gather to the gods thy sire,

Telemachus shall fill his throne,

And shine in all his propagated glory.

" See those golden beams, how bright !

" Heav'n descends in streaming rays, 785

" And foreshews thee joyful days.

" Pallas guards thee ;

" Jove rewards thee ;

" Happy years begin their flight.

" See those golden beams, how bright ! 790

" Heav'n descends in streaming rays,

" And foreshows thee joyful days."

*Telemachus goes into the machine with Minerva : as it
 is ascending, Calypso, Proteus, and Eucharis, enter.*

SCENE X.

CALYPSO, PROTEUS, EUCARIS, and *Nymphs*.

PROT. Calypso, see where he ascends !
Behold the pow'r divine that guards him ;
Mentor no more, but great Minerva. 795

CAL. [*aside.*] O, hated sight !---

EUCH. O, Proteus ! what have I endur'd
For scorn of thee ?

PROT. Complain no more ; but smile, and make me
happy.

CAL. Robb'd of my love and my revenge ! 800
Jove, it is thy will—I'll hence away,
And give a loose to frenzy and despair.
'T was vain to strive against superior gods ;
Yet shall my fury blast the tainted earth,
And split the trembling rocks around me. 805

" No longer here shall nature smile,
" Nor spring perpetual grace my isle ;
" Hence all ye flatt'ring pleasures, fly !
" Eternal gloom blot out the day ;
" Fade ev'ry flow'r ; each tree decay :
" O, that Calypso too could die !" 811

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HUGHES VOL. II.

He dropp'd half-drawn his feeble bow;

He look'd, he rav'd, and, sighing, pin'd. —

Song. p. 27.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN HUGHES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Round HUGHES's humble tho' distinguish'd urn
The Muses, wreath'd with baleful cypress, mourn;
In ev'ry face a deep distress appears,
Each eye o'erflows with tributary tears.
Such was the scene when, by the gods requir'd,
Majestic Homer from the world retir'd:
Such grief the Nine o'er Maro's tomb bestow'd,
And tears like these for Addison late flow'd.

MISS COWPER.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of,
G. CAWTHORN, British Library, STRAND.

M DCC XCVI.

1

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN HUGHES.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS
CANTATAS, | ODES,
SONGS, | TRANSLATIONS,
 &c. &c. &c.

Lost in thy Works, how oft' I pass the day,
While the swift hours steal unperceiv'd away !
There, in sweet union, wit and virtue charm,
And subtlest sentiments the bosom warm ;
The brave, the wise, the virtuous, and the fair,
May view themselves in fadeless colours there.

J. BURCE.

LONDON :

Printed for, and under the Direction of,
G. CAWTHORN, British Library, STRAND.

M DCC XCVI.

**SIX CANTATAS ;
OR, POEMS FOR MUSIC.**

**AFTER THE MANNER OF THE ITALIANS;
SET TO MUSIC BY MR. PEPUSCH.**

*Non ante vulgatas per arce,
Verba loqueri solentia chordis.*

HOR.

THE PREFACE,

AS IT WAS PRINTED BEFORE THE MUSIC.

To the Lovers of Music.

MR. Pepusch having desired that some account should be prefixed to these Cantatas relating to the words, it may be proper to acquaint the public that they are the first essays of this kind, and were written as an experiment of introducing a sort of composition which had never been naturalized in our language. Those who are affectedly partial to the Italian tongue will scarce allow music to speak any other; but if reason may be admitted to have any share in these entertainments, nothing is more necessary than that the words should be understood, without which the end of vocal music is lost. The want of this occasions a common complaint, and is the chief if not the only reason that the best works of Scariati, and other Italians, except those performed in operas, are generally but little

known or regarded here. Besides, it may be observed, without any dishonour to a language which has been adorned by some writers of excellent genius, and was the first among the Moderns in which the art of poetry was revived and brought to any perfection, that in the great number of their operas, serenatas, and cantatas, the words are often much inferior to the composition; and though, by their abounding with vowels, they have an inimitable aptness and facility for notes, the writers for music have not always made the best use of this advantage, or seem to have relied on it so much as to have regarded little else; so that Mr. Waller's remark, on another occasion, may be frequently applied to them;

Soft words, with nothing in them, make a song.

Yet so great is the force of sounds, well chosen and skilfully executed, that as they can hide indifferent sense, and a kind of associated pleasure arises from the words though they are but mean, so the impression cannot fail of being in proportion much greater when the thoughts are natural and proper, and the expressions unaffected and agreeable.

Since, therefore, the English language, though inferior in smoothness, has been found not incapable of harmony, nothing would perhaps be wanting towards introducing the most elegant style of music in a nation which has given such generous encouragement to it, if *our best poets* would sometimes resist this design, and *make it their diversion* to improve a sort of verse, in

regular measures, purposely fitted for music, and which, of all the modern kinds, seems to be the only one that can now properly be called Lyric.

It cannot but be observed on this occasion, that since poetry and music are so nearly allied, it is a misfortune that those who excel in one are often perfect strangers to the other. If, therefore, a better correspondence were settled between the two sister-arts, they would probably contribute to each other's improvement. The expressions of harmony, cadence, and a good ear, which are said to be so necessary in poetry, being all borrowed from music, shew at least if they signify any thing, that it would be no improper help for a poet to understand more than the metaphorical sense of them: and, on the other hand, a composer can never judge where to lay the accent of his music, who does not know, or is not made sensible, where the words have the greatest beauty and force.

There is one thing in compositions of this sort which seems a little to want explaining, and that is the recitative music, which many people hear without pleasure; the reason of which is, perhaps, that they have a mistaken notion of it. They are accustomed to think that all music should be air; and being disappointed of what they expect, they lose the beauty that is in it of a different kind. It may be proper to observe, therefore, that the recitative style in composition is founded on that variety of accent which pleases in the pronunciation of a good orator, with as little deviation from it

as possible. The different tones of the voice in astonishment, joy, sorrow, rage, tenderness, in affirmations, apostrophes, interrogations, and all the other varieties of speech, make a sort of natural music which is very agreeable; and this is what is intended to be imitated, with some helps, by the composer, but without approaching to what we call a Tune or Air: so that it is but a kind of improved elocution, or pronouncing of the words in musical cadences, and is indeed wholly at the mercy of the performer to make it agreeable or not, according to his skill or ignorance, like the reading of verse, which is not every one's talent. This short account may possibly suffice to shew how properly the recitative has a place in compositions of any length to relieve the ear with a variety, and to introduce the airs with the greater advantage.

As to Mr. Pepusch's success in these compositions, I am not at liberty to say any more than that he has, I think, very naturally expressed the sense of the words. He is desirous the public should be informed that they are not only the first he has attempted in English, but the first of any of his works published by himself; and as he wholly submits them to the judgment of the lovers of this art, it will be a pleasure to him to find that his endeavours to promote the composing of music in the English language, after a new model, are favourably accepted.

CANTATAS.

CANTATA I. ON ENGLISH BEAUTY.

RECITATIVE.

WHEN Beauty's goddess from the ocean sprung,
Ascending, o'er the waves she cast a smile
On fair Britannia's happy isle,
And rais'd her tuneful voice, and thus she sung.

AIR.

" Hail, Britannia! hail to thee, 5
" Fairest island of the sea!
" Thou my favourite land shalt be.
" Cyprus, too, shall own my sway,
" And dedicate to me its groves;
" Yet Venus and her train of Loves 10
" Will with happier Britain stay.
" Hail, Britannia! hail to thee,
" Fairest island of the sea!
" Thou my favourite land shalt be."

RECITATIVE.

Britannia heard the notes diffusing wide, 15
And saw the pow'r whom gods and men adore
Approaching nearer with the tide,
And in a rapture loudly cry'd,
" O, welcome! welcome to my shore!"

AIR.

- " Lovely Isle! so richly blest! 20
 " Beauty's palm is thine confest.
 " Thy daughters all the world outshine,
 " Nor Venus' self is so divine.
 " Lovely Isle! so richly blest!
 " Beauty's palm is thine confest." 25

CANTATA II.

ALEXIS.

RECITATIVE.

SEE!—from the silent grove Alexis flies,
 And seeks, with ev'ry pleasing art,
 To ease the pain which lovely eyes
 Created in his heart. 5
 To shining theatres he now repairs,
 To learn Camilla's moving airs,
 Where thus to music's pow'r the swain address'd his

AIR.

[pray'rs.

- " Charming sounds! that sweetly languish,
 " Music! O, compose my anguish;
 " Ev'ry passion yields to thee; 10
 " Phœbus! quickly then relieve me;
 " Cupid shall no more deceive me:
 " I'll to sprightlier joys be free."

RECITATIVE.

Apollo heard the foolish swain;
He knew, when Daphne once he lov'd, 15

CANTATAS.

11

How weak t' assuage an am'rous pain
His own harmonious art had prov'd,
And all his healing herbs how vain;
Then thus he strikes the speaking strings,
Preluding to his voice and sings.

20

AIR.

" Sounds, tho' charming, can't relieve thee;
" Do not, Shepherd! then deceive thee,
" Music is the voice of Love.
" If the tender maid believe thee,
" Soft relenting,
" Kind consenting,
" Will alone thy pain remove."

25

CANTATA III.

ON THE SPRING.

With Violins.

AIR.

" FRAGRANT Flora! haste, appear,
" Goddess of the youthful year;
" Zephyr gently courts thee now;
" On thy buds of roses playing,
" All thy breathing sweets displaying,
" Hark! his am'rous breezes blow.
" Fragrant Flora! haste, appear,
" Goddess of the youthful year;
" Zephyr gently courts thee now."

5

RECITATIVE.

Thus on a fruitful hill, in the fair bloom of spring, 10
 The tuneful Colinet his voice did raise,
 The vales remurmur'd with his lays,
 And list'ning birds hung hov'ring on the wing.
 In whisp'ring sighs soft Zephyr by him flew,
 While thus the shepherd did his song renew. 15

AIR.

" Love and pleasures gaily flowing,
 " Come, this charming season grace;
 " Smile, ye Fair! your joys bestowing,
 " Spring and youth will soon be going,
 " Seize the blessings ere they pass. 20
 " Love and pleasures gaily flowing,
 " Come, this charming season grace."

CANTATA IV.

MIRANDA.

RECITATIVE.

MIRANDA's tuneful voice and fame
 Had reach'd the wond'ring skies;
 From heav'n the god of Music came,
 And own'd a pleas'd surprize!
 Then in a soft melodious lay
 Apollo did these grateful praises pay. 5

CANTATAS.

13

AIR.

“ Matchless Charmer! thine shall be
“ The highest prize of harmony :
“ Phœbus ever will inspire thee,
“ And th’ applauding world admire thee ; 10
“ All shall in thy praise agree.
“ Matchless Charmer! thine shall be
“ The highest prize of harmony.”

RECITATIVE.

The god then summon’d ev’ry Muse t’ appear,
And hail their sister of the quire ; 15
Smiling they stood around her soothing strains to hear,
And fill’d her happy soul with all their fire.

AIR.

“ O, Harmony! how wondrous sweet
“ Dost thou our cares allay !
“ When all thy moving graces meet, 20
“ How softly dost thou steal our easy hours away !
“ O, Harmony ! how wondrous sweet
“ Dost thou our cares allay !”, 23

CANTATA V.

CORYDON,

RECITATIVE.

WHILE Corydon, the lonely shepherd, try'd
 His tuneful flute, and charm'd the grove,
 The jealous nightingales, that strove
 To trace his notes, contending dy'd.
 At last he hears, within a myrtle shade,
 An echo answer all his strain:
 Love stole the pipe of sleeping Pan, and play'd,
 Then with his voice decoys the list'ning swain.

5

AIR, *with a flute.*

" Gay Shepherd! to befriend thee,
 " Here pleasing scenes attend thee;
 " O, this way speed thy pace!
 " If Music can delight thee,
 " Or visions fair invite thee,
 " This bow'r's the happy place.
 " Gay Shepherd! to befriend thee,
 " Here pleasing scenes attend thee;
 " O, this way speed thy pace!"

10

15

RECITATIVE.

The shepherd rose, he gaz'd around,
 And vainly sought the magic sound;
 The god of Love his motion spies,
 Lays by the pipe, and shoots a dart
 Thro' Corydon's unwary heart.
 Then, smiling, from his ambush flies;

20

CANTATAS.

15

While in his room, divinely bright,
The reigning beauty of the groves surpris'd the shep-
AIR. [herd's sight.

" Who, from love his heart securing, 26
" Can avoid th' enchanting pain ?
" Pleasure calls with voice alluring,
" Beauty softly binds the chain.
" Who, from love his heart securing,
" Can avoid th' enchanting pain ?" 31

CANTATA VI.

THE COQUETTE.

RECITATIVE.

AIRY Cloe, proud and young,
The fairest tyrant of the plain,
Laugh'd at her adoring swain :
He sadly sigh'd---she gaily sung,
And, wanton, thus reproach'd his pain. 5

AIR.

" Leave me, silly Shepherd ! go ;
" You only tell me what I know ;
" You view a thousand charms in me :
" Then cease thy pray'rs, I'll kinder grow
" When I can view such charms in thee. 10
" Leave me, silly Shepherd ! go ;
" You only tell me what I know ;
" You view a thousand charms in me."

RECITATIVE.

Amyntor, fir'd by this disdain,
 Curs'd the proud fair, and broke his chain : 15
 He rav'd, and at the scotter swore,
 And vow'd he 'd be Love's fool no more—
 But Cloe smil'd, and thus she call'd him back again.

AIR.

" Shepherd ! this I've done to prove thee ;
 " Now thou art a man I love thee, 20
 " And without a blush resign :
 " But ungrateful is the passion,
 " And destroys our inclination,
 " When like slaves our lovers whine.
 " Shepherd ! this I've done to prove thee, 25
 " Now thou art a man I love thee,
 " And without a blush resign."

CUPID AND SCARLATI.

A CANTATA.

SET BY MR. PEPUSCH.

RECITATIVE.

On silver Tiber's vocal shore
 The fam'd Scarlati strook his lyre,
 And strove, with charms unknown before,
 The springs of tuneful sound t' explore,
 Beyond what art alone could e'er inspire ! 5
 When, see!—the sweet essay to hear,
 Venus with her son drew near,
 And, pleas'd to ask the master's aid,
 The mother-goddess smiling said :

AIR.

" Harmonious son of Phœbus ! see, 10
 " 'T is Love, 'tis little Love, I bring :
 " The queen of Beauty sues to thee,
 " To teach her wanton boy to sing."

RECITATIVE.

The pleas'd musician heard with joy, .
 And, proud to teach th' immortal boy, 15
 Did all his songs and heav'nly skill impart :
 The boy, to recompense his art,
 Repeating did each song improve,
 And breath'd into his airs the charms of love,
 And taught the master thus to touch the heart. 20

AIR.

" Love, inspiring
 " Sounds persuading,
 " Makes his darts resistless fly ;
 " Beauty aiding
 " Arts aspiring,
 " Gives them wings to rise more high."

26

PASTORA.

A CANTATA.

SET BY MR. PEPUSCH.

RECITATIVE.

ON fam'd Arcadia's flow'ry plains
 The gay Pastora once was heard to sing;
 Close by a fountain's crystal spring
 She warbled out her merry strains.

AIR.

" Shepherds! would you hope to please us, 5
 " You must ev'ry humour try ;
 " Sometimes flatter, sometimes tease us,
 " Often laugh, and sometimes cry.
 " Shepherds! would you hope to please us,
 " You must ev'ry humour try : 10
 " Soft denials
 " Are but trials;
 " You must follow when we fly.
 " *Shepherds! would you hope to please us,*
 " *You must ev'ry humour try.*" 15

CANTATAS.

19

RECITATIVE.

, who long ador'd this sprightly maid,
 ver durst his love relate,
 'd at last to try his fate.
 'd—she smil'd—he kneel'd and pray'd---
 wn'd---He rose, and walk'd away ; 20
 on returning look'd more gay, [play'd.
 ng and danc'd, and on his pipe a cheerful echo

AIR, with an echo of flutes.

ora fled to a shady grove ;
 ion view'd her
 pursu'd her ; 25
 id laugh'd, and crown'd his love.
 nymph look'd back, well pleas'd to see
 t Damon ran as swift as she.
 ora fled to a shady grove ;
 ion view'd her 30
 pursu'd her ;
 id laugh'd, and crown'd his love."

A CANTATA.

SET BY MR. PEPUSCH.

AIR.

OLISH Love! I scorn thy darts,
 l all thy little wanton arts,
 captivate unmanly hearts.

" Shall a woman, proud and coy,

" Make me languish for a toy ?

5

" Foolish Love! I scorn thy darts,

" And all thy little wanton arts,

" To captivate unmanly hearts."

RECITATIVE.

Thus Strephon mock'd the pow'r of Love, and swore

His freedom he would still maintain,

10

Nor ever wear th' inglorious chain,

Or slavishly adore ;

But when Lamira cross'd the plain

The shepherd gaz'd, and thus revers'd his strain.

AIR.

" Love! I feel thy pow'r divine,

15

" And, blushing, now my heart resign.

" Ye swains my folly don't despise,

" But look on fair Lamira's eyes,

" Then tell me if you can be wise.

" Love! I feel thy pow'r divine,

" And, blushing, now my heart resign."

21

THE SOLDIER IN LOVE.
A CANTATA.

SET WITH SYMPHONIES,
BY MR. PEPUSCH.

AIR.

“WHY, too am’rous hero! why
“Dost thou the war forego,
“At Celia’s feet to lie,
“And, sighing, tell thy woe?
“Can you think that sneaking air 5
“Fit to move th’ unpitying fair?
“She laughs to see thee trifle so.
“Why, too am’rous hero! why
“Dost thou the war forego,
“At Celia’s feet to lie, 10
“And sighing tell thy woe?”

RECITATIVE.

Cleander heard not this advice,
Nor would his languishing refrain;
But while to Celia once he pray’d in vain,
By chance his image in a glass he spies, 15
And, blushing at the sight, he grew a man again.

AIR, with a trumpet.

“Hark! the trumpet sounds to arms:
“I come, I come,” the warrior cries,
“And from scornful Celia flies,
“To court Victoria’s charms. 20

" Celia beholds his alter'd brow,
 " And would regain her lover now.
 " Hark! the trumpet sounds to arms;
 " I come, I come," the warrior cries,
 " And from scornful Celia flies,
 " To court Victoria's charms."

26

CANTATA.

PASTORAL.

SET BY DR. PEPUSCH.

RECITATIVE.

YOUNG Strephon by his folded sheep
 Sat wakeful on the plains;
 Love held his weary eyes from sleep,
 While, silent in the vale,
 The list'ning nightingale
 Forgot her own to hear his strains.
 And now the beauteous queen of Night,
 Unclouded and serene,
 Sheds on the neighb'ring sea her silver light;
 The neighb'ring sea was calm and bright;
 The shepherd sung inspir'd, and bless'd the lovely
 scene.

5

10

AIR.

" While the sky and seas are shining,
 " See! my Flora's charms they wear;

CANTATAS.

23

“ Secret Night, my joys divining,
 “ Pleas’d my am’rous tale to hear,
 “ Smiles, and softly turns her sphere.
 “ While the sky and seas are shining,
 “ See! my Flora’s charms they wear.”

25

RECITATIVE.

Ah! foolish Strephon! change thy strain;
 The lovely scene false joy inspires;
 For look, thou fond deluded Swain!
 A rising storm invades the main.
 The planet of the night,
 Inconstant, from thy sight
 Behind a cloud retires.
 Flora is fled; thou lov’st in vain:
 Ah! foolish Strephon! change thy strain.

29

25

AIR.

“ Hope beguiling,
 “ Like the moon and ocean smiling,
 “ Does thy easy faith betray:
 “ Flora ranging,
 “ Like the moon and ocean changing,
 “ More inconstant proves than they.”

30

33

MYRA.

A CANTATA.

SET BY DR. PEPUSCH.

AIR.

" Love frowns in beauteous Myra's eyes ;
 " Ah, Nymph! those cruel looks give o'er;
 " While Love is frowning Beauty dies,
 " And you can charm no more."

RECITATIVE.

Mark how when sullen clouds appear,
 And wintry storms deface the year,
 The prudent cranes no longer stay,
 But take the wing, and thro' the air
 From the cold region fly away,
 And far o'er land and seas to warmer climes repair. 10
 Just so my heart---But see---Ah no!
 She smiles---I will not, cannot go.

AIR.

" Love and the Graces smiling,
 " In Myra's eyes beguiling,
 " Again their charms recover. 15
 " Would you secure our duty,
 " Let kindness aid your beauty,
 " Ye Fair! to sooth the lover." 18

A CANTATA.

SET BY MR. D. PURCELL.

AIR.

" Love! I defy thee;
 " Venus! I fly thee;
 " I'm of chaste Diana's train.
 " Away, thou winged Boy!
 " Thou bear'st thy darts in vain;
 " I hate the languid joy,
 " I mock the trifling pain.
 " Love! I defy thee;
 " Venus! I fly thee;
 " I'm of chaste Diana's train."

5

10

RECITATIVE.

Bright Venus and her son stood by,
 And heard a proud disdainful fair
 Thus boast her wretched liberty;
 They scorn'd she should the raptures share
 Which their happier captives know;
 Nor would Cupid draw his bow
 To wound the nymph, but laugh'd out this reply.

15

AIR.

" Proud and foolish! hear your fate;
 " Waste your youth, and sigh too late
 " For joys which now you say you hate.

20

" When your decaying eyes
 " Can dart their fires no more,
 " The wrinkles of threescore
 " Shall make you vainly wise.
 " Proud and foolish ! hear your fate ;
 " Waste your youth, and sigh too late
 " For joys which now you say you hate."

25

A CANTATA.

SET WITH SYMPHONIES,

BY SIGNIOR NICOLINI HAYM.

AIR.

" Ye tender Powers ! how shall I move
 " A careless maid that laughs at love ?
 " Cupid to my succour fly ;
 " Come with all thy thrilling darts,
 " Thy melting flames to soften hearts ;
 " Conquer for me or I die.
 " Ye tender Powers ! how shall I move
 " A careless maid that laughs at love ?
 " Cupid ! to my succour fly.

5

RECITATIVE.

Thus, in a melancholy shade,
 A pensive lover to his aid
 Invok'd the god of warm desire :
 Love heard him, and, to gain the maid,
 Did this successful thought inspire.

10

CANTATA.

27

AIR.

- " Take her humours, smile, be gay ; 15
" In her fav'rite follies join,
" That's the charm will make her thine.
" Cast thy serious airs away ;
" Freely courting,
" Toying, sporting, 20
" Sooth her hours with am'rous play,
" Take her humour, smile, be gay ;
" In her fav'rite follies join,
" That's the charm will make her thine." 24

A. CANTATA.

SET BY MR. GALLIARD.

RECITATIVE.

VENUS ! thy throne of beauty now resign ;
Behold on earth a conqu'ring fair
Who more deserves Love's crown to wear :
Not thy own star so bright in heav'n does shine.
Ask of thy son her name, who with his dart 5
Has deeply grav'd it in my heart ;
Or ask the god of tuneful sound,
Who sings it to his lyre,
And does this maid inspire
With his own art, to give a surer wound. 10

AIR.

“ Hark ! the groves her songs repeat ;
“ Echo lurks in hollow springs,
“ And transported while she sings,
“ Learns her voice, and grows more sweet.
“ Could Narcissus see or hear her,
“ From his fountain he would fly,
“ And with awe approaching nearer,
“ For a real beauty die.
“ Hark ! the groves her songs repeat ;
“ Echo lurks in hollow springs,
“ And transported while she sings,
“ Learns her voice, and grows more sweet.”

RECITATIVE.

Yet, Venus ! once again my suit attend ;
And when from heav'n you shall descend,
This shining empress to array,
When you present her all your train of Loves,
Your chariot and your murm'ring doves,
Tell her she wants one charm to make the rest more
Then, smiling, to th' harmonious beauty say ;

AIR.

“ To a lovely face and air
“ Let a tender heart be join'd :
“ Love can make you doubly fair ;
“ Music's sweeter when you're kind.
“ To a lovely face and air
“ Let a tender heart be join'd.”

APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

A CANTATA.

SET BY MR. GALLIARD.

RECITATIVE.

DAPHNE, the beautiful, the coy,
 Along the winding shore of Peneus flew
 To shun Love's tender offer'd joy,
 Tho' it was a god that did her charms pursue;
 While thus Apollo, in a moving strain, 5
 Awak'd his lyre, and softly breath'd his am'rous pain.

AIR.

" Fairest Mortal ! stay and hear ;
 " Cannot love with music join'd
 " Touch thy unrelenting mind ?
 " Turn thee, leave thy trembling fear ; 10
 " Fairest Mortal ! stay and hear ;
 " Cannot love with music join'd
 " Touch thy unrelenting mind ?

RECITATIVE.

The river's echoing banks with pleasure did prolong
 The sweetly warbled sounds, and murmur'd with the
 Daphne fled swifter, in despair, [song.
 To 'scape the god's embrace, 17
 And to the genius of the place
 She sigh'd this wondrous pray'r ;

AIR.

- " Father Penetus! hear me, aid me; 20
 " Let some sudden change invade me;
 " Fix me rooted on thy shore.
 " Cease, Apollo! to persuade me;
 " I am Daphne now no more.
 " Father Peneus! hear me, aid me; 25
 " Let some sudden change invade me;
 " Fix me rooted on thy shore."

RECITATIVE.

Apollo, wond'ring, stood to see
 The nymph transform'd into a tree.
 Vain were his lyre, his voice, his tuneful art, 30
 His passion, and his race divine;
 Nor could th' eternal beams that round his temples
 Melt the cold virgin's frozen heart. [shine

AIR.

- " Nature alone can love inspire; 35
 " Art is vain to move desire.
 " If Nature once the fair incline,
 " To their own passion they resign.
 " Nature alone can love inspire;
 " Art is vain to move desire." 39

CANTATA.

SET BY MR. GALLIARD.

WHILE on your blooming charms I gaze,
 Your tender lips, your soft enchanting eyes,
 And all the Venus in your face,
 I'm fill'd with pleasure and surprise :
 But, cruel Goddess ! when I find
 Diana's coldness in your mind,
 How can I bear that fix'd disdain ?
 My pleasure dies, and I but live in pain.

5

AIR.

" Tyrant Cupid ! when, relenting,
 " Will you touch the charmer's heart ?
 " Sooth her breast to soft consenting,
 " Or remove from mine the dart.
 " Tyrant Cupid ! when, relenting,
 " Will you touch the charmer's heart ?"

10

RECITATIVE.

But, see ! while to my passion voice I give,
 Th' applauding beauty, doubly bright,
 Seems in the moving tale to take delight,
 And looks as she would let me live ;
 And yet she chides, but with so sweet an air,
 That while she love denies she yet forbids despair.

15

20

AIR.

" Fear not, doubting fair t' approve me ;
 " Can you love me ?

" Frown not if you answer no ;
 " If you answer, frown not, no.
 " When again I ask, pursuing,
 " If you'll stay and see my ruin ?
 " Fly—but let me with you go.
 " Blush not, doubting Fair! t' approve me;
 " Can you love me ?
 " Smile and ev'ry fear forego."

25

VENUS AND ADONIS.

A CANTATA.

SET BY MR. HANDEL.

RECITATIVE.

BEHOLD where weeping Venus stands !
 What more than mortal grief can move
 The bright th' immortal, queen of Love ?
 She beats her breast, she wrings her hands ;
 And, hark ! she mourns, but mourns in vain,
 Her beauteous lov'd Adonis slain.
 The hills and woods her loss deplore ;
 The Naiads hear and flock around,
 And Echo sighs with mimic sound,
 Adonis is no more !
 Again the goddess raves, and tears her hair,
 Then vents her grief, her love, and her despair.

5

10

AIR.

" Dear Adonis ! beauty's treasure,
 " Now my sorrow, once my pleasure,

33

"O return to Venus' arms!
 "Venus never will forsake thee;
 "Let the voice of Love o'ertake thee,
 "And revive thy drooping charms."

15

20

Thus, queen of Beauty, as thy poets feign,
While thou didst call the lovely swain, 20
Transform'd by heav'nly pow'r
The lovely swain arose a flow'r,
And, smiling, grac'd the plain:
And now he blooms, and now he fades;
Venus and gloomy Proserpine 25
Alternate claim his charms divine;
By turns restor'd to light, by turns he seeks the shades.

30

"Transporting joy,
 "Tormenting fears,
 "Reviving smiles,
 "Succeeding tears,
 "Are Cupid's various train.
 "The tyrant boy
 "Prepares his darts
 "With soothing wiles,
 "With cruel arts,
 "And pleasure blends with pain."

35

SERENATA FOR TWO VOICES

ON THE MARRIAGE

OF THE RIGHT HON. THE

LORD COBHAM TO MRS. ANNE HALS

DUETTO.

"WAKE th' harmonious voice and string,
"Love and Hymen's triumph sing.
"Sounds with secret charms combining,
"In melodious union joining,
"Best the wondrous joys can tell
"That in hearts united dwell."

RECITATIVE. FIRST VOICE.

To young Victoria's happy fame
Well may the Arts a trophy raise,
Music grows sweeter in her praise,
And, own'd by her, with rapture speaks her name
To touch the brave Cleander's heart
The Graces all in her conspire ;
Love arms her with his surest dart,
Apollo with his lyre.

AIR.

"The list'ning Muses, all around her,
"Think 't is Phœbus' strain they hear ;
"And Cupid drawing near to wound her
"*Drops his bow, and stands to hear.*"

RECITATIVE. SECOND VOICE.

While crowds of rivals, with despair,
 Silent admire, or vainly court the fair, 20
 Behold the happy conquest of her eyes,
 A hero is the glorious prize!
 In courts; in camps, thro' distant realms renown'd,
 Cleander comes---Victoria! see,
 He comes, with British honour crown'd; 25
 Love leads his eager steps to thee.

AIR.

" In tender sighs he silence breaks,
 " The fair his flame approves:
 " Consenting blushes warm her cheeks;
 " She smiles---she yields---she loves." 30

RECITATIVE. FIRST VOICE.

Now Hymen at the altar stands,
 And while he joins their faithful hands,
 Behold! by ardent vows drawn down,
 Immortal Concord, heav'nly bright,
 Array'd in robes of purest light, 35
 Descends, th' auspicious rites to crown.
 Her golden harp the goddess brings;
 Its magic sound
 Commands a sudden silence all around,
 And strains prophetic thus attune the strings. 40

DUETTO.

" The swain his nymph possessing,
 " The nymph her swain caressing,
 } 1 voice.
 } 2 voice.
 Dii

" Shall still improve the blessing,	}	1 and 2.
" For ever kind and true.		
" While rolling years are flying,	}	BOTH.
" Love, Hymen's lamp supplying,		
" With fuel never dying,	}	
" Shall still the flame renew."		

SONGS.

SONG I.

I.

FAME of Dorinda's conquests brought
The god of Love her charms to view ;
To wound th' unwary maid he thought,
But soon became her conquest too.

II.

He dropp'd half-drawn his feeble bow ;
He look'd, he rav'd, and, sighing, pin'd,
And wish'd, in vain, he had been slow,
As painters falsely draw him, blind.

III.

Disarm'd, he to his mother flies ;
" Help, Venus ! help thy wretched son :
" Who now will pay us sacrifice ?
" For Love himself's, alas ! undone.

IV.

" To Cupid now no lover's pray'r
" Shall be address'd in suppliant sighs ;
" My darts are gone, but, oh ! beware,
" Fond Mortals ! of Dorinda's eyes."

5

10

16

SONG II.

Written for the late

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S BIRTH-DAY, 1699.

I.

WHILE Venus in her snowy arms
 The god of Battles held,
 And sooth'd him with her tender charms,
 Victorious from the field,
 By chance she cast a lovely smile,
 Propitious, down to earth,
 And view'd, in Britain's happy isle,
 Great Glouc'ster's glorious birth.

II.

"Look, Mars," she said; "look down, and see
 "A child of royal race! 10
 "Let's crown the bright nativity
 "With ev'ry princely grace.
 "Thy heav'nly image let him bear,
 "And shine a Mars below:
 "Form you his mind to warlike care, 15
 "I'll softer gifts bestow."

III.

Thus at his birth two deities
 Their blessings did impart,
 And love was breath'd into his eyes,
 And glory form'd his heart. 20
 His childhood makes of war a game;
 Betimes his beauty charms
 The fair, who burn with equal flame
 For him as he for arms. 25

SONG III.

THE FAIR TRAVELLER.

I.

IN young Astræa's sparkling eye
 Resistless Love has fix'd his throne;
 A thousand lovers bleeding lie
 For her, with wounds they fear to own. 4

II.

While the coy beauty speeds her flight
 To distant groves from whence she came,
 So lightning vanishes from sight,
 But leaves the forest in a flame. 8

SONG IV.

Would you gain the tender creature,
Softly---gently---kindly---treat her;
Suff'ring is the lover's part. 3
Beauty by constraint possessing,
You enjoy but half the blessing,
Lifeless charms without the heart. 6

SONG V.

Thy origin's divine, I see,
Of mortal race thou canst not be;
Thy lip a ruby lustre shows,
Thy purple cheek outshines the rose,
And thy bright eye is brighter far 5
Than any planet, any star.
Thy sordid way of life despise;
Above thy slav'ry, Sylvia! rise;
Display thy beauteous form and mien,
And grow a goddess or a queen. 10

SONGS.

SONG VI.

CONSTANTIA ! see, thy faithful slave
Dies of the wound thy beauty gave.
Ah ! Gentle Nymph ! no longer try
From fond pursuing love to fly.

Thy pity to my love impart,
Pity my bleeding aching heart ;
Regard my sighs and flowing tears,
And with a smile remove my fears.

5

A wedded wife if thou wouldst be,
By sacred Hymen join'd to me,
Ere yet the western sun decline
My hand and heart shall both be thine.

12

SONG VII.

THRICE lov'd Constantia! heav'nly fair,
For thee a servant's form I wear;
Tho' bless'd with wealth, and nobly born,
For thee both wealth and birth I scorn.
Trust me, fair Maid! my constant flame
For ever will remain the same:
My love, that ne'er will cease; my love
Shall equal to thy beauty prove.

ODES.

THE HOUSE OF NASSAU.

A PINDARIC ODE, 1702.

Coelo demittitur alto
Chara Deum Sibiotes

VIRG.

TO HIS GRACE

CHARLES DUKE OF SOMERSET.

May it please your Grace,

THOUGH the great loss we suffered in the death of the King has been so happily supplied by her Majesty's accession to the throne, and her late coronation justly filled the hearts of her subjects with joy ; yet so glorious a reign as the last will always be remembered with admiration by all good and wise men, and your Grace has given sufficient proofs that you are of that number. It can never, therefore, be thought too late to offer a just tribute to his late Majesty's memory, and to that of his great ancestors, a race so illustriously distinguished in Europe ; though this indeed might sooner have been attempted, but from many interruptions, too inconsiderable for your Grace's notice. How *I have performed* is humbly submitted to your Grace's

judgment, and to the judgment of all those gentlemen who are used to entertain themselves with writings of this sort. But if, through the Author's want of genius, the poem itself should be thought inconsiderable, I am sure it will have some distinction from the great names it celebrates, and the great patron it is inscribed to. And to whom should the praises of eminent virtue be addressed but to such as are possessed of great virtues themselves? To whom can I better present the chief characters of a noble and ancient family than to your Grace, whose family is so ancient and so noble? And here I am proud to acknowledge that some of my relations have been honoured with marks of favour from your Grace's illustrious ancestors. This, I confess, has long given me the ambition of offering my duty to your Grace; but chiefly that valuable character your Grace has obtained among all worthy persons. I have not room to enlarge here, nor is there any need of it on a subject so well known as your Grace's merits: therefore I conclude with my humble request, that your Grace would favour this Ode with your acceptance, and 'do me the honour of believing that, among the crowd of your admirers, there is not one who is more passionately or sincerely so than

Your Grace's most humble

and most obedient servant,

JOHN HUGHES.

THE HOUSE OF NASSAU.

I.

Goddess of numbers, and of thoughts sublime,
Celestial Muse! whose tuneful song
Can fix heroic acts, that glide along
Down the vast sea of ever-wasting time,
And all the gilded images can stay, 5
Till time's vast sea itself be roll'd away;
O now assist with consecrated strains!
Let Art and Nature join to raise
A living monument of praise
O'er William's great remains, 10
While Thames, majestically sad and slow,
Seems by that rev'rend dome to flow,
Which, new-interr'd, his sacred urn contains.
If thou, O Muse! wouldst e'er immortal be,
This song bequeaths thee immortality; 15
For William's praise can ne'er expire,
Tho' Nature's self at last must die,
And all this fair-erected sky
Must sink in earth and sea, and melt away in fire.

II.

Begin---the spring of virtue trace 20
That, from afar-descending, flow'd
Thro' the rich veins of all the godlike race,
And fair renown on all the godlike race bestow'd.

Volume II.

E

This ancient source of noble blood
 Thro' thee, Germania! wand'ring wide, 25
 Like thy own Rhine's enriching tide,
 In num'rous branches long diffus'd its flood.
 Rhine, scarce more ancient, never grac'd thee more,
 Tho' mantling vines his comely head surround,
 And all along his sunny shore 30
 Eternal plenty's found.

III.

From Heaven itself th' illustrious line began;
 Ten ages in descent it ran,
 In each descent increas'd with honours new:
 Never did heaven's Supreme inspire. 35
 In mortal breasts a nobler fire,
 Nor his own image livelier drew.
 Of pure ethereal flame their souls he made,
 And, as beneath his forming hands they grew,
 He bless'd the master-work, and said, 40
 "Go forth, my honour'd Champions! go,
 "To vindicate my cause below:
 "Awful in power, defend for me
 "Religion, justice, liberty,
 "And at aspiring Tyranny 45
 "My delegated thunder throw.
 "For this the great Nassovian name I raise;
 "And still this character divine,
 "Distinguish'd thro' the race, shall shine,
 "Zeal for their country's good, and thirst of virtuous
 praise." 50

IV.

Now look, Britannia! look, and see,
 Thro' the clear glass of History,
 From whom thy mighty sov'reign came,
 And take a large review of far-extended fame.
 See crowds of heroes rise to sight! 55
 Adolphus *, with imperial splendour gay;
 Brave Philibert, unmatch'd in fight,
 Who led the German Eagle to his prey;
 Thro' Lombardy he mark'd his conquer'd way, 59
 And made proud Rome and Naples own his unresisted
 His gallant nephew † next appears, [might.
 And on his brows the wreath of conquest wears,
 Tho' steaming wounds the martial figure stain;
 For thee, great Charles ||! in battle slain;
 Slain in all a soldier's pride, 65
 He fell triumphant by thy side,
 And falling fought, and fighting dy'd,
 And lay, a manly corpse, extended on the plain.

V.

See next, majestically great,
 The founder of the Belgic state! 70
 The sun of glory which, so bright,
 Beam'd on all the darling line,
 Did, from its golden urn of light,
 On William's head redoubled shine;

* Adolphus, the emperor, of the House of Nassau.
 † Rene of Nassau. || Charles V.

His youthful looks diffus'd an awe.
 Charles, who had try'd the race before,
 And knew great merits to explore,
 When he his rising virtue saw,
 He put in friendship's noble claim!
 To his imperial court the hero brought,
 And there, by early honours, sought
 Alliance with his future fame.
 O gen'rous sympathy! that binds
 In chains unseen the bravest minds;
 O love to worthy deeds, in all great souls the same

VI.

But time at last brought forth th' amazing day,
 When Charles, resolv'd to disengage
 From empire's toils his weary age,
 Gave with each hand a crown away.
 Philip, his haughty son, afraid
 Of William's virtues, basely chose
 His father's favourite to depose!
 His tyrant reign requir'd far other aid,
 And Alva's fiery duke, his scourge of vengeance
 rose,
 With flames of Inquisition rose from hell,
 Of slaughter proud, and insolent in blood.
 What hand can paint the scenes of tragic woes?
 What tongue, said Belgia! can thy story tell,
 When with her lifted axe proud Murder stood,
 And thy brave sons in crowds unnumber'd fell?

The sun, with horror of the sight,
 Withdraws his sickly beams, and shrouds
 His muffled face in sullen clouds,
 And on the scaffolds faintly sheds a pale malignant
 light.

VII.

Thus Belgia's liberty expiring lay, 105
 And almost grasp'd her gen'rous life away,
 Till Orange hears her moving cries :
 He hears, and, marching from afar*,
 Brings to her aid the sprightly war.
 At his approach, reviv'd with fresh supplies 110
 Of gather'd strength, she on her murderers flies.
 But Heaven, at first, resolv'd to try,
 By proofs adverse, his constancy.
 Four armies lost, two gallant brothers slain †,
 Will he the desp'rate war maintain ? 115
 Tho' rolling tempests darken all the sky,
 And thunder breaks around his head,
 Will he again the faithless sea explore,
 And, oft' driven back, still quit the shore ?
 He will---His soul, adverse to dread, 120
 Unweary'd, still the spite of Fortune braves,
 Superior, and serene, amidst the stormy waves ||.

* He was then in Germany.

† The Counts Lodowick and Henry.

|| "Sævis tranquillis in undis," the Prince's motto.

VIII.

Such was the man, so vast his mind !
 The steady instrument of Fate,
 To fix the basis of a rising state.
 My Muse with horror views the scene behind,
 And fain would draw a shade, and fain
 Would hide his destin'd end, nor tell
 How he—the dreaded foe of Spain,
 More fear'd than thousands on the plain,
 By the vile hand of a bold ruffian fell.
 No more—th' ungrateful prospect let us leave ;
 And in his room, behold arise
 Bright as th' immortal Twins that grace the skies,
 A noble pair*, his absence to retrieve :
 In these the hero's soul survives,
 And William doubly in his offspring lives.

IX.

Maurice for martial greatness far
 His father's glorious fame exceeds ;
 Henry alone can match his brother's deeds :
 Both were, like Scipio's sons, the thunderbolts of
 None e'er than Maurice better knew
 Camps, sieges, battles, to ordain ;
 None e'er than Henry fiercer did pursue
 The flying foe, or earlier conquests gain :
 For scarce sixteen revolving years he told
 When, eager for the fight, and bold,

* Maurice and Henry.

Inflam'd by glory's sprightly charms,
 His brother brought him to the field,
 Taught his young hand the truncheon well to wield,
 And practis'd him betimes to arms. 151

X.

Let Flandrian Newport tell of wonders wrought
 Before her walls that memorable day,
 When the victorious youths in concert fought,
 And matchless valour did display! 155
 How, ere the battle join'd, they strove
 With emulous honour and with mutual love;
 How Maurice, touch'd with tender care
 Of Henry's safety, begg'd him to remove:
 Henry refus'd his blooming youth to spare, 160
 But with his much-lov'd Maurice vow'd to prove
 Th' extremes of war, and equal dangers share.
 O gen'rous strife! and worthy such a pair!
 How dear did Albert this contention pay!
 Witness the floods of streaming gore, 165
 Witness the trampled heaps that choak'd the plain,
 And stopp'd the victors in their way;
 Witness the neighb'ring sea and sandy shore, [slain!
 Drunk with the purple life of twice three thousand

XI.

Fortune, that on her wheel capricious stands, 170
 And waves her painted wings, inconstant, proud,
 Hood-wink'd, and shaking from her hands
 Promiscuous gifts among the crowd,
 Restless of place, and still prepar'd for flight,
 Was constant here, and seem'd restor'd to sight; 175

The crowd beheld, with vast surprise,
 The glitt'ring train in awful order move
 To the bright temple of Fœtetrician Jove, 130
 And trophies borne along employ'd their dazzled eyes:
 But when the laurell'd emperor, mounted high
 Above the rest, appear'd to sight,
 In his proud car of victory
 Shining with rays excessive bright, 135
 He put the long preceding pomp to flight,
 Their wonder could no higher rise;
 With joy they throng his chariot-wheels, and rend
 with shouts the skies.

XV.

To thee, great Prince! to thy extensive mind,
 Not by thy country's narrow bounds confin'd, 240
 The Fates an ample scene afford,
 And injur'd nations claim the succour of thy sword.
 No respite to thy toils is given
 Till thou ascend thy native heaven :
 One Hydra-head cut off, still more abound, 245
 And twins sprout up to fill the wound ;
 So endless is the task that heroes find
 To tame the monster Vice, and to reform mankind.
 For this Alcides, heretofore,
 And mighty Théséus, travell'd o'er 250
 Vast tracts of sea and land, and slew
 Wild beasts and serpents gorg'd with human prey ;
 From stony dens fierce lurking robbers drew,
 And bid the cheerful traveller pass on his peaceful way

ODES.

55

Yet tho' the toilsome work they long pursue, 255
 To rid the world's wild pathless field,
 Still poisonous weeds and thorns in clusters grew,
 And large unwholesome crops did yield,
 To exercise their hands with labours ever new.

XVI.

Thou, like Alcides, early didst begin, 260
 And ev'n a child didst laurels win :
 Two snaky plagues around his cradle twin'd,
 Sent by the jealous wife of Jove ;
 In speckled wreaths of death they strove
 The mighty babe to bind, 265
 And twisted Faction, in thy infancy,
 Darted her forked tongue at thee :
 But as Jove's offspring slew his hissing foes,
 So thou, descended from a line
 Of Patriots no less divine, 270
 Didst quench the brutal rage of those
 Who durst thy dawning worth oppose.
 The viper Spite, crush'd by thy virtue, shed
 Its yellow juice, and at thy feet lay dead.
 Thus, like the sun, did thy great genius rise, 275
 With clouds around his sacred head, [the skies.
 Yet soon dispell'd the dropping mists, and gilded all

XVII.

Great Julius who, with gen'rous envy, view'd
 The statue of brave Philip's braver son,
 And wept to think what such a youth subdu'd, 280
 While, more in age, himself had yet so little done.

Had wept much more if he had liv'd to see
 The glorious deeds achiev'd by thee;
 To see thee, at a beardless age,
 Stand arm'd against the invader's rage, 285
 And bravely fighting for thy country's liberty;
 While he inglorious laurels sought,
 And not to save his country fought;
 While he—O, stain upon the greatest name
 That e'er before was known to Fame! 290
 When Rome his awful mother, did demand
 The sword from his unruly hand,
 The sword she gave before,
 Enrag'd, he spurn'd at her command, [her gore.
 Hurl'd at her breast the impious steel, and bath'd it in

XVIII.

Far other battles thou hast won, 295
 Thy standard still the public good,
 Lavish of thine to save thy people's blood;
 And when the hardy task of war was done,
 With what a mild well-temper'd mind 300
 (A mind unknown to Rome's ambitious son)
 Thy pow'rful armies were resign'd!
 This vict'ry o'er thyself was more
 Than all thy conquests gain'd before:
 'T was more than Philip's son could do, 305
 When for new worlds the madman cry'd;
 Nor in his own wild breast had spy'd
 Towers of ambition, hills of boundless pride,
 Too great for armies to subdue.

XIX.

O savage lust of arbitrary sway! 310
 Insatiate fury, which in man we find,
 In barb'rous man! to prey upon his kind,
 And make the world, enslav'd, his vicious will obey!
 How has this fiend Ambition long defac'd
 Heaven's works, and laid the fair creation waste! 315
 Ask silver Rhine, with springing rushes crown'd,
 As to the sea his waters flow,
 Where are the numerous cities now
 That once he saw his honour'd banks around?
 Scarce are their silent ruins found, 320
 But, in th' ensuing age,
 Trampled into common ground,
 Will hide the horrid monuments of Gaul's destroying
 rage.
 All Europe, too, had shar'd this wretched fate,
 And mourn'd her heavy woes too late, 325
 Had not Britannia's chief withstood
 The threaten'd deluge, and repell'd,
 To its forsaken banks, th' unwilling flood,
 And in his hand the scales of balanc'd kingdoms held.
 Well was this mighty trust repos'd in thee, 330
 Whose faithful soul, from private int'rests free,
 (Int'rests which vulgar princes knew)
 O'er all its passions sat exalted high,
 As Teneriff's top enjoys a purer sky,
 And sees the moving clouds at distance fly below. 335

XX.

Whoe'er thy warlike annals reads,
 Beholds reviv'd our valiant Edward's deeds:
 Great Edward and his glorious son*
 Will own themselves in thee outdone,
 Tho' Crecy's desperate fight eternal honours won: 340
 Tho' the fifth Henry too does claim
 A shining place among Britannia's kings,
 And Agincourt has rais'd his lofty name;
 Yet the loud voice of ever-living Fame
 Of thee more num'rous triumphs sings. 345
 But tho' no chief contends with thee
 In all the long records of history,
 Thy own great deeds together strive
 Which shall the fairest light derive
 On thy immortal memory; 350
 Whether Senefie's amazing field
 To celebrated Mons shall yield,
 Or both give place to more amazing Boyne,
 Or if Namur's well-cover'd siege must all the rest out-
 shine!

XXI.

While in Hibernia's fields the labouring swain 355
 Shall pass the plough o'er skulls of warriors slain,
 And turn up bones and broken spears,
 Amaz'd, he'll shew his fellows of the plain
 The relicks of victorious years,
And tell how swift thy arms that kingdom did regain.

* Edward III. and the Black Prince.

Flandria, a longer witness to thy glory, 361

With wonder too repeats thy story :

How oft' the foes thy lifted sword have seen

In the hot battle, when it bled,

At all its open veins, and oft have fled, 365

As if their evil genius thou hadst been :

How, when the blooming spring began t' appear,

And with new life restor'd the year,

Confed'rate princes us'd to cry,

" Call Britain's king—the sprightly trumpet sound,

" And spread the joyful summons round ! 371

" Call Britain's king, and vic'ory !"

So when the flow'r of Greece, to battle led

In beauty's cause, just vengeance swore

Upon the foul adult'rer's head, 375

That from her royal lord the ravish'd Helen bore,

The Grecian chiefs, of mighty fame, .

Impatient for the son of Thetis wait ;

At last the son of Thetis came ;

Troy shook her nodding towers, and mourn'd th' im-

pending fate. 380

XXIL

O sacred Peace! goddess serene!

Adorn'd with robes of spotless white,

Fairer than silver floods of light,

How short has thy mild empire been !

When pregnant Time brought forth this new-born age,

At first we saw thee gently smile 386

On the young birth, and thy sweet voice a while

Sung a soft charm to martial rage:

But soon the Lion wak'd again, [mane.
 And stretch'd his op'ning claws, and shook his grisly
 Soon was the year of triumphs past, 391
 And Janus, ushering in a new,
 With backward look did pompous scenes review ;
 But his fore-face with frowns was overcast ;
 He saw the gathering storms of war, 395
 And bid his priests aloud his Iron gates unbar.

XXIII.

But Heaven its hero can no longer spare,
 To mix in our tumultuous broils below,
 Yet suffer'd his foreseeing care
 Those bolts of vengeance to prepare 400
 Which other hands shall throw :
 That glory to a mighty queen remains,
 To triumph o'er th' extinguish'd foe ;
 She shall supply the thunderer's place*,
 As Pallas from th' ethereal plains 405
 Warr'd on the giant's impious race, [low.
 And laid their huge demolish'd works in smoaky ruins
 Then Anne's shall rival great Eliza's reign,
 And William's Genius, with a grateful smile,
 Look down and bless this happy Isle ; 410
 And Peace, restor'd, shall wear her olive crown again.

* "Vicem gerit illa tonantis." The motto on her Majesty's coronation medals.

AN ODE

IN THE PARK AT ASTED.

I.

YE Muses! that frequent these walks and shades,
 The seat of calm repose,
 Which Howard's happy genius chose;
 Where, taught by you, his lyre he strung,
 And oft, like Philomel, in dusky glades 5
 Sweet am'rous voluntaries sung;
 O say, ye kind inspiring Pow'rs!
 With what melodious strain
 Will you indulge my pensive vein,
 And charm my solitary hours? 10

II.

Begin, and Echo shall the song repeat,
 While screen'd from August's sev'rish heat,
 Beneath the spreading elm I lie,
 And view the yellow harvest far around,
 The neighb'ring fields with plenty crown'd, 15
 And over head a fair unclouded sky.
 The wood, the park's romantic scene,
 The deer, that innocent and gay
 On the soft turf perpetual green,
 Pass all their lives in love and play, 20
 Are various objects of delight,
 That sport with fancy, and invite
 Your aid, the pleasure to complete;
 Begin---and Echo shall the song repeat.

III.

Hark!---the kind inspiring pow'rs 23

Answer from their secret bow'rs,

Propitious to my call :

They join their choral voices all

To charm my solitary hours.

" Listen," they cry, " thou pensive Swain ! 24

" Tho' much the tuneful Sisters love

" The fields, the park, the shady grove ;

" The fields, and park, and shady grove,

" The tuneful Sisters now disdain,

" And choose to sooth thee with a sweeter strain : 25

" Molinda's praises shall our skill employ,

" Molinda ! Nature's pride, and ev'ry Muse's joy !

" The Muses triumph'd at her birth.

" When, first descending from her parent skies,

" This star of beauty shot to earth, 26

" Love saw the fires that darted from her eyes ;

" He saw, and smil'd---The winged boy,

" Gave early omens of her conquering fame,

" And to his mother lisp'd her name,

" Molinda!---Nature's pride, and ev'ry Muse's joy."

IV.

Say, beauteous Asted ! has thy honour'd shade 27

Ever receiv'd that lovely maid ?

Ye Nymphs and Sylvan deities ! confess

That shining festal day of happiness ;

For if the lovely maid was here, 28

April himself, tho' in so fair a dress

OBIS.

63

He clothe the meads, tho' his delicious show'rs
 Awake the blossoms and the breathing flow'rs,
 And new-create the fragrant year ;
 April himself, or brighter May,
 Assisted by the god of Day,
 Never made your grove so gay,
 Or half so full of charms appear.

55

V.

Whatever rural seat she now doth grace,
 And shines a goddess of the plains,
 Imperial Love new triumphs there ordains,
 Removes with her from place to place :
 With her he keeps his court, and where she lives he
 A thousand bright attendants more [reigns.
 Her glorious equipage compose ;
 There circling Pleasure ever flows ;
 Friendship and Arts, a well-selected store,
 Good-humour, Wit, and Music's soft delight,
 The shorten'd minutes there beguile,
 And sparkling Mirth, that never looks so bright
 As when it lightens in Molinda's smile.

60

65

70

VI.

Thither, ye guardian Pow'rs ! (if such there are
 Deputed from the sky
 To watch o'er human-kind with friendly care)
 Thither, ye gentle Spirits ! fly :
 If goodness like your own can move
 Your constant zeal, your tend'rest love,

75

For ever wait on this accomplish'd fair;
 Shield her from ev'ry ruder breath of air,
 Nor let invading sickness come
 To blast those beauties in their bloom.
 May no misguiding choice, no hapless doom,
 Disturb the heaven of her fair life
 With clouds of grief or show'rs of melting tears
 Let harsh unkindness and ungen'rous strife,
 Repining discontent and boding fears,
 With ev'ry shape of woe, be driven away
 Like ghosts prohibited the day:
 Let Peace o'er her his dove-like wings display
 And smiling joys crown all her blissful years:

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

I.

APOLLO! god of sounds and verse,
 Pathetic airs and moving thoughts inspire,
 Whilst we thy Damon's praise rehearse;
 Damon himself could animate the lyre.
 Apollo! god of sounds and verse,
 Pathetic airs and moving thoughts inspire,
 Look down, and warm the song with thy celes

II.

Ah, lovely Youth! when thou wert here,
Thyself a young Apollo did appear;

ODES.

65

Young as that god, so sweet a grace, 10
Such blooming fragrance in thy face ;
So soft thy air, thy visage so serene,
That harmony ev'n in thy look was seen.

III.

But when thou didst th' obedient strings command,
And join in consort thy melodious hand, 15
Ev'n Fate itself, such wondrous strains to hear,
Fate had been charm'd had Fate an ear.
But what does music's skill avail ?
When Orpheus did his loss deplore
Trees bow'd attentive to his tale ; 20
Hush'd were the winds, wild beasts forgot to roar,
But dear Euridice came back no more.
Then cease, ye sons of Harmony ! to mourn,
Since Damon never can return.
See, see ! he mounts, and cleaves the liquid way ! 25
Bright choirs of angels, on the wing,
For the new guest's arrival stay,
And hymns of triumph sing :
They bear him to the happy seats above,
Seats of eternal harmony and love, 30
Where artful Purcell went before.
Cease then, ye sons of Music ! cease to mourn,
Your Damon never will return,
No ; never more. 34

ODE ON THE SPRING.

FOR THE MONTH OF MAY.

I.

WANTON Zephyr! come away;
On this sweet, this silent grove,
Sacred to the Muse and Love,
In gentle whisper'd murmurs play.
Come, let thy soft, thy balmy breeze,
Diffuse thy vernal sweets around
From sprouting flow'rs and blossom'd trees,
While hills and echoing vales resound
With notes which wing'd musicians sing
In honour to the bloom of Spring.

II.

Lovely season of desire!
Nature smiles with joy to see
The am'rous months led on by thee,
That kindly wake her genial fire.
The brightest object in the skies,
The fairest lights that shine below,
The sun, and Mira's charming eyes,
At thy return more charming grow:
With double glory they appear,
To warm and grace the infant year.

AN ODE IN PRAISE OF MUSIC.

PERFORMED AT STATIONERS' HALL, 1703.

Descende Coelo, et dic age tibia
Regina longuin Calliope melos!
Seu voce nunc mavis accuta,
Seu fidibus, cytharave Phœbi.

HOR.

[*Begin with a Chorus.*]

I.

Awake, celestial Harmony!
Awake, celestial Harmony!
Turn thy vocal sphere around,
Goddess of melodious sound:
Let the trumpet's shrill voice, 5
And the drum's thund'ring noise,
Rouse ev'ry dull mortal from sorrows profound.
See, see!
The mighty power of Harmony!
Behold how soon its charms can chase 10
Grief and gloom from ev'ry face!
How swift its raptures fly,
And thrill thro' ev'ry soul, and brighten ev'ry eye!

II.

Proceed, sweet charmer of the ear!
Proceed, and thro' the mellow flute, 15
The moving lyre,
And solitary lute,

Melting airs, soft joys, inspire;
 Airs for drooping Hope to hear,
 Melting as a lover's prayer; 20
 Joys to flatter dull Despair,
 And softly sooth the am'rous fire.

CHORUS.

"Melting airs, soft joys, inspire;
 "Airs for drooping Hope to hear,
 "Melting as a lover's prayer; 25
 "Joys to flatter dull Despair,
 "And softly sooth the am'rous fire."

III.

Now let the sprightly violin
 A louder strain begin;
 And now 30
 Let the deep-mouth'd organ blow,
 Swell it high and sink it low.
 Hark!--how the treble and the bass
 In wanton fugues each other chase,
 And swift divisions run their airy race 35
 Thro' all the travers'd scale they fly,
 In winding labyrinths of harmony;
 By turns they rise and fall, by turns we live and
 die.

CHORUS.

"In winding labyrinths of harmony,
 "Thro' all the travers'd scale they fly; 40
 "*By turns* they rise and fall, by turns we live and
die."

IV.

Ye sons of Art ! once more renew your strains,
 In loftier verse and loftier lays
 Your voices raise
 To Music's praise ; 45
 A nobler song remains.
 Sing how the great Creator-God
 On wings of flaming cherubs rode,
 To make a world, and round the dark abyss
 Turn'd the golden compasses *, 50
 The compasses in Fate's high storehouse found.
 " Thus far extend," he said ; " be this,
 " O World ! thy measur'd bound."
 Mean while a thousand harps were play'd on high ;
 " Be this thy measur'd bound" 55
 Was echo'd all around.
 And now, " Arise, ye earth, and seas, and sky !"
 A thousand voices made reply,
 " Arise, ye earth, and seas, and sky !"

V.

What can Music's pow'r control ? 60
 When Nature's sleeping soul
 Perceiv'd th' enchanting sound,
 It wak'd, and shook off foul deformity ;
 The mighty melody
 Nature's secret chains unbound ; 65
 And earth arose, and seas, and sky.

* Milton.

Aloft expanded spheres were slung,
 With shining luminaries hung ;
 A vast creation stood display'd,
 By Heaven's inspiring Music made.

70

CHORUS.

" O wondrous force of Harmony ! "

VI.

Divinest Art ! whose fame shall never cease,
 Thy honour'd voice proclaim'd the Saviour's birth :
 When Heaven vouchsaf'd to treat with earth,
 Music was herald of the peace :
 Thy voice could best the joyful tidings tell :
 Immortal mercy ! boundless love !
 A God descending from above
 To conquer Death and Hell,

75

VII.

There yet remains an hour of fate
 When Music must again its charms employ ;
 The trumpet's sound
 Shall call the num'rous nations under ground :
 The num'rous nations straight
 Appear, and some with grief, and some with joy
 Their final sentence wait.

80

85

GRAND CHORUS.

" Then other arts shall pass away :
 " Proud Architecture shall in ruins lie,
 " And Painting fade and die :
 " *Nay earth, and heaven itself, in wasteful fire de-*
cay.

ODES.	71
“ Music alone, and poesy,	91
“ Triumphant o’er the flame, shall see	
“ The world’s last blaze.	
“ The tuneful Sisters shall embrace,	
“ And praise and sing, and sing and praise,	
“ In never-ceasing choirs to all eternity.”	96

AN ODE
FOR VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC,

To the memory of the most Noble

WILLIAM D. OF DEVONSHIRE.

OBIIIT ANNO MDCCVII.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. PEPUSCH.

[*Overture of soft Music.*]

BRITANNIA*. RECITATIVE.

YE gen’rous Arts and Muses ! join,
While down your cheeks the streaming sorrows flow,
Let murm’ring strings with the soft voice combine
T’ express the melody of woe.
And thou, Augusta ! rise and wait
With decent honours on the great ;
Condole my loss, and weep Devonian’s fate.

* Signiora Margarita.

AIR, with flutes.

" Queen of Cities ! leave a while
 " Thy beauteous smile ;
 " Turn to tender grief thy joy. 10
 " From thy shore of Thames replying,
 " Gentlest echoes fainting, dying,
 " Shall their sorrow too employ.
 " Queen of Cities ! leave a while
 " Thy beauteous smile ; 15
 " Turn to tender grief thy joy."

AUGUSTA*. RECITATIVE.

'Tis Fame's chief immortality,
 Britannia ! to be mourn'd by thee.
 I know the loss ; from midnight skies
 Ill omens late did strike my eyes ; 20
 Near the radiant Northern Car
 I look'd, and saw a falling star.

AIR.

" Lands remote the loss will hear ;
 " From rocks reporting,
 " Seas transporting, 25
 " Will the wafted sorrow bear.
 " Winds that fly
 " Will softly sigh,
 " A star has left the British sphere.
 " Lands remote," &c. 30

* Mrs. Tofts.

BRITANNIA. RECITATIVE.

Great George! whose azure emblems of renown
 Are the fair gifts of Britain's crown,
 Patron of my illustrious Isle!
 Thou saw'st thy Order late exprest 34
 With added brightness on Devopia's breast; [smile.
 Meet the companion Knight, and own him with a

DUETTO FOR BRITANNIA AND AUGUSTA.

"BRIT. To shade his peaceful grave
 "Let growing palms extend.
 "AUG. To grace his peaceful grave.
 "Let hov'ring Loves attend. 40
 "BOTH. { To shade, &c.
 { To grace, &c.
 "BRIT. And wakeful Fame defend,
 "AUG. And grateful Truth commend,
 "BOTH. The gen'rous and the brave." 45

AUGUSTA. RECITATIVE.

Now shall Augusta's sons their skill impart,
 And summon the dumb sister Art,
 In marble life to show
 What the patriot was below.
 Here let a weeping Cupid stand, 50
 And wound himself with his own dart;
 There place the ducal crown, the sword, the wand,
 The mark of Anna's trust and his command.

AIR.

"Lofty birth, and honours shining,
 "Bring a light on noble minds;

" Ev'ry courtly grace combining,
 " Ev'ry gen'rous action joining,
 " With eternal laurel binds.
 " Lofty birth, and honours shining,
 " Bring a light on noble minds."

60

BRITANNIA. RECITATIVE.

Behold fair Liberty attend,
 And in Devon's loss bewail a friend.
 See! o'er his tomb perpetual lamps she lights,
 Then on his urn the goddess writes!
 " Preserve, O urn *! his silent dust,
 " Who faithful did obey
 " Princes like Anna, good and just,
 " Yet scorn'd his freedom to betray,
 " And, hated by all tyrants, chose
 " The glory to have such his foes."

65

70

AUGUSTA. RECITATIVE.

Genius of Britain! give thy sorrows o'er,
 A grateful tribute thou hast paid
 To thy Devon's noble shade;
 Now vainly weep the dead no more.
 For see---the Duke and patriot still survives, 75
 And in his great successor lives.

* The Duke ordered this inscription to be placed upon his monument,

Willielmus, Dux Devoniz,
 Bonorum Principum fidelis subditus,
 Inimicus, et invisus tyrannis.

BRITANNIA. RECITATIVE.

I own the new-arising light ;
 I see paternal grandeur shine,
 Descending thro' th' illustrious line
 In the same royal favours bright. 80

Last DUETTO, with all the instruments.

" BRIT. Gently smooth thy flight, O Time!
 " AUG. Smoothly wing thy flight, O Time!
 " BOTH. And as thou flying growest old,
 " Still this happy race behold
 " In Britannia's court sublime. 85
 " BRIT. Lead along their smiling hours ;
 " AUG. Long produce their smiling hours ;
 " BOTH. Bless'd by all auspicious pow'rs.
 " BRIT. Gently smooth thy flight, O Time!
 " AUG. Smoothly wing thy flight, O Time! 90
 " BOTH. And as thou flying growest old,
 " Still this happy race behold
 " In Britannia's court sublime." 93

BEAUTY.

AN ODE.

I.

FAIR rival to the god of Day,
 Beauty! to thy celestial ray
 A thousand sprightly fruits we owe ;
 Gay wit and moving eloquence,
 And ev'ry art t' improve the sense,
 And ev'ry grace that shines below. 5

II.

Not Phœbus does our songs inspire,
Nor did Cyllenius form the lyre,
'T is thou art music's living spring ;
To thee the poet tunes his lays,
And sweetly warbling Beauty's praise,
Describes the pow'r that makes him sing.

III.

Painters from thee their skill derive,
By thee their works to ages live ;
For even thy shadows give surprise,
As when we view in crystal streams
The morning sun and rising beams,
That seem to shoot from other skies.

IV.

Enchanting vision! who can be
Unmov'd that turns his eyes on thee ?
Yet brighter still thy glories shine,
And double charms thy pow'r improve,
When Beauty, dress'd in smiles of Love,
Grows, like its parent Heaven, divine!

**ALEXANDER'S FEAST:
OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.**

AN ODE IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

BY MR. DRYDEN.

Altered for Music by Mr. Hughes.

I.

RECITATIVE.

'T WAS at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son ;
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sat
On his imperial throne :
His valiant peers were plac'd around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound.

AIR.

" Lovely Thais by his side,
" Blooming sat in beauty's pride.
" Happy, happy, happy pair !
" None but the brave deserves the fair."

II.

RECITATIVE.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre ;
Trembling the notes ascend the sky,
And heav'nly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above:
 (Such is the pow'r of mighty Love!)
 A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god;
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia prest,
 And while he sought her snowy breast;
 Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of the
 world.

20

25

The list'ning crowd adore the lofty sound,
 A present deity! they shout around;
 A present deity! the echoing roofs rebound.

AIR.

"With ravish'd ears
 "The monarch hears,
 "Assumes the god,
 "Affects the nod,
 "And seems to shake the spheres."

30

III.

RECITATIVE.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
 Of Bacchus, ever fair, and ever young!
 Behold he comes, the victor god!
 Flush'd with a purple grace,
 He shews his honest face,
 As when, by tigers drawn, o'er India's plains he
 rode,

35

ODES.

79

While, loud with conquest and with wine, 40
 His jolly troop around him reel'd along,
 And taught the vocal skies to join
 In this applauding song.

DUETTO.

" Bacchus, ever gay and young,		
" First did drinking joys ordain.		45
" Bacchus' blessings are a treasure ;	} 1.	
" Drinking is the soldier's pleasure ;		2.
" Rich the treasure,	} 1.	
" Sweet the pleasure ;		2.
" Sweet is pleasure after pain !"	} BOTH.	50

IV.

RECITATIVE.

Fir'd with the sound, the king grew vain,
 Fought all his battles o'er again, [slain.
 And thrice he rou'ed all hi foes, and thrice he slew the
 The master saw the madness rise,
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes; 55
 And while he Heaven and earth defy'd,
 He chose a mournful Muse,
 Soft pity to infuse ;
 Then thus he chang'd his song, and check'd his pride.

AIR.

" See Darius, great and good !	60
" By too severe a fate	
" Fa'llen from his high estate ;	
" Behold his flowing blood !	
" On earth th' expiring monarch lies,	
" With not a friend to close his eyes !"	

V.

RECITATIVE.

With downcast looks the joyless victor sat,
 Revolving in his alter'd soul
 The various turns of chance below,
 And now and then a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow. 70
 The mighty master smil'd to see
 That love was in the next degree,
 'T was but a kindred sound to move,
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet in Lydian measures, 75
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.

AIR, with flutes.

" War is toil and trouble,
 " Honour is an airy bubble,
 " Never ending, still beginning,
 " Fighting still, and still destroying: 80
 " If the world be worth thy winning,
 " Think, O! think it worth enjoying:
 " Lovely Thais sits beside thee;
 " Take the good the gods provide thee."

VI.

RECITATIVE.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain, 85
 Gaz'd on the fair
 Who caus'd his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.

ODES.

81

At length, with love and wine at once oppress, 90
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

DUETTO.

" Phœbus! patron of the lyre,	}	1.	
" Cupid! god of soft desire,		2.	
" Cupid! god of soft desire,	}	1.	
" Phœbus! patron of the lyre,		2.	95
" How victorious are your charms!	}	BOTH.	
" Crown'd with conquest,		1.	
" Full of glory,	}	2.	
" See a monarch fall'n before ye,		BOTH.	
" Chain'd in Beauty's clasping arms!"	}		100

VII.

RECITATIVE.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain:
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
Rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark! the horrid sound 105
Has rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd he stares around!

AIR, with symphonies.

" Revenge, revenge, Alecto cries,
" See the Furies arise! 110
" See the snakes that they rear
" How they hiss in their hair,
" And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!"

Volume II.

H

VIII.

RECITATIVE.

Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand! 115
 Those are Grecian ghosts that in battle were slain,
 And unbury'd remain
 Inglorious on the plain.
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew. 120
 Behold how they toss their torches on high!
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods!

AIR.

"The princes applaud with a furious joy,
 "And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
 "Thais led the way 125
 "To light him to his prey,
 "And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy."

IX.

RECITATIVE.

Thus, long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow, 130
 While organs yet were mute,
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine Cecilia came, 135
 Inventress of the vocal frame.

The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown be-
 fore.

AIR.

" Let old Timotheus yield the prize, 141
 " Or both divide the crown ;
 " He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
 " She drew an angel down." 144

A MONUMENTAL ODE.

TO THE MEMORY OF

MRS. ELIZABETH HUGHES,

*Late wife of Edward Hugbes, Esq. of Hertingsfordbury, in
 the county of Hertford, and daughter of Richard Harrison,
 Esq. of Balls, in the same county.*

OBIIT NOV. 15, 1714.

I.

SEE ! how those dropping monuments decay !
 Frail mansions of the silent dead,
 Whose souls to uncorrupting regions fled,
 With a wise scorn their mould'ring dust survey.
 Their tombs are rais'd from dust as well as they ; 5
 For, see ! to dust they both return,
 And Time consumes alike the ashes and the urn.

H 15

II.

We ask the sculptor's art in vain
 To make us for a space ourselves survive ;
 In Parian stone we proudly breathe again, 10
 Or seem in figur'd brass to live :
 Yet stone and brass our hopes betray ;
 Age steals the mimic forms and characters away.
 In vain, O Egypt ! to the wond'ring skies
 With giant pride thy pyramids arise : 15
 Whate'er their vast and gloomy vaults contain,
 No names distinct of their great dread remain :
 Beneath the mass confus'd, in heaps thy monarchs
 lie,
 Unknown, and blended in mortality.

III.

To death ourselves and all our works we owe : 20
 But is there nought, O Muse ! can save
 Our memories from darkness and the grave,
 And some short after-life bestow ?
 That task is mine, the Muse replies ;
 And, hark ! she tunes the sacred lyre. 25
 Verse is the last of human works that dies,
 When virtue does the song inspire,

IV.

Then look, Eliza ! happy Saint ! look down ;
 Pause from immortal joys a while
 To hear, and, gracious, with a smile 30
Thy dedicated numbers own ;

Say how in thy life's scanty space,
 So short a space, so wondrous bright,
 Bright as a summer's day, short as a summer's night,
 Couldst thou find room for ev'ry crowded grace ? 35
 As if thy thrifty soul foreknew,
 Like a wise envoy, Heaven's intent
 Soon to recal whom it had sent,
 And all its task resolv'd at once to do.
 Or wert thou but a traveller below, 40
 That hither didst a while repair,
 Curious our customs and our laws to know,
 And, sick'ning in our grosser air,
 And tir'd of vain repeated sights,
 Our foolish cares, our false delights, 45
 Back to thy native seats wouldst go ?
 Oh ! since to us thou wilt no more return,
 Permit thy friends, the faithful few,
 Who best thy num'rous virtues knew,
 Themselves, not thee, to mourn. 50

V.

Now, pensive Muse ! enlarge thy flight ;
 (By turns the pensive Muses love
 The hilly heights and shady grove)
 Behold where, swelling to the sight,
 Balls, a fair structure ! graceful stands, 55
 And from yon' verdant rising brow
 Sees Hertford's ancient town, and lands
 Where Nature's hand in slow meanders leads
 The Lee's clear stream its course to flow

AN ODE FOR TWO VOICES.

For the Birth-day of her Royal Highness

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

St. David's day, the 1st of March, 1715-16.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. PARSONS

*And performed at the anniversary meeting of the Society of
Antient Britons established in honour of her Royal Highness's
Birth-day, and of the principality of Wales.*

*Salve hæta dies! meliorque revertere semper,
A populo rerum digna potentia coli!*

OWEN.

First voice, FAME.

Second voice, CAMBRIA; or, The Principality of WALES.

BOTH VOICES, *with a trumpet.*

"To joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day!"

"CAMB. Rise, goddess of immortal fame,

"And with thy trumpet's swelling sound,

"To all Britannia's realms around

"The double festival proclaim."

5

"FAME. The goddess of immortal fame

"Shall with her trumpet's swelling sound

"To all Britannia's realms around

"The double festival proclaim."

CHOR.

JOINT VOICES.

" O'er Cambria's distant hills let the loud notes rebound; 10

" Each British soul be rais'd, and ev'ry eye be gay,

" To joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day."

FAME. Hail, Cambria! long to Fame well known,
Thy patron-saint looks smiling down,
Well pleas'd to see 15

His days, prolific of renown,
Increas'd in honours to himself and thee.

See Carolina's natal star arise,

And with new beams adorn thy azure skies!

Tho' on her virtues I should ever dwell, 20

Fame cannot all her num'rous virtues tell.

Bright in herself, and in her offspring bright,

On Britain's throne she casts diffusive light;

Detraction from her presence flies;

And, while promiscuous crowds in rapture gaze, 25

Ev'n tongues disloyal learn her praise,

And murmur'ing Envy sees her smile, and dies.

" Happy morn! such gifts bestowing,

" Britain's joys from thee are flowing;

" Ever thus auspicious shine! 30

" Happy Isle! such gifts possessing;

" Britain! ever own the blessing;

" Carolina's charms are thine."

CAMB. Nor yet, O Fame! dost thou display
All the triumphs of this day; 35

More wonders yet arise to sight.
 See! o'er these rites what mighty pow'r presides* ;
 Behold! to these his early steps he guides :
 What noble ardour does his soul excite!
 Henceforth when, to the list'ning universe 40
 Thou numb'rest o'er my princes of renown,
 The second hope of Britain's crown,
 When my great Edward's deeds thou shalt rehearse †,
 And tell of Crecy's well-fought plain,
 Thy golden trumpet sound again ; 45
 The brave Augustus shall renew thy strain,
 And Oudenarda's fight immortalize the verse.

AIR, with a harp.

" Heavenly Muses! tune your lyres,
 " Far resounding ;
 " Grace the hero's glorious name. 50
 " See! the song new life inspires;
 " Ev'ry breast with joy abounding,
 " Seems to share the hero's flame."

FAME. O thou! with ev'ry virtue crown'd,
 Britannia's father, and her king renown'd! 55
 Thus in thy offspring greatly blest,
 While thro' th' extended royal line
 Thou seest thy propagated lustre shine,
 What secret raptures fill thy breast!

* His Royal Highness, President of the Society.

† Edward the Black Prince.

ODES.

91

So smiles Apollo, doubly gay,
 When in the diamond, with full blaze,
 He views his own paternal rays,
 And all his bright reflected day.

60

CAMB. Hail, source of blessings to our Isle!
 While gloomy clouds shall take their flight,
 Shot thro' by thy victorious light,
 Propitious ever on thy Britons smile!

65

BOTH VOICES.

"To joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day!"

"CAMB. Rise, goddess of immortal fame,

"And with thy trumpet's swelling sound

70

"To all Britannia's realms around

"The double festival proclaim."

"FAME. The goddess of immortal fame

"Shall with her trumpet's swelling sound

"To all Britannia's realms around

75

"The double festival proclaim."

BOTH VOICES.

"O'er Cambria's distant hills let the loud notes re-
 bound;

"Each British soul be rais'd, and ev'ry eye be gay:

"To joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day!"

79

THE ECSTASY.

AN ODE.

Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Musae
Accipiant, coeque vias et sidera monstrent.

VIRG.

Advertisement.

IT may be proper to acquaint the reader that the following poem was begun on the model of a Latin ode of Casimire, entitled E Rebus Humanis Excessus, from which it is plain that Cowley likewise took the first hint of his ode called The Ecstasy. The former part therefore is chiefly an imitation of that ode, though with considerable variations, and the addition of the whole second stanza, except the first three lines: but the plan itself seeming capable of a farther improvement, the latter part, which attempts a short view of the heavens, according to the modern philosophy, is entirely original, and not founded on any thing in the Latin author.

I.

I LEAVE mortality's low sphere.
Ye Winds and Clouds! come lift me high,
And on your airy pinions bear
Swift thro' the regions of the sky.
What lofty mountains downward fly!
And, lo! how wide a space of air
Extends new prospects to my eye!

The gilded fanes, reflecting light,
 And royal palaces as bright,
 (The rich abodes
 Of heavenly and of earthly gods)
 Retire apace; whole cities, too,
 Decrease beneath my rising view.
 And now far off the rolling globe appears;
 Its scatter'd nations I survey, 15
 And all the mass of earth and sea:
 Oh! object well deserving tears!
 Capricious state of things below,
 That, changeful from their birth, no fix'd duration
 know.

II.

Here new-built towns, aspiring high, 20
 Ascend, with lofty turrets crown'd;
 There others fall, and, mould'ring, lie
 Obscure, or only by their ruins found.
 Palmyra's far-extended waste I spy,
 (Once Tadmor, ancient in renown) 25
 Her marble heaps, by the wild Arab shown,
 Still load with useless pomp the ground.
 But where is lordly Babylon? where now
 Lifts she to heaven her giant brow?
 Where does the wealth of Nineveh abound? 30
 Or where's the pride of Afric's shore?
 Is Rome's great rival then no more?
 In Rome herself behold th' extremes of fate,
 Her ancient greatness sunk, her modern boasted state
 Volume II. 1

See her luxurious palaces arise 35
 With broken arches mix'd between!
 And here what splendid domes possess the skies!
 And there old temples, open to the day,
 Their walls o'ergrown with moss display,
 And columns, awful in decay, 40
 Rear up their roofless heads to form the various
 scene!

III.

Around the space of earth I turn my eye,
 But where's the region free from woe?
 Where shall the Muse one little spot descry
 The seat of happiness below? 45
 Here peace would all its joys dispense,
 The vines and olives unmolested grow;
 But, lo! a purple pestilence
 Unpeoples cities, sweeps the plains,
 Whilst vainly thro' deserted fields 50
 Her unreap'd harvest Ceres yields,
 And at the noon of day a midnight silence reigns:
 Their milder heat the healthful climate warms;
 But, slaves to arbitrary power,
 And pleas'd each other to devour, 55
 The mad possessors rush to arms.
 I see, I see them from afar;
 I view distinct the mingled war:
 I see the charging squadrons prest
 Hand to hand, and breast to breast. 60

Destruction, like a vulture, hovers nigh :
 Lur'd with the hope of human blood,
 She hangs upon the wing, uncertain where to fly,
 But licks her droughty jaws, and waits the promis'd
 food.

IV.

Here cruel Discord takes a wider scene, 65
 To exercise more unrelenting rage ;
 Appointed fleets their num'rous pow'rs engage,
 With scarce a space of sea between.
 Hark! what a brazen burst of thunder
 Rends the elements asunder! 70
 Affrighted Ocean flies the roar,
 And drives the billows to the distant shore :
 The distant shore,
 That such a storm ne'er felt before,
 Transmits it to the rocks around ; 75
 The rocks and hollow creeks prolong the rolling sound.

V.

Still greater horrors strike my eyes :
 Behold convulsive earthquakes there
 A shatter'd land in pieces tear,
 And ancient cities sink, and sudden mountains rise !
 Thro' op'ning mines th' astonish'd wretches go, 81
 Hurry'd to unknown depths below.
 The bury'd ruin sleeps, and nought remains
 But dust above and desert plains,
 Unless some stone this sad inscription wear, 85
Rais'd by some future traveller,

"The prince, his people, and his kingdom, here
 "One common tomb contains."

VI.

Again, behold where seas, disclaiming bound,
 O'er the firm land usurping ride,
 And bury spacious towns beneath their sweeping tide
 Dash'd with the sudden flood the vaulted temples side
 Waves roll'd on waves, deep burying deep, lift high
 A wat'ry monument, in which profound
 The courts and cottages together lie.
 Ev'n now the floating wreck I spy,
 And the wide surface far around
 With spoils of plunder'd countries crown'd.
 Such, Belgia! was the savage and affright
 When late thou saw'st thy ancient foe
 Swell o'er thy dikes, oppos'd in vain,
 With deadly rage, and, rising in its might,
 Pour down swift ruin on thy plains below.
 Thus fire, and air, and earth, and main,
 And never-ceasing fight maintain,
 While man on ev'ry side is sure to lose;
 And Fate has furnish'd out the stage of life
 With war, misfortune, and with strife,
 Till Death the curtain drops, and shuts the scene of

VII.

[woes.

But why do I delay my flight,
 Or on such gloomy objects gaze?
 I go to realms serene with ever-living light. [to raise:
Haste, Clouds and Whirlwinds! haste a raptur'd band

Mount me sublime along the shining way,
Where planets, in pure streams of ether driv'n, 115
Swim thro' the blue expanse of Heaven.

And, lo! th' obsequious clouds and winds obey;
And, lo! again the nations downwards fly,
And wide-stretch'd kingdoms perish from my eye.
Heaven! what bright visions now arise! 120

What opening worlds my ravish'd sense surprise!
I pass cerulean gulfs, and now behold
New solid globes their weight, self-balanc'd, bear
Unpropp'd amidst the fluid air,
And all around the central sun in circling eddies roll'd.
Unequal in their course, see they advance, 126
And form the planetary dance!

Here the pale moon, whom the same laws ordain
T' obey the earth and rule the main;
Her spots no more in shadowy streaks appear, 130
But lakes instead, and groves of trees,
The wond'ring Muse transported sees,
And their tall heads discover'd mountains rear.
And now once more I downward cast my sight,
When, lo! the earth, a larger moon, displays 135
Far off, amidst the heavens, her silver face,
And to her sister-moon by turns gives light,
Her seas are shadowy spots, her land a milky white.

VIII.

What power unknown my course still upwards guides,
Where Mars is seen his ruddy rays to throw 140
Thro' heatless skies that round him seem to glow,
And where remoter Jove o'er his four moons presides?
I iiij

And now I urge my way more bold,
 Unpierc'd by Saturn's chilling cold, 144
 And pass his planetary guards, and his bright Ring beset
 Here the sun's beams so faintly play, [146]
 The mingled shades almost extinguish day;
 His rays reverted hence the site withdraws,
 For here his wide dominions end;
 And other suns, that rule by other laws, 148
 Hither their hor'd'ring realms extend

III.

And now far off, thro' the blue-vacant borne,
 I reach at last the Milky road, 150
 Once thought to lead to Jove's supreme abode;
 Where stars, profuse in heaps, heaven's glittering
 heights adorn: 155
 Lost in each others' neighb'ring rays,
 They undistinguish'd shine in one promiscuous blaze,
 So thick the lucid gems are strown,
 As if th' Almighty Builder here
 Laid up his stores for many a sphere 160
 In destin'd worlds as yet unknown,
 Hither the nightly-wakeful swain,
 That guards his folds upon the plain,
 Oft turns his gazing eyes,
 Yet marks no stars, but o'er his head 165
 Beholds the streamy twilight spread,
 Like distant morning in the skies,
 And wonders from what source its dawning splendours
 rise.

X.

But, lo!--what's this I see appear?
 It seems far off a pointed flame; 170
 From earthwards too the shining meteor came.
 How swift it climbs th' aerial space!
 And now it traverses each sphere,
 And seems some living guest familiar to the place.
 'Tis he--as I approach more near 175
 The great Columbus of the skies I know.
 'Tis Newton's soul! that daily travels here
 In search of knowledge for mankind below.
 O stay, thou happy Spirit! stay,
 And lead me on thro' all th' unbeaten wilds of day;
 As when the Sybil did Rome's father guide 181
 Safe thro' the downward roads of night,
 And in Elysium bless'd his sight
 With views till then to mortal eyes deny'd.
 Here let me, thy companion, stray, 185
 From orb to orb, and now behold
 Unnumber'd suns, all seas of molten gold,
 And trace each comet's wand'ring way,
 And now descry Light's fountain-head,
 And measure its descending speed; 190
 Or learn how sun-born colours rise
 In rays distinct, and in the skies
 Blended in yellow radiance flow,
 Or stain the fleecy cloud, or streak the wat'ry bow;
 Or, now diffus'd, their beauteous tinctures shed 195
 On ev'ry planet's rising hills, and ev'ry verdant mead.

XI.

Thus, rais'd sublime on Contemplation's wings,
 Fresh wonders I would still explore,
 Still the great Maker's power adore,
 Lost in the thought—nor ever more. 200
 Return to earth and earthly things;
 But here with native freedom take my flight,
 An inmate of the heavens, adopted into light.
 So for a while the royal eagle's brood
 In his low nest securely lies. 205
 Amid the darkness of the shelt'ring wood,
 Yet there with inborn vigour hopes the skies,
 Till, fledg'd with wings full-grown, and bold to rise,
 The bird of heaven to heaven aspires,
 Soars 'midst the meteors and celestial fires; 210
 With gen'rous pride his humbler birth disdains,
 And bears the thunder thro' th' ethereal plains.

TRANSLATIONS, &c.

ANACREON, ODE III.

AT dead of night, when mortals lose
Their various cares in soft repose,
I heard a knocking at my door:
"Who's that," said I, "at this late hour
"Disturbs my rest?"---It sobb'd and cry'd, 5
And thus in mournful tone reply'd:
"A poor unhappy child am I,
"That's come to beg your charity:
"Pray let me in!--you need not fear;
"I mean no harm I vow and swear; 10
"But, wet and cold, crave shelter here:
"Betray'd by night, and led astray,
"I've lost---alas! I've lost my way."
Mov'd with this little tale of fate,
I took a lamp, and op'd the gate; 15
When, see! a naked boy before
The threshold. At his back he wore
A pair of wings, and by his side
A crooked bow and quiver ty'd.
"My pretty Angel! come," said I, 20
"Come to the fire, and do not cry."
I strok'd his neck and shoulders bare,
And squeez'd the water from his hair,

Then chaf'd his little hands in mine,
 And cheer'd him with a draught of wine. 2;
 Recover'd thus, says he, " I 'd know
 " Whether the rain has spoil'd my bow :
 " Let 's try"—then shot me with a dart.
 The venom throbb'd, did ache and smart,
 As if a bee had stung my heart. 3;
 " Are these your thanks, ungrateful Child !
 " Are these your thanks ?"—Th' impostor scold'd.
 " Farewell, my loving host !" says he;
 " All 's well ; my bow 's unhurt I see.
 " But what a wretch I 'ave made of thee !" 4;

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

FROM THE FOURTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

WHERE Babylon's proud walls, erected high
 By fam'd Semiramis, ascend the sky,
 Dwelt youthful Pyramus and Thisbe fair ;
 Adjoining houses held the lovely pair.
 His perfect form all other youth's surpass'd ; 5
 Charms such as her's no Eastern beauty grac'd.
 Near neighbourhood the first acquaintance drew,
 An early promise of the love t' ensue.
 Time nurs'd the growing flame : had Fate been kind,
 The nuptial rites their faithful hands had join'd ; 10

But with vain threats forbidding parents strove
To check the joy, they could not check the love.
Each captive heart consumes in like desire ;
The more conceal'd the fiercer rag'd the fire.
Soft looks, the silent eloquence of eyes, 15
And secret signs, secure from household spies,
Exchange their thoughts. The common wall between
Each parted house retain'd a chink, unseen
For ages past. The lovers soon espy'd
This small defect, for Love is eagle-ey'd, 20
And in soft whispers soon the passage try'd.
Safe went the murmur'd sounds, and ev'ry day
A thousand am'rous blandishments convey ;
And often, as they stood on either side,
To catch by turns the flitting voice, they cry'd, 25
" Why, envious Wall ! ah ! why dost thou destroy
" The lovers' hopes, and why forbid the joy ?
" How should we bless thee wouldst thou yield to
 charms,
" And, op'ning, let us rush into each other's arms ?
" At least, if that's too much, afford a space 30
" To meeting lips, nor shall we slight the grace.
" We owe to thee this freedom to complain,
" And breathe our vows, but vows, alas ! in vain."
Thus having said, when ev'ning call'd to rest,
The faithful pair on either side imprest 35
An intercepted kiss, than bade good night :
But when th' ensuing dawn had put to flight

The stars, and Phœbus, rising from his bed,
 Drank up the dews, and dry'd the flow'ry mead,
 Again they meet; in sighs again disclose
 Their grief, and last this bold design propose :
 That in the dead of night both would deceive
 Their keepers, and the house and city leave ;
 And last, escap'd, without the walls they stray
 In pathless fields, and wander from the way, 41
 At Ninus' tomb their meeting they agree,
 Beneath the shady covert of a tree :
 The tree, well-known, near a cool fountain grew,
 And bore fair mulberries of snowy hue.
 The project pleas'd; the sun's unwelcome light 50
 (That slowly seem'd to move, and slack his flight)
 Sunk in the seas; from the same seas arose the sable
 night ;
 When, stealing thro' the dark, the crafty fair
 Unlock'd the door, and gain'd the open air.
 Love gave her courage; unperceiv'd she went, 55
 Wrapp'd in a veil, and reach'd the monument ;
 Then sat beneath th' appointed tree alone ;
 But, by the glimm'ring of the shining moon,
 She sat not long before from far she spy'd
 A lioness approach the fountain-side : 60
 Fierce was her glare, her foamy paws in blood
 Of slaughter'd bulls besmear'd, and foul with food ;
 For reeking from the prey, the savage came
 To drown her thirst within the neighb'ring stream.

Affrighted Thisbe! trembling at the sight, 65
 Fleed to a darksome den; but in her flight
 Her veil dropp'd off behind. Deep of the flood
 The monster drank, and, satiate, to the wood
 Returning, found the garment as it lay,
 And, torn with bloody teeth, dispers'd it in her way.
 Belated Pyramus arriv'd, and found 71
 The mark of savage feet along the sandy ground.
 All pale he turn'd; but soon as he beheld
 The crimson vesture scatter'd o'er the field,
 "One night," he cry'd, "two lovers shall destroy,
 "She worthy to have liv'd long years of joy; 76
 "But mine's the forfeit life. Unhappy maid!
 "'Twas I that slew thee; I th' appointment made;
 "To places full of death thy innocence betray'd,
 "And came not first myself---O! hither haste, 80
 "Ye Lions all that roam this rocky waste!
 "Tear my devoted entrails; gnaw, divide,
 "And gorge your famine in my open'd side.
 "But cowards call for death!"---Thus having spoke,
 The fatal garment from the ground he took, 85
 And bore it to the tree: ardent he kist,
 And bath'd in flowing tears the well-known vest.
 "Now take a second stain," the lover said,
 "While from his side he snatch'd his sharpen'd blade,
 And drove it in his groin; then from the wound 90
 Withdrew the steel, and, stagg'ring, fell to ground.
 As when a conduit broke the streams shoot high,
 Starting in sudden fountains thro' the sky,

So spouts the living stream, and sprinkled o'er
The tree's fair berries with a crimson gore, 95
While, sapp'd in purple floods, the conscious root
Transmits the stain of murder to the fruit.

The fair, who fear'd to disappoint her love,
Yet trembling with the fright forsook the grove,
And sought the youth, impatient to relate 100
Her new adventure, and th' avoided fate.

She saw the vary'd tree had lost its white,
And doubting stood if that could be the right;
Nor doubted long; for now her eyes behold
A dying person spurn the sanguine field. 105

Aghast she started back, and shook with pain,
As rising breezes curl the trembling main.
She gaz'd a while entranc'd; but when she found
It was her lover weltring on the ground,
She beat her lovely breast, and tore her hair, 110

Clasp'd the dear corpse, and, frantic in despair,
Kiss'd his cold face; supply'd a briny flood
To the wide wound, and mingled tears with blood.

"Say, Pyramus, oh! say, what chance severe
Has snatch'd thee from my arms?----- 115

"'Tis thine own Thisbe calls, look up and hear!"

At Thisbe's name he lifts his dying eyes,
And having seen her, clos'd them up, and dies.

But when she knew the bloody veil, and spy'd
The ivory scabbard empty by his side, 120

"Ah! wretched Youth!" said she, "by love betray'd;
"Thy hapless hand guided the fatal blade."

" Weak as I am I boast as strong a love ;
 " For such a deed this hand as bold shall prove.
 " I'll follow thee to death ; the world shall call 125
 " This be the cause and partner of thy fall ;
 " And ev'n in death, which could alone disjoin
 " Our persons, yet in death thou shalt be mine.
 " But hear, in both our names, this dying pray'r,
 " Ye wretched Parents of a wretched pair! 130
 " Let in one urn our ashes be confin'd,
 " Whom mutual love and the same fate have join'd.
 " And thou, fair Tree ! beneath whose friendly shade
 " One lifeless lover is already laid,
 " And soon shall cover two, for ever wear 135
 " Death's sable hue, and purple berries bear !"
 She said, and plunges in her breast the sword,
 Yet warm, and reeling from its slaughter'd lord.
 Relenting Heaven allows her last request,
 And pity touch'd their mournful parents' breast : 140
 The fruit, when ripe, a purple dye retains,
 And in one urn are plac'd their dear remains.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

IN IMITATION OF OVID. AMORUM, LIB. I. ELEG. 2.

TELL ME, some god, whence does this change arise,
 Why gentle sleep forsakes my weary eyes ?
 Why, turning often, all the tedious night
 In pain I lie, and watch the springing ligaments --
 What cruel demon haunts my torter'd mind ?
 Sure if't were Love I should th' invader find,

Unless disguis'd he lurks, the crafty boy,
 With silent arts ingenious to destroy.
 Alas! 't is so---'t is fix'd, the secret dart;
 I feel the tyrant ravaging my heart. 10
 Then shall I yield, or th' infant flame oppose?
 I yield---resistance would increase my woes:
 For struggling slaves a sharper doom sustain
 Than such as stoop obedient to the chain.
 I own thy pow'r, almighty Love! I'm thine; 15
 With pinion'd hands behold me here resign:
 Let this submission then my life obtain;
 Small praise 't will be if thus unarm'd I'm slain.
 Go, join thy mother's doves; with myrtle braid thy
 hair;
 The god of War himself a chariot shall prepare; 20
 Then thou triumphant thro' the shouting throng
 Shall ride, and move with art the willing birds along;
 While captive youths and maids in solemn state,
 Adorn the scene, and on thy triumph wait.
 There I, a later conquest of thy bow, 25
 In chains will follow too, and, as I go,
 To pitying eyes the new-made wound will show.
 Next, all that dare Love's sov'reign pow'r defy,
 In fetters bound, inglorious shall pass by:
 All shall submit to thee---Th' applauding crowd 30
 Shall lift their hands, and sing thy praise aloud.
 Soft Looks shall in thy equipage appear,
 With am'rous Play, Mistake, and jealous Fear.

Be this thy guard, great Love!—be this thy train,
Since these extend o'er men and gods thy reign, 35
But robb'd of these thy pow'r is weak and vain.
From heaven thy mother shall the pomp survey,
And, smiling, scatter fragrant show'rs of roses in thy
way,

Whilst thou, array'd in thy unrivall'd pride,
On golden wheels, all gold thyself, shalt ride: 40
Thy spreading wings shall richest diamonds wear,
And gems shall sparkle in thy lovely hair.
Thus passing by, thy arm shall hurl around
Ten thousand fires, ten thousand hearts shall wound,
This is thy practice, Love! and this thy gain; 45
From this thou canst not, if thou wouldst, refrain;
Since ev'n thy presence, with prolific heat,
Does reach the heart, and active flames create.
From conquer'd India so the jovial god*,
Drawn o'er the plains by harness'd tigers, rode. 50
Then since, great Love! I take a willing place
Amidst thy spoils, the sacred show to grace,
O! cease to wound, and let thy fatal store
Of piercing shafts be spent on me no more!
No more, too pow'rful in my charmer's eyes, 55
Torment a slave that for her beauty dies;
Or look in smiles from thence, and I shall be
A slave no longer, but a god, like thee. 58

* Bacchus.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XXII.

"Integer vili, scelerisque purus,

"Non eget Mauris jaculis, neque arcu," &c.

IMITATED IN PARAPHRASE.

I.

Hence, slavish Fear! thy Stygian wings display;
 Thou ugly fiend of hell, away!
 Wrapp'd in thick clouds and shades of night,
 To conscious souls direct thy flight;
 There brood on guilt, fix there a loath'd embrace,
 And propagate vain terrors, frights,
 Dreams, goblins, and imagin'd sprights,
 Thy visionary tribe, thy black and monstrous race!
 Go! haunt the slave that stains his hand in gore;
 Possess the perjur'd mind, and rack the wurer more
 Than his oppression did the poor before.

II.

Vainly, you feeble wretches! you prepare
 The glitt'ring forgery of war;
 The poison'd shaft, the Parthian bow, and spear
 Like that the warlike Moor is wont to wield,
 Which pois'd, and guided from his ear,
 He hurls impetuous thro' the field;
 In vain you lace the helm, and heave in vain the shield;
 He's only safe whose armour of defence
 Is adamantine innocence.

III.

If o'er the steepy Alps he go,
 Vast mountains of eternal snow,
 Or where fam'd Ganges and Hydaspes flow ;
 If o'er parch'd Libya's desert land,
 Where, threat'ning from afar, 25
 Th' affrighted traveller
 Encounter's moving hills of sand,
 No sense of danger can disturb his rest :
 He fears no human force nor savage beast ;
 Impenetrable courage steels his manly breast. 30

IV.

Thus late within the Sabine grove,
 While free from care and full of love,
 I raise my tuneful voice, and stray
 Regardless of myself and way ;
 A grisly wolf, with glaring eye, 35
 View'd me unarm'd, yet pass'd unhurtful by.
 A fiercer monster ne'er in quest of food,
 Apulian forests did molest ;
 Numidia never saw a more prodigious beast ;
 Numidia ! mother of the yellow brood, 40
 Where the stern lion shakes his notted mane,
 And roars aloud for prey, and scours the spacious
 plain.

X.

Place me where no soft breeze of summer wind
 Did e'er the stiffen'd soil unbind,

Where no refreshing warmth e'er durst invade,
 But Winter holds his unpleased seat,
 In all his hoary robes array'd,
 And rattling storms of hail, and noisy tempests,
 Place me beneath the scorching blaze
 Of the fierce sun's immediate rays,
 Where house or cottage ne'er were seen,
 Nor rooted plant, or tree, nor springing green;
 Yet, lovely Lalage! my generous flame
 Shall ne'er expire: I'll boldly sing of thee,
 Charm'd with the music of thy name,
 And guarded by the gods of Love and Poetry.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE XVI.

TO GROSAPHUS.

"Otium Divos rogat in patenti

"Prensus Agao," &c.

IMITATED IN PARAPHRASE.

I.

INDULGENT Quiet! power serene!
 Mother of Peace, and Joy, and Love,
 O say, thou calm propitious queen!
 Say in what solitary grove,
 Within what hollow rock or winding cell,
 By human eyes unseen,
 Like some retreated Druid, dost thou dwell?

And why, illusive Goddess! why,
 When we thy mansion would surround,
 Why dost thou lead us thro' enchanted ground, 10
 To mock our vain research, and from our wishes fly?

II.

The wand'ring sailor, pale with fear,
 For thee the gods implore,
 When the tempestuous sea runs high,
 And when thro' all the dark benighted sky, 15
 No friendly moon or stars appear
 To guide their steerage to the shore.
 For thee the weary soldier prays;
 Furious in fight the sons of Thrace,
 And Medes, that wear, majestic, by their side 20
 A full-charg'd quiver's decent pride,
 Gladly with thee would pass inglorious days,
 Renounce the warrior's tempting praise,
 And buy thee, if thou might'st be sold, 24
 With gems, and purple vests, and stores of plunder'd
 gold.

III.

But neither boundless wealth, nor guards that wait
 Around the Consul's honour'd gate,
 Nor antichambers with attendants fill'd,
 The mind's unhappy tumults can abate,
 Or banish sullen cares, that fly 30
 Across the gilded rooms of state,
 And their soul-nests, like swallows, build [sky.
 Close to the palace-roofs, and tow'rs that pierce the
 Much less will Nature's modest wants supply:

And happier lives the homely swain
 Who, in some cottage, far from noise,
 His few paternal goods enjoys,
 Nor knows the sordid lust of gain,
 Nor with fear's tormenting pain
 His hov'ring sleeps destroys.

IV.

Vain Man! that in a narrow space
 At endless game projects the daring spear;
 For short is life's uncertain race:
 Then why, capricious Mortal! why
 Dost thou for happiness repair
 To distant climates, and a foreign air?
 Fool! from thyself thou canst not fly,
 Thyself, the source of all thy care.
 So flies the wounded stag; provok'd with pain,
 Bounds o'er the spacious downs in vain;
 The feather'd torment sticks within his side,
 And, from the smarting wound, a purple tide
 Marks all his way with blood, and dyes the gr

V.

[p

But swifter far is execrable Care
 Than stags, or winds that thro' the skies
 Thick-driving snows and gather'd tempests bear:
 Pursuing Care the sailing ship outflies,
 Climbs the tall vessel's painted sides,
 Nor leaves arm'd squadrons in the field,
 But with the marching horsemen rides,
 And dwells alike in courts and camps, and makes
 places yield.

VI.

'Then since no state's completely blest,
 Let's learn the bitter to allay
 With gentle mirth, and, wisely gay,
 Enjoy at least the present day, 65
 And leave to Fate the rest;
 Nor with vain fear of ills to come
 Anticipate th' appointed doom.
 Soon did Achilles quit the stage;
 The hero fell by sudden death, 70
 While Tython to a tedious wasting age
 Drew his protracted breath.
 And thus old partial Time, my friend!
 Perhaps unask'd, to worthless me
 Those hours of lengthen'd life may lend 75
 Which he'll refuse to thee.

VII.

Thee shining wealth and plenteous joys surround,
 And all thy fruitful fields around
 Unnumber'd herds of cattle stray.
 Thy harness'd steeds with sprightly voice 80
 Make neighb'ring vales and hills rejoice,
 While smoothly thy gay chariot flies o'er the swift
 measur'd way.
 To me the stars, with less profusion kind,
 An humble fortune have assign'd,
 And no untuneful lyric vein, 85
 But a sincere contented mind,
That can the vile malignant crowd disdain.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE III.*

I.

THE man to right inflexibly inclin'd,
 Poising on Virtue's base his mind,
 Rests in himself secure,
 Indissolubly firm in good:
 Let tempests rise and billows rage,
 All rock within, he can unmov'd endure
 The foaming fury of the flood,
 When bellowing winds their jarring troops engage,
 Or wasteful civil tumults roll along
 With fiercer strength and louder roar,
 Driving the torrent of the throng,
 And gathering into pow'r.
 Let a proud tyrant cast a killing frown,
 Or Jove in angry thunder on the world look down;
 Nay, let the frame of Nature crack,
 And all the spacious globes on high,
 Shatter'd with universal rack,
 Come tumbling from the sky;
 Yet he'll survey the horrid scene
 With steady courage and undaunted mien,
 The only thing serene!

* The design of this Ode was to insinuate to Augustus the danger of transferring the seat of the empire from Rome to Troy, which we are informed he once entertained thoughts of.

II.

Thus Pollux and great Hercules
 Roam'd through the world, and bless'd the nations
 round,
 Till, rais'd at length to heav'nly palaces,
 Mankind as gods their benefactors crown'd. 25
 With these Augustus shall for ever shine,
 And stain his rosy lips in cups divine.
 Thus his fierce tigers dauntless Bacchus bear;
 The glaring savages resist in vain,
 Impatient of the bit, and fretting on the rein; 30
 Thro' yielding clouds he drives th' impetuous car.
 Great Romulus pursu'd the shining trace,
 And leapt the lake where all
 The rest of mortals fall,
 And with his father's * horses scour'd the same bright
 airy race. 35

III.

Then, in full senate of the deities,
 Settling the seats of pow'r and future fate,
 Juno began the high debate,
 And with this righteous sentence pleas'd the skies:
 " O, Troy !" she said, " O, hated Troy ! 40
 " A foreign woman † and a boy ‖,
 " Lewd, partial, and unjust,
 " Shook all thy proudest tow'rs to dust ;

* Romulus was supposed to be the son of Mars by
 the priestess Ilia. † Helen. ‖ Paris.

" Inclin'd to ruin from the time
 " Thy king did mock two pow'rs divine,
 " And rais'd thy hated walls in perjury ;
 " But doubly damn'd by that offence
 " Which did Minerva's rage incense,
 " And offer'd wrong to me.
 " No more the treach'rous ravisher
 " Shines in full pomp and youthful charms,
 " Nor Priam's impious house with Hector's spear
 " Repels the violence of Grecian arms.

IV.

" Our feuds did long embroil the mortal rout ;
 " At last the storm is spent ;
 " My fury with it ebbing out,
 " These terms of peace content,
 " To Mars I grant among the stars a place
 " For his son Romulus, of Trojan race :
 " Here shall he dwell in these divine abodes,
 " Drink of the heav'nly bowl,
 " And in the shining court his name enroll
 " With the serene and ever-vacant gods :
 " While seas shall rage between his Rome and
 Troy,
 " The horrid distance breaking wide,
 " The banish'd Trojans shall the globe enjoy,
 " And reign in ev'ry place beside :
 " While beasts insult my judge's dust *, and hide

* Paris.

- " Their litter in his cursed tomb,
 " The shining Capitol of Rome 70
 " Shall overlook the world with awful pride,
 " And Parthians take their law from that eternal dome.

V.

- " Let Rome extend her fame to ev'ry shore,
 " And let no banks or mounds restrain
 " Th' impetuous torrent of her wide command. 75
 " The seas from Europe Afric part in vain;
 " Swelling above those floods, her pow'r
 " Shall, like its Nile, o'erflow the Libyan land.
 " Shining in polish'd steel, she dares
 " The glitt'ring beams of gold despise, 80
 " Gold! the great source of human cares,
 " Hid wisely deep from mortal eyes,
 " Till, sought in evil hour by hands unblest,
 " Op'ning the dark abodes
 " There issued forth a direful train of woes 85
 " That gave mankind no rest;
 " For gold, devoted to th' infernal gods,
 " No native human uses knows.

VI.

- " Where'er great Jove did place
 " The bounds of Nature yet unseen, 90
 " He meant a goal of glory to the race,
 " The Roman arms shall win:
 " Rejoicing, onward they approach
 " To view the outworks of the world,
 " The madding fires in wild debauch, 94
 " The snows and rains unborn and endless eddies

VII.

" 'Tis I, O Rome ! pronounce these fates behind ;
 " But will thy reign with this condition bind,
 " That no false filial piety,
 " In idle shap'es deluding thee; 100
 " Or confidence of pow'r,
 " Tempt thee again to raise a Trojan tow'r :
 " Troy, plac'd beneath malignant stars,
 " Haunted with omens still the same,
 " Rebuilt, shall but renew the former flame, 105
 " Jove's wife and sister leading on the wars.
 " Thrice let her shine with brazen walls,
 " Rear'd up by heav'nly hands,
 " And in fatal dust she falls
 " By faithful Grecian bands : 110
 " Thrice the dire scene shall on the world return,
 " And captive wives again their sons and husbands
 mourn."

But stop, presumptuous Muse ! thy daring flight,
 Nor hope, in thy weak lyric lay,
 The heavenly language to display,
 Or bring the counsels of the gods to light.

AN ALLUSION TO HORACE,

BOOK I. ODE XXII.

Printed at the breaking out of the Rebellion in the year 1715.

THE man that loves his king and nation *,
 And shuns each vile association ;
 That trusts his honest deeds i' th' light,
 Nor meets in dark cabals by night,
 With fools, who, after much debate, 5
 Get themselves hang'd, and save the state,
 Needs not his hall with weapons store,
 Nor dreads each rapping at his door,
 Nor sculks in fear of being known,
 Or hides his guilt in parson's gown, 10
 Nor wan's to guard his generous heart
 The poniard or the poison'd dart ;
 And, but for ornament and pride,
 A sword of lath might cross his side.
 If o'er St. James's Park he stray †, 15
 He stops not, pausing in his way,

* Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
 Non eget Mauris jaculis neque arcu,
 Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
 Fusce, pharetra.

† Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas,
 Sive facturus per inhospitalem
 Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosas
 Lambit Hydaspes.

Nor pulls his hat down o'er his face,
Nor starts, looks back, and mends his pace;
Or if he ramble to the Tower,

He knows no crime, and dreads no power, 20
But thence returning, free as wind,
Smiles at the bars he left behind.

Thus, as I loiter'd t' other day*,
Humming—"O, ev'ry month was May"—

And, thoughtless how my time I squander'd, 25
From Whitehall into the Cockpit wander'd,

A messenger, with busy eye,
View'd me quite round, and yet pass'd by.

No sharper look or rougher mien †
In Scottish Highlands e'er were seen; 30

Nor ale and brandy ever bred
More pimpled cheeks, or nose more red;

And yet, with both hands in my breast,
Careless I walk'd, nor shunn'd the beast.

Place me among a hundred spies ‖, 35
Let all the room be ears and eyes;

* *Namque me sylvæ lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vapor expeditus,
Fugit inermem.*

† *Quale portentum neque militaris,
Daunia in latis alit æsculetis:
Nec Jubbæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.*

‖ *Pone me pigris, ubi nulla campis,
Arbora estiva recreatur aura:*

Or search my pocket-books and papers,
 No word or line shall give me vapours.
 Send me to Whigs as true and hear-y
 As ever pity'd poor Maccarty; 40
 Let Townsend, Sunderland, be there,
 Or Robin Walpole in the chair;
 Or send me to a club of Tories,
 That damn and curse at Marlborough's glories,
 And drink---but sure none such there are!--- 45
 The Devil, the Pope, and rebel Mar;
 Yet still my loyalty I'll boast,
 King George shall ever be my toast;
 Unbrib'd his glorious cause I'll own,
 And fearless scorn each traitor's frown. 50

HORATIUS,

IN LIBRO PRIMO EPISTOLARUM.

DIMIDIUM facti, qui cœpit, habit. Sapere aude:
 Incipe. Vivendi qui recte perorat horam,
 Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis: at ille
 Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum, 4

TRANSLATED,

To-morrow cheats us all. Why dost thou stay,
 And leave undone what should be done to-day?

Quod latus mundi nebula, malusque
 Jupiter urget:
 Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
 Solis, in terra domibus negata:
 Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
 Dulce loquentem,

Begin---the present minute's in thy pow'r;
But still t'adjourn, and wait a fitter hour,
Is like the clown, who, at some river's side,
Expecting stands, in hopes the running tide
Will all ere long be past,---Fool! not to know
It still has flow'd the same, and will for ever flow.

A LETTER *

To the Author of

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE REPUBLIC OF LETTERS.

Giving some account of Mr. Hughes' construction of the Twentieth Ode of Horace, Book II.

SIR,

THERE are some constructions of obscure passages in ancient writers which, when discovered, appear so natural and obvious, that the reader is apt to wonder how they could escape his observation. I think this remark may be exemplified by an easy interpretation of the Twentieth ode of the second book of Horace, which has hitherto proved a stumbling-block to the critics and commentators. It will be necessary for this purpose to transcribe a few lines from it.

AD MECAENATEM.

Non astat, nec sedul' astat
Pennis, bifrons per liquidum aethera
Vas est: neque in terris morabor
Longius: invidiaque major
Urbes vel noxam: non ex pauperum
Sanguis parentum, non ego, quem vocas,
Dilecte, Mecenas, obibo:
Nec stygia exhibebat unda.
Jam jam residunt cruribus asperae
Felles, et albam mitor in aequam
Superne: nascunturque iuves
Per digitos, humerosque plumae.
Jam Daedaleo ocyor Icaro, &c.

* Printed in *The Present State of the Republic of Letters* for Nov. 1728, vol. II. p. 383.

The chief dispute has been, whether *dilecte* is to be joined with *Mecenas*, or to follow *vocas*, in the sense of *o delecte*. Some take it the former way, and then they understand *vocas* to signify the same as *vocas ad canem*, as it is used by Catullus and other Latin writers. But Mr. Dacier rejects this sense (I think with reason) as unworthy of Horace, and fitter for a parasite than a polite writer: he therefore, and others, construe it the latter way. But then all the use they make of it is, "That they suppose Horace insinuates to Mecenas in an agreeable manner (as Mr. Dacier expresses himself) that he was not unworthy of the affection and tenderness his patron testified for him, in calling him my Dear! my Life! and in using other expressions of the like import, since he was so excellent a poet, and should be crowned with immortality." So that the whole design of Horace, according to these gentlemen, is to be the herald of his own praise, and modestly to acquaint Mecenas (if you will forgive a modern phrase) what a very pretty fellow he was.

The fruitful genius of the learned Dr. Bentley has found out a sense which I believe none of his predecessors ever thought of, and he delivers it with the assurance of an oracle. *Quid multa? sine dubio sic cons. ruendus est locus, Non ego, non ego obibo, quem vocas sanguis pauperum parentum. Hic nihil jam ineptum; hic pulchre habet antithesis; non ego; quem pauperis libertini filium vocas obibo: neque paupertas, neque ignobilitas generis obstabit, quo minus sempiternum nomen ex scriptis meis consequar.*

But notwithstanding this triumph, the Doctor can scarce believe that the good-natured Mæcenas would in earnest upbraid his beloved Horace with his being descended *patre libertino*; and therefore, to solve the matter, he conjectures that he only spoke it jocularly; or rather) according to the laudable maxim, *Posito quolibet, sequitur quodlibet*) that those blundering rogues, the transcribers or printers, have made a mistake here, and that instead of *vocas* we ought to read *vocant*; which (*sub intellecto nominativo*) signifies that the enemies and maligners of Horace upbraided him with the meanness of his parentage.

The true sense of the ode seems, in short, to be no more than this: “ Horace tells Mæcenas that though
“ he was descended from obscure parents, yet since
“ Mæcenas had honoured him with his friendship, and
“ treated him with so much tenderness and affection,
“ he was above envy and secure of immortality.”

So that the whole turn of the ode depends upon the right interpretation of the word *dilecte*.

It is at least certain that this construction is perfectly agreeable to the known sentiments of Horace in his sixth Satire, Book I. where he addresses himself to Mæcenas in these words:

Ut veni coram, singultim pauca loquutus,
(Infans namque pudor prohibebat plura profari)
Non ego me claro natum patre, non ego circum
Me saturejano vectari iura cubillo.
Sed, quod eram, natio. Respondes, ut tuus est mos,
Pauca ————— jubesque
Esse in amicorum numero. Magnum hoc ego ducq;
Quod placui tibi, qui turpe secernis honestum,
Non patre præclaro, sed vita et pectore puro.

Now, taking it in this light, instead of a vain encomium of himself, it appears to be an elegant compliment to Mæcenas; and the *non usitata penna* in the first stanza, the *jam jam* in the third, and the *jam* in the fourth, all confirm this sense. It is indeed so plainly the drift of the ode, that when it has been once pointed out, we are ready to wonder (as the Spaniards did at Columbus' breaking the end of the egg, and making it stand upright) how any one could miss it: and yet I do not remember to have met with any commentator who has placed it in this light.

The public is obliged for this judicious critique to the late accurate Mr. Hughes, by whom the substance of it was communicated in discourse to the writer of this letter.

He has further confirmed and illustrated the sense here given, by the following admirable allusion to the forecited ode.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER

FROM MR. HUGHES

TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR COWPER,

RELATIVE TO HOR. LIB. II. ODE 20.

—“ THIS little poem was writ by the accident of having Horace for my companion in a confinement by sickness, and fancying I had discovered a new sense of one of his odes, for which I have found your Lordship’s great indulgence and partiality to me the best exposition.

“ Perhaps we never read with that attention as when we think we have found something applicable to ourselves. I am now grown fond enough of this sense to believe it the true one, and have drawn two or three learned friends (to whom I have mentioned it) into my opinion.

“ The ode, your Lordship will see, is that in which Horace feigns himself turned into a swan. It passes (for aught I know universally) for a compliment on himself, and a mere enthusiastic rant of the poet in his own praise, like his *Eregi Monumentum*, &c. I confess I had often slightly read it in that view, and have found every one I have lately asked deceived by the same opinion, which I cannot but think spoils the ode, and sinks it to nothing; I had almost said, turns the swan into a goose.

“ The grammarians seem to have fallen into this mistake, by wholly overlooking the reason of his
Volume II.

M

"rapture, viz. its being addressed to Mæcenas, and
 "have prefaced it with this and the like general in-
 "scriptions---*Fatcinatur carminum suorum immortalitatem,*
 "&c. which I think is not the subject.

"I am very happy in the occasion which shewed it
 "me in a quite different sense from what I had ever
 "apprehended till I had the honour to be known to
 "your Lordship; I am sure a much more advantage-
 "ous one to the poet, as well as more just to his great
 "patron. If I have exceeded the liberty of an imita-
 "tor, in pursuing the same hint further, to make it
 "less doubtful, yet his favourers will forgive me,
 "when I own I have not on this occasion so much
 "thought of emulating his poetry, as of rivaling his
 "pride, by the ambition of being known as,

"My Lord,

"Your Lordship's most obliged

"and devoted humble servant,

J. HUGHES."

ODE

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR COWPER,

ANNO MDCCXVII.

In allusion to Horace, Lib. II. Ode xx.

I.

I'M rais'd, transported, chang'd all o'er;
Prepar'd, a tow'ring swan, to scar
Aloft. See, see the down arise,
And clothe my back and plume my thighs!
My wings shoot forth: now will I try
New tracks, and boldly mount the sky;
Nor envy nor ill fortune's spite
Shall stop my course or damp my flight.

5

II.

Shall I, obscure, or disesteem'd,
Of vulgar rank henceforth be deem'd?
Or vainly toil, my name to save
From dark oblivion and the grave;
No---He can never wholly die,
Secure of immortality,
Whom Britain's Cowper condescends
To own, and numbers with his friends.

10

15

III.

'Tis done---I scorn mean honours now;
No common wreaths shall bind my brow.

M 15

Whether the Muse vouchsafe t' inspire
 My breast with the celestial fire ;
 Whether my verse be fill'd with flame,
 Or I deserve a poet's name,
 Let fame be silent ; only tell
 That gen'rous Cowper loves me well.

IV.

Thro' Britain's realms I shall be known
 By Cowper's merit, not my own ;
 And when the tomb my dust shall hide,
 Stripp'd of a mortal's little pride,
 Vain pomp be spar'd, and ev'ry tear ;
 Let but some stone this sculpture bear,
 " Here lies his clay, to earth consign'd,
 " To whom great Cowper once was kind."

THE BIRTH OF THE ROSE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

ONCE, on a solemn festal day,
 Held by th' immortals in the skies,
 Flora had summon'd all the deities
 That rule o'er gardens, or survey
 The birth of greens and springing flow'rs,
 And thus address'd the genial pow'rs.

" Ye shining Graces of my courtly train !
 " The cause of this assembly know :
 " In sov'reign majesty I reign
 " O'er the gay flow'ry universe below ;

" Yet my increasing glory to maintain,
 " A queen I'll chuse, with spotless honour fair,
 " The delegated crown to wear.
 " Let me your counsel and assistance ask,
 " T' accomplish this momentous task."

15

The deities that stood around
 At first return'd a murm'ring sound;
 Then said, " Fair Goddess! do you know
 " The factious feuds this must create,
 " What jealous rage and mutual hate
 " Among the rival flow'rs will grow?
 " The vilest thistle that infests the plain
 " Will think his tawdry painted pride
 " Deserves the crown, and, if deny'd,
 " Perhaps with traitor-plots molest your reign."
 " Vain are your fears," Flora reply'd;
 " 'T is fix'd---and hear how I'll the cause decide.

20

25

" Deep in a venerable wood,
 " Where oaks, with vocal skill endu'd,
 " Did wondrous oracles of old impart,
 " Beneath a little hill's inclining side,
 " A grotto's seen, where Nature's art
 " Is exercis'd in all her smiling pride.
 " Retir'd in this sweet grassy cell
 " A lovely wood-nymph once did dwell:
 " She always pleas'd; for more than mortal fire
 " Shone in her eyes, and did her charms inspire: [sire.
 " A Dryad bore the beauteous nymph, a Sylvan was her

30

35

" Chaste, wise, devout, she still obey'd,
 " With humble zeal, Heaven's dread commands,
 " To ev'ry action ask'd our aid,
 " And oft before our altars pray'd:
 " Pure was her heart, and undefil'd her hands.
 " She's dead—and from her sweet remains
 " The wondrous mixture I would take,
 " This much-desir'd, this perfect, flow'r to make.
 " Assist, and thus, with our transforming pains,
 " We'll dignify the garden-beds, and grace our fav'rite

[plain."

Th' applauding deities with pleasure heard,
 And for the grateful work prepar'd.
 A busy face the god of Gardens wore;
 Vertumnus of the party too,
 From various sweets th' exhaling spirits drew;
 While in full canisters Pomona bore
 Of richest fruits a plenteous store;
 And Ves'ta promis'd wondrous things to do:
 Gay Venus led a lively train
 Of Smiles and Graces; the plump god of Wine
 From clusters did the flowing nectar strain,
 And fill'd large goblets with his juice divine.
 Thus charg'd, they seek the honour'd shade
 Where liv'd and dy'd the spotless maid.
 On a soft couch of turf the body lay;
 Th' approaching deities press'd all around,
 Prepar'd the sacred rites to pay
 In silence, and with awe profound.

Flora thrice bow'd, and thus was heard to pray:

“ Jove ! mighty Jove ! whom all adore,

“ Exert thy great creative pow’r !

“ Let this fair corpse be mortal clay no more ; 70

“ Transform it to a tree, to bear a beauteous flow’r.”

Scarce had the goddess spoke, when, see !

The nymphs extended limbs the form of branches
wear :

Behold the wondrous change, the fragrant tree !

To leaves was turn’d her flowing hair, 75

And rich diffus’d perfumes regal’d the wanton air.

Heavens ! what new charm, what sudden light,

Improves the grot, and entertains the sight :

A sprouting bud begins the tree t’ adorn ;

The large, the sweet, vermillion flow’r is born. 80

The goddess thrice on the fair infant breath’d,

To spread it into life, and to convey

The fragrant soul, and ev’ry charm bequeath’d

To make the vegetable princess gay,

Then kiss’d it thrice ; the gen’ral silence broke, 85

And thus in loud rejoicing accents spoke.

“ Ye Flow’rs ! at my command attendant here,

“ Pay homage, and your sov’reign Rose revere.

“ No sorrow on your dropping leaves be seen ;

“ Let all be proud of such a queen, 90

“ So fit the flöral crown to wear,

“ To glorify the day, and grace the youthful year.”

CLAUDIANUS.

IN EPITHALAMIO HONORII ET MARIÆ.

CUNCTATUR stupefacta Venus. Nunc ora puellæ,
Nunc flavam niveo miratur vertice matrem.
Hæc modo crescenti, plenæ per altera lunæ ;
Assurgit ceu fortè minor sub matre virenti
Laurus ; et ingentes ramos, olimque futuras
Promittit jam parva comas : vel flore sub uno,
Ceu geminæ Pæstana rosæ per jugera regnant.
Hæc largo matura die, saturataque vernis
Roribus, indulgit spatio : latet altera nodo,
Nec teneris addet foliis admittere soles.

5

10

TRANSLATED.

Venus coming to a nuptial ceremony, and entering the room, sees the bride and her mother sitting together, &c. on which occasion Claudian makes the following description.

THE goddess paus'd; and, held in deep amaze,
Now views the mother's now the daughter's face :
Different in each, yet equal beauty glows,
That the full moon, and this the crescent shows.
Thus rais'd beneath its parent-tree is seen 5
The laurel shoot while in its early green
Thick-sprouting leaves and branches are essay'd,
And all the promise of a future shade :
Or blooming thus in happy Pæstan fields,
One common stock two lovely roses yields ; 10
Mature by vernal dews, this dares display
Its leaves full-blown, and boldly meets the day ;
That folded, in its tender nonage lies,
A beauteous bud, nor yet admits the skies. 14

DIALOGUE

DE L'AMOUR ET DU POÈTE.

LE POÈTE.

Amour, je ne veux plus aimer ;
 J'abjure à jamais ton empire ;
 Mon cœur, lassé de son martyre,
 A résolu de se calmer.

L'AM. Contre moi, qui peut t'animer ;
 Iris, dans ses bras te rappelle.

LE P. Non, Iris est une infidèle ;
 Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

L'AM. Pour toi, j'ai pris soin d'enflammer
 Le cœur d'une beauté nouvelle ;
 Daphne.---LE P. Non, Daphné n'est que belle ;
 Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

L'AM. D'un soupir, tu peux désarmer
 Dirce, jusqu'ici si sauvage.

LE P. Elle n'est plus dans le bel âge ;
 Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

L'AM. Mais si je t'aidois à charmer
 La jeune, la brillante Flore.-----
 Tu rougis---vas-tu dire encore,
 Amour, je ne veux plus aimer ?

LE P. Non, Dieu charmant ! daigne former
 Pour nous une chaîne éternelle ;
 Mais pour tout ce qui n'est point elle,
 Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

DIALOGUE

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DE LA MOTTE.

POET.

No, Love---I ne'er will love again;
Thy tyrant empire I abjure:
My weary heart resolves to cure
Its wounds, and ease the raging pain.

LOVE. Fool! canst thou fly my happy reign? 5
Iris recalls thee to her arms.

POET. She's false---I hate her perjur'd charms.
No, Love---I ne'er will love again.

LOVE. But know, for thee I've toil'd to gain
Daphne, the bright, the reigning toast. 10

POET. Daphne but common eyes can boast.
No, Love---I ne'er will love again.

LOVE. She who before scorn'd ev'ry swain,
Dirce, shall for one sigh be thine.

POET. Age makes her rays too faintly shine. 15
No, Love---I ne'er will love again.

LOVE. But should I give thee charms t' obtain
Flora, the young, the bright, the gay!
I see thee blush---now, Rebel! say
No, Love---I ne'er will love again. 20

POET. No, charming God! prepare a chain
Eternal for that fair and me;
Yet still know every fair but she
I've vow'd I ne'er will love again. 24

AN ODE
TO THE
CREATOR OF THE WORLD.
Occasioned by
THE FRAGMENTS OF ORPHEUS.

Quid prius dicam solitis parentis
Laudibus? —
Qui mare et terras varisque mundum
Temperat horis;
Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
Nec vigit quicquam simile aut secundum.

HOM.

INTRODUCTION.

THAT the praises of the Author of Nature, which is the fittest subject for the sublime way of writing, was the most ancient use of poetry, cannot be learned from a more proper instance (next to examples of Holy Writ) than from the Greek fragments of Orpheus, a relict of great antiquity: they contain several verses concerning God, and his making and governing the universe; which, though imperfect, have many noble hints and lofty expressions. Yet whether these verses were indeed written by that celebrated father of poetry and music who preceded Homer, or by Onomacritus, who lived about the time of Pisistratus, and only contain some of the doctrines of Orpheus, is a question of little use or importance.

A large paraphrase of these, in French verse, has been prefixed to the translation of Phœcydes, but in a flat style, much inferior to the design. The following Ode, with many alterations and additions proper to a modern poem, is attempted upon the same model, in a language which, having stronger sinews than the French, is, by the confession of their best critic Rapsin, more capable of sustaining great subjects.

I.

O most unfeign'd! O true celestial fire!
 Brighter than that which rules the day,
 Descend; a mortal tongue inspire
 To sing some great immortal lay:
 Begin, and strike aloud the consecrated lyre. 5
 Hence, ye profane! be far away;
 Hence, all ye impious Slaves that bow
 To idol lusts, or altars raise,
 And to false heroes give fantastic praise! Kings owe
 And hence, ye Gods! who to a crime your spurious be-
 But hear, O heaven and earth, and seats profound! 10
 Hear, ye unfathom'd deeps below!
 And let your echoing vaults repeat the sound;
 Let Nature, trembling all around,
 Attend her Master's awful name, 15
 From whom heaven, earth, and seas, and all the wide

II. [Creation, came.

He spoke the great command, and Light,
 Heaven's eldest-born and fairest child,
 Flash'd in the jawling face of ancient Night,
 And, pleas'd with its own birth, serenely smil'd. 20

The sons of Morning, on the wing,
 Hov'ring in choirs; his praises sing,
 When from th' unbounded vacuous space
 A beauteous rising world they saw;
 When Nature shew'd her yet unfinish'd face, 25
 And Motion took th' establish'd law
 To roll the various globes on high;
 When Time was taught his infant wings to try,
 And from the barrier sprung to his appointed race.

III.

Supreme, Almighty! still the same; 30
 'T is he, the great inspiring Mind,
 That animates and moves this universal frame,
 Present at once in all, and by no place confin'd.
 Not heaven itself can bound his sway;
 Beyond th' unravell'd limits of the sky, 35
 Invisible to mortal eye,
 He dwells in uncreated day:
 Without beginning, without end. 'T is he
 That fills th' unmeasur'd growing orb of vast immen-
 sity.

II.

What pow'r but his can rule the changeful main, 40
 And wake the sleeping storm, or its loud rage re-
 strain?
 When winds their gather'd forces try,
 And the chaf'd ocean proudly swells in vain,
 His voice reclaims th' impetuous roar;
 In murm'ring tides th' abated billows fly. 45

And the spent tempest dies upon the shore.
 The meteor world is his, heaven's wintry store,
 The moulded hail, the feather'd snow,
 The summer breeze, the soft refreshing shower,
 The loose-divided cloud and many-colour'd bow. 50
 The crooked lightning darts around,
 His sovereign orders to fulfil;
 The shooting flame obeys th' Eternal Will,
 Launch'd from his hand, instructed where to kill,
 Or rive the mountain oak, or blast th' unshelter'd
 ground. 55

V.

Yet, pleas'd to bless, indulgent to supply,
 He, with a father's tender care,
 Supports the numerous family
 That peoples earth, and sea, and air.
 From Nature's giant race, th' enormous elephant, 60
 Down to the insect worm and creeping ant;
 From th' eagle, sov'reign of the sky,
 To each inferior feather'd brood;
 From crowns and purple majesty
 To humble shepherds on the plains, 65
 His hand, unseen, divides to all their food,
 And the whole world of life sustains.

VI.

At one wide view his eye surveys
 His works in ev'ry distant clime;
 He shifts the seasons, months; and days,
 The short-liv'd offspring of revolving time;
 N ii

By turns they die, by turns are born;
Now cheerful Spring the circle leads,
And strows with flow'rs the smiling meads;
Gay Summer, next, whom russet robes adorn, 75
And waving fields of yellow corn;
Then Autumn, who with lavish stores the lap of Na-
 ture spreads;
Decripit Winter, laggard in the dance,
(Lib feeble Age, oppress'd with pain)
A heavy season does maintain, 80
With driving snows, and winds and rain,
Till Spring, recruited to advance,
The various year rolls round again.

VII.

But who, thou great Ador'd! who can withstand
The terrors of thy lifted hand, 85
When, long provok'd, thy wrath awakes,
And conscious Nature to her centre shakes?
Rais'd by thy voice the thunder flies,
Hurling pale fear and wild confusion round;
How dreadful is th' inimitable sound, 90
The shock of earth and seas, and labour of the skies!
Then where's Ambition's haughty crest?
Where the gay head of wanton Pride?
See! tyrants fall, and wish the op'ning ground
Would take them quick to shades of rest, 95
And in their common parent's breast
From thee their bury'd forms for ever hide:

In vain---for all the elements conspire,
 The shatter'd earth, the rushing sea,
 Tempestuous air, and raging fire, 100
 To punish vile mankind, and fight for thee :
 Nor Death itself can intercept the blow ;
 Eternal is the guilt, and without end the woe.

VIII.

O Cyrus! Alexander! Julius! all
 Ye mighty lords that ever rul'd this ball ; 155
 Once gods of earth, the living destinies
 That made a hundred nations bow!
 Where 's your extent of empire now ?
 Say where preserv'd your phantom glory lies?
 Can brass the fleeting thing secure ? 110
 Enshrin'd in temples does it stay ?
 Or in huge amphi theatres endure
 The rage of rolling Time, and scorn decay ?
 Ah! no; the mould'ring monuments of Fame
 Your vain deluded hopes betray, 115
 Nor shew th' ambitious founder's name,
 Mix'd with yourselves in the same mass of clay.

IX.

Proceed, my Muse! time's wasting thread pursue,
 And see at last th' unravell'd clue,
 When cities sink, and kingdoms are no more, 120
 And weary nature shall her work give o'er.
 Behold th' almighty Judge on high!
 See in his hand the book of Fate!

Myriads of spirits fill the sky
 'T' attend, with dread solemnity, 125
 The world's last scene, and Time's concluding date.
 The feeble race of short-liv'd Vanity
 And sickly Pomp at once shall die ;
 Foul Guilt to midnight caves will shrink away,
 Look back, and tremble in her flight, 130
 And curse at Heaven's pursuing light,
 Surrounded with the vengeance of that day.
 How will you then, ye Impious ! 'scape your doom,
 Self-judg'd, abandon'd, overcome ? 134
 Your clouds of painted bliss shall melt before your
 Yet shall you not the giddy chase refrain, [sight,
 Nor hope more solid bliss t' obtain,
 Nor once repeat the joys you knew before,
 But sigh a long eternity of pain, 137
 Toss'd in an ocean of desire, yet never find a shore.

X.

But see where the mild Sov'reign sits prepar'd
 His better subjects to retard !
 Where am I now ! what power divine
 Transports me ! what immortal splendours shine !
 Torrents of glory that oppress the sight ! 141
 What joys, celestial King ! thy throne surround !
 The sun, who with thy borrow'd beams so bright,
 Sees not his peer in all the starry round,
 Would here diminish'd fade away,
 Like his pale sister of the night, 151
 When she resigns her delegated light,
 Lost in the blaze of day.

Here wonder only can take place-----
Then, Muse! th' advent'rous flight forbear;
These mystic scenes thou canst no farther trace: 155
Hope may some boundless future bliss embrace,
But what, or when, or how, or where,
Are mazes all, which Fancy runs in vain;
Nor can the narrow cells of human brain
The vast immeasurable thought contain. 160

TO THE

MEMORY OF MR. MILTON,

Homer's description of himself, under the character of Demodocus the musician, at the feast of King Alcinous.

FROM THE EIGHTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

THE Muse with transport lov'd him; yet to fill,
His various lot she blended good with ill;
Depriv'd him of his eyes, but did impart
The heavenly gift of song, and all the tuneful art. 4

BOILEAU,

DANS SA I. EPISTRE AU ROI.

- " Pourquoi ces elephans, ces armes, ce bagage,
 " Et ces vaisseaux tout prests à quitter le rivage ?"
 Disoit au Roi Pyrrhus, un sage confident,
 Conseiller tres-sensé d'un Roi tres-impudent.
 " Je vais," lui dit ce prince, " à Rome où l'on
 m'apelle."
 " Quoi faire ?" " L'assiéger." " L'entreprise est fort
 belle,
 " Et digne seulement d'Alexandre ou de vous :
 " Mais quand nous l'aurons prise, et bien que ferons-
 nous ?"
 " Du reste des Latins la conquête est facile,
 " Sans doute, ils sont à nous." " Est-ce tout ?" " La
 Sicile
 " Delà nous tend les bras, et bien-tost sans effort
 " Syracuse recoit nos vaisseaux dans son port."
 " En demeurés-vous là ?" " Dès que nous l'aurons
 prise,
 " Il ne faut qu'un bon vent et Carthage est conquise :
 " Les chemins sont ouverts, qui peut nous arrester ? 15
 " Je vous entens, Seigneur, nous allons tout dompter.
 " Nous allons traverser les sables de Lybie ;
 " Asservir en passant l'Egypt, l'Arabie ;
 " Courir delà le Gange en de nouveaux païs ;

FROM BOILEAU,

IN HIS FIRST EPISTLE TO LEWIS XIV.

- "WHAT mean these elephants, arms, warlike store,
 "And all these ships, prepar'd to leave the shore?"
 Thus Cyneas, faithful, old, experienc'd, wise,
 Address'd King Pyrrhus. -- Thus the King replies.
 "'Tis glory calls us hence; to Rome we go." 5
 "For what?" -- "To conquer." -- "Rome's a noble
 foe,
 "A prize for Alexander fit, or you:
 "But, Rome reduc'd, what next, Sir, will you do?"
 "The rest of Italy my chains shall wear."
 "And is that all?" -- "No; Sicily lies near; 10
 "See how she stretches out her beauteous arms,
 "And tempts the victor with unguarded charms!
 "In Syracuse's port this fleet shall ride,"
 "'Tis well---and there you will at last abide?" --
 "No; that subdu'd, again we'll hoist our sails 15
 "And put to sea: and, blow but prosp'rous gales,
 "Carthage must soon be ours, an easy prey;
 "The passage open, what obstructs our way?" --
 "Then, Sir, your vast design I understand,
 "To conquer all the earth, cross seas and land, 20
 "O'er Afric's spacious wilds your reign extend,
 "Beneath your sword make proud Arabia bend;
 "Then seek remoter worlds, where Ganges pours,
 "His swelling stream: beyond Hydaspes' shores.

- “ Faire trembler le Scythe aux bords du Tanaïs ; 20
“ Et ranger sous nos loix tout ce vaste hemisphere :
“ Mais de retour enfin, que pretendez-vous faire ?”
“ Alors, cher Cineas ! victorieux, contens,
“ Nous pourrons rire a l'aise, et prendre du bon
temps.”
“ Hé, Seigneur, dès ce jour, sans sortir de l' Epire,
“ Du matin jusqu'au soir qui vous défend de rire ?” 26

TRANSLATIONS, &c.

153

- “ Thro’ Indian realms, to carry dire alarms, . . . 25
“ And make the hardy Scythian dread your arms :
“ But say---this wondrous race of glory run,
“ When we return, say, what shall then be done ?”
“ Then pleas’d, my friend ! we’ll spend the joyful day
“ In full delight, and laugh our cares away.” 30
“ And why not now ? Alas ! Sir, need we roam
“ For this so far, or quit our native home ?
“ No---let us now each valu’d hour employ,
“ Nor for the future lose the present joy.” 34

AN IMAGE OF PLEASURE,

IN IMITATION OF
AN ODE IN CASIMIRE.

I.

SOLACE of life, my sweet companion Lyre !
On this fair poplar bough I'll hang thee high,
While the gay fields all soft delights inspire,
And not one cloud deforms the smiling sky. 4

II.

[flow'rs,
While whisp'ring gales, that court the leaves and
Play thro' thy strings, and gently make them sound,
Luxurious I'll dissolve the flowing hours
In balmy slumbers on the carpet ground.

III.

But see---what sudden gloom obscures the air !
What falling show'rs impetuous change the day ! 19
Let's rise, my Lyre !---Ah ! Pleasure false as fair,
How faithless are thy charms, how short thy stay !

THE XIV. OLYMPICK OF PINDAR,

TO ASOPICUS OF ORCHOMENUS*.

I.

YE heav'nly Graces ! who preside
O'er Minyæa's happy soil, that breeds,
Swift for the race, the fairest steeds,
And rule the land where, with a gentle tide,
Your lov'd Cephesian waters glide ; 5

* In the city of Orchomenus there was a temple dedicated to the Graces,

To you Orchomenus's tow'rs belong,
Then hear, ye Goddesses! and aid the song.

II.

Whatever honours shine below,
Whatever gifts can move delight,
Or sooth the ravish'd soul or charm the sight, 10
To you their pow'r of pleasing owe:
Fame, beauty, wisdom, you bestow;
Nor will the gods the sacred banquet own,
Nor on the chorus look propitious down,
If you your presence have deny'd 15
To rule the banquet, and the chorus guide.

III.

In heaven itself all own your happy care;
Bless'd by your influence divine
There all is good and all is fair:
On thrones sublime you there illustrious shine: 20
Plac'd near Apollo with the golden lyre,
You all his harmony inspire,
And warbled hymns to Jove perpetual sing,
To Jove, of heaven the father and the king.

IV.

Now hear, Aglala! venerable maid; 25
Hear thou that tuneful verse dost love,
Euphrosyne! join your celestial aid,
Ye daughters of immortal Jove!
Thalia, too, be present with my lays;
Asopius has rais'd his city's name, 30
And victor in th' Olympic strife, may claim

V.

And thou, O Fame! this happy triumph spread;
 Fly to the regions of the dead;
 Thro' Proserpine's dark empire bear the sound,
 There seek Cleodamns below,
 And let the pleas'd paternal spirit know
 How on the plains of Pisa, far renown'd,
 His son, his youthful son, of matchless speed,
 Bore off from all the victors' meed,
 And with an olive wreath his env'y'd temples crown'd.

ON: FULVIA,

THE WIFE OF ANTHONY.

FROM THE LATIN OF AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

WHILE from his consort false Antonius flies,
 And dotes on Glaphyra's far brighter eyes,
 Fulvia, provok'd, her female arts prepares,
 Reprisals seeks, and spreads for me her snares.
 "The husband's false,"---But why must I endure
 This nauseous plague, and her revenge procure?
 What tho' she ask?---How happy were my doom
 Should all the discontented wives of Rome
 Repair in crowds to me when scorn'd at home!
 "'Tis war," she says, "if I refuse her charms:" 10
 Let's think---she's ugly---Trumpets sound to arms.

TRANSLATED FROM
PERSIAN VERSES,

Alluding to the custom of women being buried with their husbands, and men with their wives.

ETERNAL are the chains which here
The gen'rous souls of lovers bind;
When Hymen joins our hands we swear
To be for ever true and kind : 4
And when, by death, the fair are snatch'd away,
Lest we our solemn vows should break,
In the same grave our living corpse we lay,
And willing the same fate partake. 3

ANOTHER.

MY dearest spouse! that thou and I
May shun the fear which first should die,
Clasp'd in each others arms we'll live,
Alike consum'd in love's soft fire,
That neither may at last survive,
But gently both at once expire.

ON ARQUEANASSA

OF COLOPHOS.

ARQUEANASSA's charms inspire
Within my breast a lover's fire :
Age, its feeble spite displaying,
Vainly wrinkles all her face,
Cupids in each wrinkle playing,
Charm my eyes with lasting grace :
But before old Time pursu'd her,
Ere he sunk these little caves,
How I pity those who view'd her,
And in youth were made her slaves !

HUDIBRAS IMITATED.

WRITTEN IN 1710.

OBLESSED time of reformation
 That's now beginning thro' the nation !
 The Jacks bawl loud for church triumphant,
 And swear all Whigs shall kiss the rump on 't.
 See how they draw the beastly rabble
 With zeal and noises formidable,
 And make all Cries about the Town
 Join notes to roar Fanatics down !
 As bigots give the sign about,
 They stretch their throats with hideous shout.
 Black tinkers bawl aloud "to settle
 " Church-privilege" ---for " Mending kettle."

Each sow-gelder, that blows his horn,
 Cries out "to have Dissenters sworn."
 The oyster-wenchet deck their fish up, 15
 And cry, "No Presbyterial Bishop!"
 The mouse-trap men say save all by,
 And 'gainst "low churchmen" loudly cry.
 A creature of ambiguous nature,
 That trims betwixt the land and water, 20
 And leaves his mother in the lurch,
 To side with rebels 'gainst the church!
 Some cry for "penal laws," instead
 Of "Pudding-pies and gingerbread."
 And some, for "Brooms, old boots, and shoes," 25
 Rear out "God bless our Commons House!"
 Some bawl "the votes" about the Town,
 And wish they'd "vote Dissenters down."
 Instead of "Kitchen-stuff," some cry,
 "Confound the late Whig ministry!" 30
 And some for "Any chairs to mend,"
 The Commons' late Address commend.
 Some for "Old gowns for China ware,"
 Exclaim against "extempore prayer."
 And some for "Old suits, cloaks, or coats," 35
 Cry, "D—n your preachers without notes!"
 He that cries "Coney-skins, or onions,"
 Blames "toleration of opinions."
 Blue-apron whores, that sit with furrmetry,
 Rail at "occasional conformity." 40
 Instead of "Cucumbers to pickle,"
 Some cry aloud "No conventicle!"

Masons, instead of "building houses,"
 To "build the church" would starve their spouses,
 And gladly leave their trade, for attending
 The meeting-houses, or inferring
 Bawds, strumpets, and religion-haters,
 Pimps, panders, atheists, forgers,
 Rogues that, like Falstaff, scarce know whether
 A church's inside 's stone or leather,
 Yet join the parsons and the people,
 To cry "The church,"—but more if the clergy
 If, holy Mother, such you'll own
 For your true sons, and such alone.
 Then Heaven have mercy upon you,
 But the de'il take your beasty crew!

THE TENTH BOOK OF
LUCAN'S PHARSALIA

TRANSLATED.

The Argument,

And connection of the story with the foregoing books

POMPEY, flying to Egypt after his defeat at Pharsalia, was, by the King's consent, basely murdered by Pothinus, and his head presented to Caesar, as he approached the Egyptian coast in pursuit of his enemy. The poet having represented this catastrophe in the two former books, the Argument of the tenth book is as follows:

Caesar lands in Egypt; he goes to Alexandria; visits the temple, and the sepulchre of the kings, in which Alexander the Great was buried. The poet, in a beautiful digression, disclaims against the ambition of that monarch. Ptolemy, the young king of Egypt, meets Caesar at his arrival, and receives him into his palace. His sister Cleopatra, who had been kept a prisoner in Pharos, makes her escape, and privately getting admittance to Caesar, implores his protection: by his means she is reconciled to her brother; after which she entertains Caesar at a feast. The supper being ended, Caesar requests of Achoreus, the priest, an account of the antiquities of Egypt, particularly of the river Nile. Achoreus's reply. The course of that river described, with an enumeration of the various opinions concerning its spring, and the causes of its overflowing. Pothinus plots the death of Caesar. His message to Achilles to invite him to join in this attempt. Achilles marches against Alexandria with an army composed of Egyptians and Romans, and besieges Caesar in the palace, who seizes Ptolemy as a pledge for his own security. A herald, sent from the King to inquire the cause of this tumult, is slain. An attack being made, Caesar defends himself, burns the Egyptian ships in the harbour, and possesses himself of Pharos, where he puts Pothinus to death. Arsinoe, younger sister of Ptolemy, by the aid of Ganymede her governor, arriving in the camp, causes Achilles to be slain. Ganymede renews the attack against Caesar, who is blocked up in Pharos, and reduced to the greatest extremity.

WHEN conquering Caesar follow'd to the land
His rival's head, and trod the barb'rous strand,
His fortune strove with guilty Egypt's fate
In doubtful fight, and this the dire debate:

Shall Roman arms great *Lagus*' realms enthrall ? 5
 Or shall the victor, like the vanquish'd, fall
 By Egypt's sword ? Pompey, thy ghost withstood
 Th' impending blow, and sav'd the general's blood,
 Lest Rome, too happy after loss of thee,
 Should rule the Nile, herself from bondage free. 10

Secure, and with this barb'rous pledge content,
 To Alexandria now the conqueror went.
 The crowd that saw his entry, while before
 Advancing guards the rods of empire bore,
 In murmur'd sounds their jealous rage disclos'd, 15
 At Roman rites and foreign law impos'd.
 Observing Cæsar soon his error spy'd,
 That not for him his mighty rival dy'd ;
 Yet smooth'd his brow, all marks of fear suppress'd,
 And hid his cares deep bury'd in his breast. 20

Then with intrepid mien he took his way,
 The city walls and temples to survey, [play.
 Works which thy ancient power, great Macedon ! dis-
 He view'd the splendid fanes with careless eyes,
 Shrines rich with gold and sacred mysteries, 25
 Nor fix'd his sight, but, eager in his pace,
 Descends the vault which holds the royal race.
 Philip's mad son, the prosp'rous robber, bound
 In Fate's eternal chains, here sleeps profound,
 Whom death forbade his rapines to pursue, 30
 And in the world's revenge the monster slew.
 His impious bones, which, thro' each climate tost,
 The sport of winds, or in the ocean lost,

Had met a juster fate, this tomb obtain'd,
 And sacred to that kingdom's end remain'd. 35
 O ! should auspicious years roll round again,
 And godlike Liberty resume her reign,
 Preserv'd to scorn, the relics would be shown
 Of the bold chief whose boundless pride alone
 This curs'd example to Ambition gave, 40
 How many realms one mortal can enslave !

Disdaining what his father won before,
 Aspiring still, and restless after more,
 He left his home, while Fortune smooth'd his way,
 And o'er the fruitful East enlarg'd his sway. 45
 Red Slaughter mark'd his progress as he past ;
 The guilty sword laid human nature waste,
 Discolour'd Ganges' and Euphrates' flood,
 With Persian this, and that with Indian blood.
 He seem'd in terror to the nations sent, 50
 The wrath of Heaven a star of dire potent,
 And shook, like thunder, all the continent !

Nor yet content, a navy he provides ;
 To seas remote his triumphs now he guides,
 Nor winds nor waves his progress could withstand. 55
 Nor Libya's scorching heat and desert land,
 Nor rolling mountains of collected sand.
 Had Heaven but giv'n him line he had outrun
 The farthest journey of the setting sun,
 March'd round the poles, and drank discover'd Nile 60
 At his spring-head--but winged Fate the while

Comes on with speed, the fun'ral hour draws near;
Death only could arrest his mad career,
Who to his grave the world's sole empire bore
With the same envy 't was acquir'd before :
And, wanting a successor to his reign,
Left all to suffer conquest once again.

Yet Babylon first yielded to his arms,
And Parthia trembled at his proud alarms.
Oh, shame to tell! could haughty Parthia fear
The Grecian dart, and not the Roman spear?
What tho' the North, and South, and West,
ours?

Th' unconquer'd East defies our feeble powers,
So fatal once to Rome's great Crassi known,
A province now to Pella's puny town.

Now from Pelusium, where, expanding wide,
Nile pours into the sea his ample tide,
Came the boy-king: his presence soon appears'd
The people's rage, and giddy tumult ceas'd.
In Egypt's palace Cæsar sleeps secure;
This princely hostage does a while ensure
His terms of peace; when, lo! the sister-queen,
In a small boat conceal'd, securely mean,
With gold corrupts the keeper of the port,
And undiscover'd lands, and lurks within the cou
The royal whore, her country's worst disgrace,
The fate and fury of the Roman race!
As Helen's soft incendiary charms
Provok'd the Grecian and the Trojan arms,

No less did Cleopatra's eyes inspire 90
 Italian flames, and spread the kindled fire.
 A rabble rout, a vile enervate band,
 Presum'd th' imperial Eagles to withstand:
 Canopus march'd, a woman at their head,
 And then, if ever, Rome knew aught of dread, 95
 Ev'n mighty Rome with terror heard the jar
 Of clatter'd cymbals tinkling to the war,
 And shook her lofty tow'rs, and trembled from afar.
 What triumphs had proud Alexandria seen
 Had great Octavius then a captive been, 100
 When hov'ring Victory, at Leucate's bay,
 Hung on her wings, and 't was a strife that day
 If the lost world a distaff should obey.
 From that curs'd night this daring hope arose,
 That shameful night! the source of future woes, 105
 Which first commenc'd polluted loves between
 A Roman gen'ral and Egyptian queen.
 O who can Anthony's wild passion blame?
 Ev'n Cæsar's flinty heart confess'd the soft'ning flame!
 The foul adulterer, reeking with the stains 110
 Of impious slaughter on Thessalian plains,
 Unwash'd from blood, amidst the rage of war,
 In joys obscene forgets his cruel care.
 Tho' Pompey's ghost yet haunt those barb'rous walls.
 And howling in his ears for vengeance calls, 115
 Secure in guilt, he hugs a harlot's charms,
 And mingles lawless love with lawless arms;

Nor mindful of his chaster progeny,
 A bastard brother, Julia, gives to thee.
 His rallying foes on Libyan plains rejoin;
 Luxurious Cæsar, shamefully supine,
 Foregoes his gains, and for a kiss or smile
 Sells the dear purchase of his martial toil.

Him Cleopatra sought t' espouse her care;
 Presuming of her charms, the mournful fair
 In wild disorder loos'd her lovely hair,
 And with a face inviting sure relief,
 In tender accents thus disclos'd her grief:

" Great Cæsar! look! of Lægus' royal race,
 " So thou restore me to my rightful place,
 " I kneel a queen. Expell'd my father's throne,
 " My hope of succour is in you alone.
 " You rise a prosp'rous star to Egypt's aid:
 " Oh! shine propitious on an injur'd maid!
 " My sex has oft' the Pharian sceptre sway'd;
 " For so the laws admit. Let Cæsar read
 " Our parent's will: my brother's crown and bed
 " Are mine to share; and were the youth but free
 " From saucy tutors he would marry me;
 " But by Pothinus' nod his passions move;
 " Pothinus' wields his sword, and manages his love.
 " Forbid that crime; I freely quit my claim,
 " But save from such reproach our house and name.
 " Rescue the royal boy from mean command,
 " Restore the sceptre to his trembling hand;

" This vile domestic's lawless pride restrain ;
" Remove the traitor-guard, and teach the king to
 reign.
" Th' imperious slave who kill'd great Cæsar's foe,
" Inur'd to blood, would murder Cæsar too ;
" But far, far hence, ye Gods ! avert the threaten'd
 blow. 150

" Let Pompey's head suffice Pothinus' fame,
" Nor let a nobler death increase our shame."
 Here paus'd the Queen, and spoke in looks the rest ;
Not words alone could move his savage breast ;
Her eyes enforce her pray'rs ; soft Beauty pleads, 155
And brib'd the judge ; a night of guilt succeeds.
Then soon for peace th' affrighted brother sought,
And with rich gifts his reconciliation bought.

 Affairs united thus, the court ordains
A solemn feast, where joy tumultuous reigns. 160
Here Cleopatra's genius first was shown,
And arts till then to frugal Rome unknown,
The hall a temple seem'd ; corrupter days
Scarce to the gods would such a structure raise.
Rich was the fretted roof, and cover'd o'er 165
With pond'rous gold : all onyx was the floor.
Nor marble plates alone the walls incas'd,
Beauteous to sight, and all th' apartment grac'd,
But solid pillars of thick agate stood,
And ebony supply'd for common wood. 170
Ivory the doors, with Indian tortoise seen
Inlaid, and studded emerald between.

The beds, too, shone, profuse of gems, on high,
Their cov'nings Tyrian silk of double dye,
Embroider'd part with gold, with scarlet part, 175
A curious mixture of Egyptian art.

And now the crowd of menial slaves appears,
Of various skin and size, and various years.
Some swarthy Africans, with frizled hair;
Black Ethiops these; and those like Germans, fair,
With yellow locks, which Cæsar owns outshine 181
In colour ev'n the natives of the Rhine:
Beside th' unhappy youth by steel unmann'd,
And soften'd from their sex, a beardless band,
An abler train was rang'd in adverse rows, 185
Yet scarce their cheeks did the first down disclose.

The princes took their seats; amid the rest
Sat lordly Cæsar, their superior guest.
Proud Cleopatra, not content alone
To enjoy a brother spouse, and share his throne, 190
Had stain'd her cheeks, and arm'd with artful care
Her fatal eyes, new conquest to prepare;
Bright jewels grac'd her neck, and sparkled in her
hair.

O'ercharg'd with spoils which the Red Sea supply'd,
Scarce can she move beneath the pond'rous pride. 195
Sidonian silk her snowy breasts array'd,
Which thro' the net-work veil a thousand charms display'd.

Here might be seen large oval tables, wrought
Of citron, from Atlantic forests brought;

TRANSLATIONS, &c.

169

Their tressels ivory : not so rich a sort 200

Was Cæsar's prize in vanquish'd Juba's court.

Blind ostentatious madness to display

Your wealth to whom ev'n civil war's a play,

And tempt an armed guest to seize the prey.

Grant riches not the purpose of his toil, 205

Nor with rapacious arms to hunt for spoil,

Think him a hero of that chaster time,

When poverty was praise, and gold a crime;

Suppose Fabricious present at the show,

Or the rough consul chosen from the plough, 210

Or virtuous Curius, each would wish to come

With such a triumph back to wond'ring Rome.

What earth and air, the sea and Nile, afford,

In golden vessels heaps the plenteous board;

Whate'er ambitious luxury could find 215

Thro' the search'd globe, and more than want enjoin'd,

Herds of Egyptian gods, and fowl of various kind.

In crystal ewers Nilus supplies around

His purest streams; vast glitt'ring bowls abound

With wine from Meroe's isle, whose noble age, 220

Fermenting, sparkles with ungovern'd rage:

With twisted wreaths, which fragrant flow'rs compose,

Delightful nard, and ever-blooming rose,

They crown their brows, and strow their oily hair

With spice from neighb'ring fields, not yet expir'd in

air. 225

Here Cæsar learns the fruitful world to drain,

While conscious thoughts his secret soul arraign:

Blushing, he inward mourns the dire debate
 With his poor son, but mourns, alas! too late,
 And longs for war with Egypt's wealthy state. 238

At length, the tumult of the banquet o'er,
 When sated luxury requir'd no more,
 Cæsar protracts the silent hours of night,
 And, turning to Achoreus, cloath'd in white,
 High on a lofty couch---" Say, holy Seer! 235

" Whose hoary age thy guardian gods revere,
 " Devoted to their rites, wilt thou relate
 " The rise and progress of the Pharian state?
 " Describe the land's extent, what humours sway
 " The people's minds, and to what pow'rs you pray,
 " What customs keep, and what devotion pay? 241

" Whate'er your ancient monuments contain
 " Produce to light, and willing gods explain.
 " If Plato once obtain'd a like request,
 " To whom your sires their mystic rites confest, 245

" This let me boast; perhaps you have not here
 " A meaner guest, or less judicious ear.
 " Fame of my rival led me first, 't is true,
 " To Egypt's coast, yet join'd with fame of you.
 " I still had vacant hours amidst my wars, 250

" To read the heavens, and to review the stars:
 " Henceforth all calendars must yield to mine,
 " And e'en Eudoxus shall the palm resign.
 " But, more than all, the love of truth, which fires
 " My glowing breast, an ardent wish inspires. 255

- " To learn, what num'rous ages ne'er could know,
 " Your river's source, and causes of its flow.
 " Indulge my hope Nile's secret birth to view
 " No more in arms I'll civil strife pursue."

He paus'd; when thus Achoreus made reply: 263

- " Ye rev'rend Shades of our great ancestry!
 " While I to Cæsar nature's works explain,
 " And open stores yet hid from eyes profane,
 " Be it no crime your secrets to reveal;
 " Let others hold it pious to conceal 265
 " Such mighty truths: I think the gods design'd
 " Works such as these to pass all human kind,
 " And teach the wond'ring world their laws and
 heavenly mind.

- " At Nature's birth a various power was given
 " To various stars that cross the poles of heaven, 270
 " And slack the rolling sphere. With sov'reign rays
 " The sun divides the months, the nights, the
 days;
 " Fix'd in his orb the wand'ring course restrains
 " Of other stars, and the great dance ordains.
 " The changeful moon intends th' alternate tides;
 " Saturn o'er ice and snowy zones presides; 276
 " Mars rules the winds, and the wing'd thunder
 guides;
 " Jove's is a sky serene and temp'rate air;
 " The seeds of life are Venus' kindly care;
 " O'er spreading streams, Cyllenius, is thy reign, 280
 " And when that part of heaven thou dost attain

- " When Cancer with the Lion mingles rays,
 " And Sirius all his fiery rage displays,
 " Beneath whose hot survey, deep in his bed,
 " Obscure from sight old Nilus veils his head; 285
 " When thou from thence, in thy celestial course,
 " Ruler of floods! dost strike the river's source,
 " The conscious streams break out, and, flowing
 soon,
 " Obey thy call, as ocean does the moon;
 " Nor check their tide till night has from the sun 290
 " Regain'd those hours th' advancing summer won.
 " Vain was the faith of old, that melted snow
 " From Ethiopian hills produ.'d this flow;
 " For let the natives' sun-burnt skins declare 294
 " That no bleak north breathes wintry tempests
 there,
 " But vapours from the south possess the parching air.
 " Besides, such torrents as by snows increase
 " Begin to swell when spring does first release
 " Those wintry stores; Nile ne'er provokes his streams
 " Till the hot Dog-star shoot his angry beams; 300
 " Nor then resumes his banks, till Libra weighs,
 " In equal scale the measur'd nights and days.
 " Hence he the laws of other streams declines,
 " Nor flows in winter, when at distance shines
 " The moderate sun, commanded to repair 305
 " In summer's heat to cool th' intemperate air.
 " When scorch'd Siene feels her Cancer's fire,
 " Then lest the world, consum'd in flame, expire,

“ Nile to its aid his wat’ry forces draws,
“ And swells against the Lion’s burning jaws ; 310
“ Moist’ning the plains, till Phoebus late descends
“ To Autumn’s cooler couch and Meroe’s shade extends,
“ Who can the cause of such great changes read ?
“ Ev’n so our parent Nature had decreed
“ Nile’s constant course, and so the world has need.

“ As vainly, too, Antiquity apply’d 316
“ Th’ Etesian winds to raise this wondrous tide,
“ Which blow at stated seasons of the year
“ For sev’ral days, and long possess the air ;
“ Or thought vast clouds, which driv’n before them fly
“ Beyond the South, discharg’d the burden’d sky 321
“ On Nilus’ head, and thence his current swell’d ;
“ Or that those winds the river’s course repell’d,
“ Which stopp’d, and press’d by th’ entering sea, dis-
dains

“ His banks, and issuing boils along the plains.
“ Some think vast pores, and gaps in earth, abound,
“ Where streams in silent veins creep under ground,
“ Led from the chilling North the Line to meet,
“ When pointed beams direct on Meroe beat,
“ While the parch’d earth a wat’ry succour craves, 330
“ Then Po and Ganges roll their smother’d waves
“ Deep thro’ the vaults beneath, and Nile supply’d,
“ Discharges at one vent their mingled tide,
“ Nor can the gather’d flood in one straight channel ride.

“ Some think the sea, which round all lands extends
“ His liquid arms, these gushing waters sends ; 336

- " That length of course the saltness wears away;
" Or thus; since Phoebus and the stars, we say,
" Drink ocean's streams, when near hot Cancer's
claws,
" The thirsty sun a larger portion draws,
" That more than air digests, attracted so, 341
" Falls back by night, and causes Nile to flow.
" Might I in so perplex'd a cause engage,
" I think, since Nature grew mature in age,
" Some waters, Caesar, have deriv'd their birth 345
" From veins by strong convulsions broke in earth;
" And some coeval with the world began,
" And, starting, thro' appointed channels ran,
" When this whole frame th' Almighty Builder rear'd,
" Ordain'd its laws, and its first motion steer'd. 350
" The king of Greece, of Egypt, and the East,
" Ardent like you, were with this wish possess'd,
" And, ev'ry age has labour'd to attain
" The wondrous truth, but labour'd still in vain;
" For Nature lurks obscure, and mocks their pain.
" Philip's great son, whose consecrated name 356
" Memphis adores, the first in regal fame,
" Envious of this, detach'd a chosen band
" To range th' extreme of Ethiopia's land:
" They pass the scorching soil, and only view 360
" Where hotter streams their constant way pursue.
" The farthest west our great Sesostris saw,
" While harness'd kings, his lofty chariot draw,
" Yet drank your Rhodanus and Padus first
" At both their springs, ere Nile obey'd his thirst.

- " Cambyzes, mad with lust of pow'r t' o'er-run 366
 " The long-liv'd nations of the rising sun,
 " To promis'd spoils a num'rous army led;
 " His famish'd soldiers on each other fed; 369
 " Exhausted he return'd, nor saw great Nilus' head.
 " Nor boasting fame pretends to make it known;
 " Where'er thou flow'st, thy spring's possess'd by
 none;

And not one land can call thee, Nile*, her own:

- " Yet what the god, who did thy birth conceal,
 " Has giv'n to know, to Cæsar I'll reveal. 375
 " First from the southern pole thy stream we trace,
 " Which rolling forward with a speedy pace,
 " Under hot Cancer is directly driv'n
 " Against Bootes' Wain, far in the north of heaven:
 " Yet winding in thy course from east to west, 380
 " Arabia now, now Libya's sands, are blest
 " With thy cool flood; which first the Seres spy,
 " Yet seek thee too: thy current, rolling by
 " Thro' Ethiopia next, a stranger, flows;
 " Nor can the world perceive to whom it owes 385
 " Thy sacred birth, which Nature hid from all,
 " Lest any nation should behold the small;

* If the reader is curious to know the source of the Nile, he may consult Peter Pais's account of it in the description of Africa by Dr. Olphert Dappert, and Father Telles the Jesuit, in his History of Ethiopia; or Monsieur le Bruyne's Voyage to the Levant, printed for Jacob Tonson, 1702, p. 161, where the accounts of both these authors are quoted at large, and compared.

- “ And, cov’ring deep thy infant head, requir’d
“ That none should find what is by all admir’d. 3
“ Thou, by a law to other streams unknown,
“ In summer’s solstice o’er thy banks are thrown,
“ And bring’st in thy full tide a winter of thy own.
“ To thee alone ’t is giv’n thy waves to roll
“ Athwart the globe, enlarged to either pole: 3
“ These nations seek thy fountain, those would trace
“ Thy gulf. With spacious arms thou dost embrace
“ Hot Meroe, fruitful to a sooty race,
“ And proud of ebon woods; yet no retreat
“ Their useless shades afford to shun th’ excessiv
heat.
“ Then thro’ the regions of the scorching sun, 40
“ Not lessen’d by his thirst, thy waters run,
“ O’er barren sands they take a tedious course,
“ Now rolling in one tide their gather’d force;
“ Now wand’ring in their way, and sprinkled round,
“ O’er yielding banks thy wanton billows bound.
“ Thy channel here its scatter’d troops regains 40
“ Between th’ Egyptian and Arabian plains,
“ Where Philas bounds the realm; with easy pace
“ Thy slipp’ry waves thro’ deserts cut their race,
“ Where Nature by a track of land divides 41
“ Our sea, distinguish’d from the Red Sea’s tides.
“ Who that beholds thee here so gently slow
“ Would think thou ever couldst tempestuous grow
“ But when o’er rugged cliffs and ways unev’n,
“ In steepy cataracts thou’rt headlong driven, 4

" Thy rushing waves, resisted, fiercer fly,
 " And batter'd froth rebounding fills the sky;
 " The hills remurmur with the dashing sound,
 " Thy billows ride triumphant far around,
 " And rear their conquering heads, with hoary ho-
 nours crown'd. 420

" Hence shaken Abatos first feels thy rage,
 " And rocks, which in our great forefather's age
 " Were call'd the river's veins, because they show
 " His first increase, and symptoms of his flow.
 " Vast piles of mountains here encompass wide
 " His streams, to Libya's thirsty land deny'd, 426
 " Which thus inclos'd in a deep valley glide:
 " At Memphis first he sees the open plains,
 " Then flows at large, and his low banks disdains."

While thus secure, as if no danger nigh, 430
 Till Night's black steeds had travell'd half the sky,
 They pass the hours of rest, Pothinus' mind
 From brooding mischief can no leisure find.
 Season'd in sacred blood, what time can scare
 The wretch that late could such a murder dare? 435
 Great Pompey's ghost dwells in his breast, t' inspire
 New monsters there, and Furies add their fire:
 He hopes ignoble hands shall wear those stains
 Which Heaven for injur'd Roman chiefs ordains,
 And that blind Fortune to a slave that day 440
 The Senate's vengeance should bequeath away,
 The debt for Civil war, which Cæsar once sha-

pay.

Volume II.

Q

But, oh! ye righteous Pow'rs! exert your care;
 The guilty life in Brutus' absence spare;
 Nor let vile Egypt Rome's great justice baffle;
 And this example to the world be lost;

Vain is th' attempt; yet, scorning secret anger,
 Steel'd by his crimes, the desp'rate villain dares
 With open war th' unconquered chief provoke,
 And dooms his head already to the stroke;
 Designs to bid the slaughter'd father go
 And seek his son in dreary shades below:
 Yet first he sends a trusty slave, to bear
 This hasty message to Achilles' ear,
 His partner-ruffian in great Pompey's fall,
 Whom the weak king had made his general,
 And, thoughtless of his own defence, resign'd
 A pow'r against himself and all mankind.

“ Go, Sluggard! to thy bed of down, and steep
 “ Thy heavy eyelids in luxurious sleep.
 “ While Cleopatra does the court invade,
 “ And Pharos is not privately betray'd,
 “ But given away, dost thou alone forbear
 “ To grace the nuptials of thy mistress here?
 “ Th' incestuous sister shall her brother wed,
 “ Ally'd already to the Roman's bed,
 “ And sharing both by turns; Egypt's her hire,
 “ Already paid, and Rome she may require.
 “ Could Cleopatra's sorceries decoy
 “ Ev'n Cæsar's age, and shall we trust a boy?

“ Whom if one night she fold within her arms,
“ Drunk with lewd joys and fascinating charms,
“ Whatever pious name the crime allay,
“ Between each kiss he'll give our heads away,
“ And we by racks or flames must for her beauty pay.
“ In this distress Fate no relief allows; 476
“ Cæsar's her lover, and the king her spouse;
“ And she herself, no doubt, the doom has past
“ On us, and all who would have left her chaste.
“ But by the deed which we together shar'd, 480
“ In vain, if not by new attempts, repair'd,
“ By that strict league a hero's blood has bound,
“ Bring speedy war, and all their joys confound.
“ Rush boldly on; with slaughter let us stain
“ Their nuptial torch; the cruel bride be slain 485
“ Ev'n in her bed, and which soe'er supplies,
“ In present turn, the husband's place, he dies.
“ Nor Cæsar's name our purpose shall appall;
“ Fortune's the common mistress of us all,
“ And she, that lifts him now above mankind, 490
“ Courted by us, may be to us as kind.
“ We share his brightest glory, and are great
“ By Pompey's death, as he by his defeat.
“ Look on the shore, and read good omens there,
“ And ask the bloody waves what we may dare. 495
“ Behold what tomb the wretched trunk supplies,
“ Half hid in sand, half naked to the skies!
“ Yet this was Cæsar's equal whom he slew,
“ And doubt we then new glory to pursue?

" Grant that our birth's obscure, yet shall we need
" Kings or rich states confed'rate to the deed? 501
" No; Fate 's our own, and, Fortune in our way,
" Without our toil presents a nobler prey;
" Appease we now the Romans while we may:
" This second victim shall their rage remove 505
" For Pompey's death, and turn their hate to love.
" Nor dread we mighty names, which slaves adore;
" Stripp'd of his army, what's this soldier more
" Than thou or I?—To-night then let us end
" His Civil wars: to-night the Fates shall send 510
" A sacrifice to troops of ghosts below,
" And pay that head which to the world they owe.
" At Cæsar's throat let the fierce soldiers fly,
" And Egypt's youth with Rome's their force apply?
" Those for their king, and these for liberty. 515
" No more, but haste, and take the foe supine,
" Prepar'd for lust, and gorg'd with food and wine.
" Be bold, and think the gods to thee commend
" The cause which Brutus' pray'rs and Cato's will
 defend."

To mischief swift, Achilles soon obey'd 520
This summons, yet his sudden march betray'd
By no loud signal, nor the trumpet's jar;
In silent haste he led a barb'rous train of war,
Degenerate crowds of Romans fill his bands,
So lost in vice, so chang'd in foreign lands, 525
That they, who should have scorn'd the king's com-
mands,

Forgetful of their country and their fame,
Under a vile domestic's conduct came.
No faith, no honour, can the herd restrain
That follow camps, and fight for sordid gain; 535
Like ruffians brib'd, they ne'er the cause inquire;
That side's the just which gives the largest hire.
If by your swords proud Cæsar was to bleed,
Strike for yourselves, ye Slaves! nor sell the deed.
Oh! wretched Rome! where'er thy Eagle flies 540
New civil wars, new fury, will arise;
Ev'n on Nile's banks, far from Thessalian plains,
Amidst thy troops their country's madness reigns.
What more could the bold house of Lagus dare,
Had Pompey found a just protection there? 545
No Roman hand's exempt, but each must spill
His share of blood, and Heaven's decrees fulfil.
Such 'vengeful plagues it pleas'd the gods to send,
And with such num'rous wounds the Latian state to
rend.

Not for the son or father now they fight, 545
A base-born slave can civil arms excite:
Achillas mingles in the Roman strife,
And had not Fate protected Cæsar's life
These had prevail'd: each villain ready stood,
This waits without, and that within, for blood. 550
The court, dissolv'd in feasting, open lay
To treach'rous snares a careless easy prey.
Then o'er the royal cups had Cæsar bled,
And on the board had fall'n his sever'd head;

But last, amid the darkness of the night, 554
 Their swords, unconscious, in the huddled fight
 Might slay the king, the slaves a while took breath,
 And slipp'd th' important hour of Cæsar's death.
 They thought to make him soon the loss repay,
 And fall a sacrifice in open day. 560

One night is giv'n him; by Pothinus' grace
 He sees the sun once more renew his race.

Now the fair morning-star began to show
 The sign of day from Cassia's lofty brow,
 And ev'n the dawn made sultry Egypt glow, 565
 When from afar the marching troops appear,
 Not in loose squadrons scatter'd here and there,
 But one broad front of war, as if that day
 To meet an equal force, and fight in just array.
 While Cæsar thinks not the town-walls secure, 570
 He bars the palace-gates, compell'd t' endure
 Th' inglorious siege, and in a corner hide
 Inclos'd, nor dares to the whole court confide.
 In haste he arms his friends; his anxious breast,

Now fir'd with fury, now with doubt deprest, 575
 Much fears th' assault, yet more that fear diedaîns :
 So when some gen'rous savage, bound with chains,
 Is shut within his den, he howls with rage,
 And breaks his teeth against the massy cage :
 And thus if, by new weight of hills impos'd, 580
 Sicilian Ætna's breathing jaws were clos'd,
 Ev'n thus th' imprison'd god of Fire would rave,
 And drive his flames rebelling round the cave.

Behold the man who lately scorn'd to dread
The Senate's army to just battle led, 585
The flow'r of Roman lords, and Pompey at their head,
Who, in a cause forbidding hope, could trust
That Providence for him should prove unjust.
Behold him now oppress'd, forlorn of aid,
Driv'n to a house, and of a slave afraid! 590
He whom rough Scythians had not dar'd abuse,
Nor savage Moors, who barbarously use
In sport, to try inhospitable arts
On strangers bound, their living mark for darts;
Tho' Rome's extended world, tho' India, join'd 595
With Tyrian Gades, seems a realm confin'd,
A space too scanty to his vaster mind.
Now like a boy or tender maid he flies,
When sudden arms th' invaded works surprise;
He traverses the court, each room explores, 600
His hope is all in bars and bolted doors:
Yet doubtful while he wanders here and there,
He leads the captive king his fate to share,
Or expiate that death the slaves for him prepare.
If darts or missive flames shall fail, he'll throw 605
Their sov'reign's head against th' advancing foe.
So when Medea fled her native clime,
And fear'd just vengeance on her impious crime,
With ready steel the cruel sorc'ress stood
To greet her father with her brother's blood, 610
Prepar'd his head to stop, with dire affright,
A parent's speed, and to assure her flight,

Yet Cæsar, that unequal arms might cease,
Suspends his fury, and essays a peace.
A herald from the King is sent, t' assuage 613
His rebel servants, and upbraid their rage,
And in their absent tyrant's name t' inquire
The secret author of this kindled fire.
But, scornful of reproach, th' audacious crew
The sacred laws of nations overthrew, 619
And for his speech the royal envoy slew.
Inhuman deed! that swells the guilty score
Of Egypt's monsters, well increas'd before :
Not Thessaly, not Juba's savage train,
Pharnaces' impious troops, not cruel Spain, 625
Nor Pontus, nor the Syrtes' barb'rous land,
Dar'd an attempt like this voluptuous band.

Th' attack is form'd; the palace closely pent;
Huge jav'lins to the shaken walls are sent;
A storm of flying spears; yet from below 630
No batt'ring rams resistless drive their blow;
No engine's brought; no fires: the giddy crowd
In parties roam, and, with brute clamours loud,
In several bands their wasted strength divide,
And here and there to force an entrance try'd; 635
In vain, for Fortune fights on Cæsar's side.

Then where the palace 'midst surrounding waves
Projects luxuriant, and their fury braves,
The ships, too, their united force apply,
And swiftly hurl the naval war on high: 640

Yet present ev'ry where with sword or fire,
Cæsar th' approaches guards, and makes the foes retire.
To all by turns he brings successful aids,
Inverts the war, and tho' besieg'd invades.
Fireballs, and torches dress'd with unctuous spoil 645
Of tar combustible, and frying oil,
Kindled he launch'd against the fleet ; nor slow
The catching flames invest the smould'ring tow :
The pitchy planks their crackling prey become,
The painted sterns and rowers' seats consume : 650
There hulks half-burnt sink in the main, and here
Arms on the waves and drowning men appear.

Nor thus suffic'd ; the flames from thence aspire,
And seize the buildings with contagious fire.
Swift o'er the roofs, by winds increas'd, they fly ; 655
So shooting meteors blaze along the sky,
And lead their wand'ring course with sudden glare,
By sulph'rous atoms fed in fields of thinnest air.

Affrighted crowds the growing ruin view ;
To save the city from the siege they flew ; 660
When Cæsar, wont the lucky hour to chuse
Of sudden chance in war, and wisely use,
Lost not in slothful rest the fav'ring night,
But shipp'd his men, and sudden took his flight.
Pharos he seiz'd, an island heretofore, 665
When Prophet Proteus Egypt's sceptre bore,
Now by a chain of moles contiguous to the shore.
Here Cæsar's arms a double use obtain ;
Hence from the straiten'd foe he bars the main.

While to his friends th' important harbour lies
A safe retreat, and open to supplies.
Nor longer now the doom suspended stands,
Which Justice on Pothinus' guilt demands.
Yet not as guilt unmatched like his requires,
Not by the shameful cross, or torturing fires,
Nor torn by rav'nous beasts, the howling wretches
pires.

The sword, dishonour'd, did his head divide,
And by a fate like Rome's best son he dy'd.
Arsinoe now, by well-concerted snares
'Scap'd from the palace, to the foe repairs;
The trusty Ganymede assists her flight;
Then o'er the camp she claim'd a sov'reign's right
Her brother absent, she assumes the sword,
And frees the tyrant from his household lord:
By her just hand Achilles meets his fate,
Rebel accurs'd; in blood and mischief great!
Another victim, Pompey! to thy shade;
But think not yet the full atonement made;
Tho' Egypt's king, tho' all the royal line,
Should fall, thy murm'ring ghost would still repine
Still unreveng'd thy murder would remain,
Till Cæsar's purple life the Senate's swords
stain.

Nor does the swelling tempest yet subside,
The chief remov'd that did its fury guide;
To the same charge bold Ganymede succeeds,
Prosp'rous a while in many hardy deeds.

So long the event of war in balance lay,
 So great the dangers of that doubtful day,
 That Cæsar from that day alone might claim
 Immortal wreaths, and all the warrior's fame. 700

Now while to quit the straiten'd mole he strove,
 And to the vacant ships the fight remove,
 War's utmost terrors press on ev'ry side;
 Before the strand besieging navies ride;
 Behind the troops advance. No way is seen 705
 T' escape, or scarce a glorious death to win.
 No room with slaughter'd foes to strew the plain,
 And bravely fall amidst a pile of slain.
 A captive to the place he now appears,
 Doubtful if death should move his hope or fears. 710
 In this distress a sudden thought inspir'd
 His hardy breast, by great examples fir'd:
 Bold Scæva's action he to mind recalls,
 And glory won near fam'd Dyrrachium's walls;
 Where, whilst his men a doubtful fight maintain, 715
 And Pompey strove the batter'd works to gain,
 Amidst a field of foes, that hemm'd him round,
 Alone the brave Centurion kept his ground. 718.

* * * * *

* * * Here the original poem breaks off abruptly, having been left unfinished by the author.

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